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THE WORKS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

EDITED BY

WILLIAM ALDIS WRIGHT

IN NINE VOLUMES

VOLUME IX.

London
MACMILLAN AND CO.
AND NEW YORK
1895

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The First Edition of Pericles and the Poems was published in 1866.
The First Editions of the reprints of the early quartos
appeared in the years 1863—1866.
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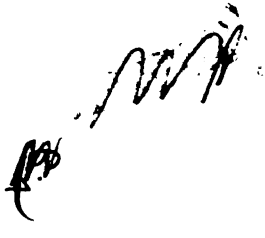

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PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION.

PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE, was first published, in Quarto, in the year 1609, with the following title-page:

THE LATE, | And much admired Play, | Called | Pericles, Prince | of Tyre. | With the true Relation of the whole Historie, | aduentures, and fortunes of the said Prince: | As also, | The no lesse strange, and worthy accidents, | in the Birth and Life, of his Daughter | *MARIANA*. | As it hath been diuers and sundry times acted by | his Maiesties Seruants, at the Globe on | the Banck-side. | By William Shakespeare. | Imprinted at London for *Henry Gosson*, and are | to be sold at the signe of the Sunne in | Paternoster row, &c. | 1609. |

Another edition was issued in the same year. As the title-pages are absolutely identical, it has hitherto been supposed that there was but one edition, and that the discrepancies between the copies were due to printers' corrections made while the sheets were passing through the press. A careful examination of the different copies has however convinced us that there were two distinct editions, and certain minute indications have enabled us to decide which of the two was the earlier. This we call Q_1. The second we term Q_2. We have consulted three copies of Q_1; which are found in the Bodleian, the Capell Collection, and the British Museum. The last is marked in the catalogue C. 12. h. 5. Of Q_2 we have collated two copies, one in the Duke of Devonshire's library and one in the British Museum, marked C. 34. k. 36.

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Another copy of *Pericles* 1609 is in the Public Library at Hamburg. From a sample of the various readings given in a note by M. Tycho Mommsen, in the preface to his reprint of Wilkins' Novel, we recognize it as a copy of Q_2.

Besides these, we know of no other copies of the two editions of 1609[1].

There is also in the British Museum (C. 34. k. 37) a unique copy of an edition in Quarto dated 1611, which formerly belonged to Mr Halliwell. The title-page is as follows:

THE LATE, | And much admired Play, | Called | Pericles, Prince | of Tyre. | With the true Relation of the whole History, | aduentures, and fortunes of the sayd Prince: | *As also*, | The no lesse strange, and worthy accidents, | in the Birth and Life, of his Daughter | *MARIANA*. | As it hath beene diuers and sundry times acted by | his Maiestyes Seruants, at the Globe on | the Banck-side. | By *VVilliam Shakespeare*. | Printed at London by *S. S.* | 1611. |

This we call Q_3. It is printed from a copy of the second Quarto. Two leaves containing part of the second Act are wanting. It is so extremely ill printed, especially in the latter part, that it is in many cases impossible to determine with certainty the punctuation and even the reading.

The Quarto of 1619, our Q_4, of which there are two copies in the British Museum and one in the Capell Collection, has the following title-page:

THE LATE, | And much admired Play, | CALLED, | Pericles, Prince of | Tyre. | *With the true Relation of the whole Hi-* | story, aduentures, and fortunes of | the saide Prince. | Written by W. SHAKESPEARE. | Printed for *T. P.* 1619.

The signatures of this edition are a continuation of those of 'The Whole Contention &c.,' published without date but by the same publisher, shewing that the two plays originally formed part of the same volume. See Vol. v. of the present work, Pref. pp. ix. x.

[1] It is now known that a copy of Q_1, which formerly belonged to Mr George Daniel, is in Mr Huth's library. [W. A. W.]

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The edition of 1619 seems to have been printed from that of 1611. With the average number of misprints, it presents many corrections of the text, sometimes certain and generally happy, but all probably conjectural.

There was also an edition in Quarto of 1630, which we term Q_5. Two copies of this are found in the British Museum (C. 34. k. 39, and C. 34. k. 40), which differ in the imprint but are in other respects identical.

The imprint of the former, which is the same as that in the Capell Collection, is as follows:

LONDON, | Printed by *I. N.* for *R. B.* and are to be sould | at his shop in *Cheapside*, at the signe of the | *Bible*. 1630. |

That of the latter:

LONDON, | Printed by *J. N.* for *R. B.* 1630. |

This fifth Quarto is extremely incorrect.

Another edition, which we call Q_6, was printed five years later, from the fourth Quarto. It bears the following imprint:

Printed at *London* by *Thomas Cotes*, 1635.

The play of *Pericles* was not included in either the first or the second Folio. It was however reprinted, together with other plays wrongly attributed to Shakespeare, in the Folio of 1664 and in that of 1685. The text of the third Folio is taken from that of the sixth Quarto, but with a considerable number of conjectural alterations.

A duodecimo reprint of *Pericles*, taken from the fourth Folio, appeared in 1734.

Rowe included, in both his editions, *Pericles* and the other plays given as Shakespeare's in the third and fourth Folios but not found in the first and second. They were excluded by Pope and subsequent editors, nor were they republished in any edition of Shakespeare till Malone printed them in his Supplement to Steevens' Shakespeare of 1778, which appeared two years later. Malone, acting on the suggestion of Farmer, included *Pericles* in his edition of Shakespeare, published in

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1790. Steevens in 1793 followed his example, and *Pericles* has been republished by all subsequent editors except Mr Keightley. Mr Knight reprinted it with *Locrine* and the other spurious plays. There can be no doubt that the hand of Shakespeare is traceable in many of the scenes, and that throughout the play he largely retouched, and even rewrote, the work of some inferior dramatist. But the text has come down to us in so maimed and imperfect a state that we can no more judge of what the play was when it left the master's hand than we should have been able to judge of *Romeo and Juliet* if we had only had the first Quarto as authority for the text. The plot was founded on Twine's novel, called '*The Patterne of Painefull Aduenters:*' first published in 1576 and reprinted by Mr Collier in the first volume of Shakespeare's Library, together with the story of *Appollinus, the Prince of Tyr*, from Gower's *Confessio Amantis*, a poetical version of the same romance.

Another novel by George Wilkins, avowedly based on the acted drama, was published in 1608, with the following title-page:

THE | Painfull Aduentures | of *Pericles* Prince of | Tyre. | *Being* | The true History of the Play of *Pericles*, as it was | lately presented by the worthy and an- | cient Poet *Iohn Gower*. | AT LONDON | *Printed by T. P. for* Nat: Butter, | 1608. |

Before the imprint is a picture of John Gower.

The work, which is interesting as being the first of all 'Tales from Shakespeare' and of considerable use in determining the text of the play, was reprinted by M. Tycho Mommsen in 1857, from a copy in the Public Library at Zurich, with a Preface of his own and an Introduction by Mr Collier.

VENUS AND ADONIS was first published in Quarto, in 1593, with the following title-page:

VENVS | AND ADONIS | *Vilia miretur vulgus: mihi flauus Apollo* | *Pocula Castalia plena ministret aqua.* | LONDON | Imprinted by Richard Field, and are to be sold at | the signe of the white Greyhound in | Paules Church-yard. | 1593. |

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The printer's device is an anchor, with the motto, 'Anchora Spei.'

This we call Q_1. It is printed with remarkable accuracy, doubtless from the author's own manuscript.

A second edition, also in Quarto, was published in the following year. The title-page is exactly similar to that of the first edition, except that the date 1594 is substituted for 1593. We call this Q_2.

A third edition was issued in 1596 from the same printing office, with the following imprint:

Imprinted at London by R. F. for | Iohn Harison. | 1596. |

This edition, like all the subsequent ones, is in Octavo, but in order to avoid using a different set of symbols, we term it Q_3.

The fourth edition[1], Q_4 [now Q_5], bears this imprint:

London | Printed by I. H. | for Iohn Harison. | 1600. |

In the Bodleian copy the title-page is supplied in manuscript.

This edition was printed from Q_3.[2] It contains many erroneous readings, due, it would seem, partly to carelessness and partly to wilful alteration, which were repeated in later copies.

The Bodleian copy once belonged to Malone and was given to him by Farmer. He says in a manuscript note: 'I have carefully collated the *Venus and Adonis* with the edition of 1596, with which I have been furnished by Mr T. Warton; and have noted the variations in the margin. March 24, 1785.

[1] In consequence of the discovery in 1867 of a copy of Venus and Adonis printed in 1599 for William Leake, now Q_4, it has been necessary to change the notation of the subsequent editions. This copy is in the possession of Sir Charles Isham, Bart., Lamport Hall, Northamptonshire, and an edition of it by Mr Charles Edmonds was published in 1870. [W. A. W.]

[2] The date 1600 is conjectural and has been assigned to this edition in consequence of its being bound up with the Lucrece of that year, which was 'printed by I. H. for Iohn Harison.' But it appears from internal evidence to be subsequent to the edition of 1599, from which it was possibly printed. [W. A. W.]

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E. M.' Like most careful collations, which have not been revised, this of Malone's leaves many discrepancies unrecorded.

Two new editions were published, as we have discovered, in the year 1602.

There is extant, as we believe, only a single copy of each, one in the British Museum and one in the Bodleian Library[1].

The imprint of the former is as follows:

Imprinted at London for *William Leake*, | dwelling at the signe of the Holy Ghost, in | Paules Church-yard. 1602. |

The title-page of the Bodleian copy is the same as that of the Museum copy, excepting that it has '*vulgus: mihi*' for '*vulgus, mihi,*' and 'Pauls Churchyard' for 'Paules Church-yard,'[2] and the printer's device is different. The similarity of title-page and identity of date have led to the supposition that these were copies of the same edition, but a comparison of the two proves to demonstration that they were different editions. The Bodleian copy is very inferior to the Museum copy in typography, in the quality of the paper, and in accuracy.

The Museum copy formerly belonged to the late Mr George Daniel, who has written in a fly-leaf the following note: 'No other copy of this excessively rare edition is known. Mr Evans was wrong in stating that a copy is in the Malone Collection in the Bodleian Library. No copy is mentioned in the catalogue, nor is there one to be found there.' Mr Daniel had overlooked the existence of the Bodleian copy of 1602, but, as it turns out,

[1] Another has since been discovered in the Earl of Macclesfield's Library at Shirburn Castle, Oxfordshire. This has the same printer's device as the copy in the British Museum, viz. a winged globe surrounded by a laureated skull, an hour-glass, and an open book bearing the inscription 'I liue to dy, I dy to liue.' But I learn from a minute description kindly furnished by Lady Macclesfield that it differs from it in several particulars, which shew that it was from a different setting of the type. It also has a colon for a comma after 'vulgus' in the motto. It is possible therefore that there was a third edition issued in the same year. In the Bagford Collection of title-pages is one which appears to be identical with that of Lord Macclesfield's copy. For this information, as well as for many other acts of courtesy and kindness, I am indebted to Mr W. Y. Fletcher. [W. A. W.]

[2] This is a mistake. Both copies have 'Paules Church-yard.' [W. A. W.]

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his own copy is unique after all. That in the Bodleian has the autograph of R. Burton, author of the *Anatomy of Melancholy*.

We term the Museum copy Q_5 [Q_6] and the Bodleian Q_6 [Q_7]. Neither was printed from the other, but both from Q_4 [Q_5].

The next edition known to us has the following imprint:

LONDON, | Printed for *W. B.* 1617. |

This we term Q_7 [Q_8].

The next, our Q_8 [Q_9], has the imprint:

LONDON, | Printed for *I. P.* 1620.

A copy exists in the Capell Collection. Dr Bandinel also purchased one for the Bodleian, but it cannot now be found[1].

The next edition, which we call Q_9 [Q_{10}], is remarkable as having been printed at Edinburgh. It is also in Octavo, but longer than the English editions. The title page is as follows:

VENUS | AND | ADONIS. | *Vilia miretur vulgus, mihi flavus Apollo* | *Pocula Castaliâ plena ministret aquâ.* | *EDINBVRGH*, | Printed by *Iohn Wreittoun*, and | are to bee sold in his Shop a litle be- | *neath the salt Trone.* 1627. |

We believe that this was printed from a manuscript which the writer had copied from Q_5 [Q_7], but in which he had introduced, probably by happy conjecture, several emendations agreeing with the text of the three earliest editions. The only copy known to exist is in the British Museum[2].

An edition in the Bodleian wanting the title page, but catalogued with the date 1630, is referred to by us as Q_{10} [Q_{12}].[3]

[1] The copy bought by Dr Bandinel in 1839 has no title-page and is the one catalogued with the date 1630, now Malone 891 [Q_{12}]. The date 1620 was supplied by conjecture, but it is a different edition from that of 1620 in the Capell Collection.

[2] According to Mr Edmonds, another copy was sold at Sotheby's in 1864, and as I learn from Dr Justin Winsor's Bibliography of Shakespeare's Poems it is now 'in the Library of Almon W. Griswold, New York City.' [W. A. W.]

[3] A copy formerly in the Ashmolean Museum, and now in the Bodleian (Wood 79, 9), has a title-page bearing date 1630. This is quoted as Q_{11}, and was printed by J. H., who is probably the same as I. H., the printer of the edition of 1636 for the same publisher. [W. A. W.]

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Whatever be the true date, it is certainly earlier than the next, which we call Q_{1a} [Q_{1a}], bearing the following imprint:

LONDON, | Printed by *I. H.* and are to be sold by *Francis Coules* in | the *Old Baily* without Newgate. 1636. |

In the Bodleian catalogue a copy is mentioned of the date 1675, but none such exists in the library itself.

The first edition of LUCRECE, which we have called Q_1, was published in Quarto in 1594. It has the following title:

LVCRECE. | LONDON. | Printed by Richard Field, for Iohn Harrison, and are | to be sold at the signe of the white Greyhound | in Paules Churh-yard. 1594. |

The running title is 'The Rape of Lvcrece.'

Copies of this edition are in the Duke of Devonshire's Library, the British Museum, and the Library of Sion College[1]. In the Bodleian[2] there are two copies, differing from each other in some important readings, which we have distinguished as Q_1 (Bodl. 1) and Q_1 (Bodl. 2). The former is marked 'Malone 34'; the latter 'Malone Add. 886'.

The second edition was printed in 1598. In order to avoid a different notation we have called this, though in reality an octavo, Q_2. It has the following title:

LVCRECE. | AT LONDON, | Printed by P. S. for Iohn|*Harrison.* 1598. |

A copy of this edition is in the Capell Collection, which has been collated by Capell with a copy of Q_1, apparently that in Sion College Library.

The third edition, our Q_3, also in small octavo, was published in 1600, with the following title:

LVCRECE. | LONDON. | Printed by I. H. for Iohn Harison. | 1600. |

[1] It is stated by Dr Winsor that 'Capell's copy is missing from the Collection in Trinity College.' This is incorrect. Capell never possessed the edition of 1594, but enumerates it in his list as in the Library of Sion College. [W. A. W.]

[2] And in the British Museum. [W. A. W.]

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The only copy of this edition with which we are acquainted is in the Bodleian Library. It is bound up with the Venus and Adonis of [?] 1600 and was given by Farmer to Malone.

In 1607 appeared, also in octavo, what we have quoted as Q_4. Its title is:

LVCRECE. | AT LONDON, | Printed be N. O. for Iohn Ha- | rison. 1607. |

In 1616, the year of Shakespeare's death, it was reissued with the author's name as 'newly revised'; but as the readings are generally inferior to those of the earlier editions there is no reason for attaching any importance to an assertion which was merely intended to allure purchasers. The title-page of this edition, which we call Q_5, is as follows:

THE | RAPE | OF | *LVCRECE.* | By | M^r. *William Shakespeare.* | Newly Reuised. | LONDON: | Printed by *T. S.* for *Roger Iackson*, and are | to be solde at his shop neere the Conduit | in Fleet-street. 1616. |

Copies of this edition are in the British Museum and the Bodleian.

The sixth and last of the earlier editions of any importance appeared in 1624 with the following title:

THE | RAPE | OF | *LVCRECE.* | By | *M^r. William Shakespeare.* | Newly Reuised. | *LONDON,* | Printed by *I. B.* for *Roger Iackson*, and are | to be sold at his shop neere the Conduit | in Fleet-street. 1624. |

A copy of this edition, which we call Q_6, is in the Grenville Collection in the British Museum. Through the kindness of Mr P. H. Frere, we have been enabled to collate another copy which formerly belonged to Sir John Fenn, the editor of the *Paston Letters*.

Of these six editions, the fifth and sixth differ considerably in their readings from the first four, which follow each other without any important variations. An edition bearing the date of 1632 is mentioned in Lowndes' *Bibliographer's Manual*, ed.

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Bohn, but we have not been able to find it[1]. The last of all, which we have quoted as Q_7 [Q_8], appeared in 1655 and forms part of the same volume with Quarles's *Banishment of Tarquin.*

The SONNETS appeared for the first time in 1609. The title of some copies is as follows:

SHAKE-SPEARES | SONNETS. | Neuer before Imprinted. | AT LONDON | By *G. Eld* for *T. T.* and are | to be solde by *William Aspley.* | 1609. |

In others the imprint is

AT LONDON | By *G. Eld* for *T. T.* and are | to be solde by *Iohn Wright*, dwelling | at Christ Church gate. | 1609. |

At the end of the Sonnets was printed in the same edition A LOVERS COMPLAINT.

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM was first printed in 1599 with the following title:

THE | PASSIONATE | PILGRIME. | *By W. Shakespeare.* | *AT LONDON* | Printed for W. Iaggard, and are | to be sold by W. Leake, at the Grey- | hound in Paules Churchyard. | 1599. |

In the middle of sheet C is a second title:

SONNETS | To sundry notes of Musicke. | *AT LONDON* | Printed for W. Iaggard, and are | to be sold by W. Leake, at the Grey- | hound in Paules Churchyard. | [2]

[1] I have since discovered two copies of this edition, Q_7, with the imprint, 'LONDON, | Printed by R. B. for *Iohn Harrison*, and | are to be sold at his shop at the golden | Vnicorne in *Pater-noster Row.* | 1632. | ' One of these is in the Library of Corpus Christi College, Oxford (Δ. 4. 8), and is bound with Hudson's translation of the History of Judith (no title). The other formerly belonged to George Steevens, and was bought at his sale in 1800 by Mr Heber for fifteen shillings. It afterwards came into the possession of the late Mr Christie Miller and is now at Britwell. It is bound with a copy of Charles FitzGeffry's Blessed Birthday (Oxf. 1636). [W. A. W.]

[2] The date 1599 has been cut off by the binder. [W. A. W.]

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A unique[1] copy of this edition, bound up with the *Venus and Adonis* of 1620, is in the Capell Collection. It was once in the possession of 'honest' Tom Martin of Palgrave, and a MS. note informs us that the volume cost a former owner 'but 3 halfpence.'

It was reprinted, together with some poems by Thomas Heywood, in 1612, and the whole were attributed to Shakespeare. The title at first stood thus:

THE | PASSIONATE | PILGRIME. | or | *Certaine Amorous Sonnets*, | *betweene* Venus *and* Adonis, | *newly corrected and aug-* | mented. | *By W. Shakespere.* | The third Edition. | Whereunto is newly ad- | ded two Loue-Epistles, the first | from *Paris* to *Hellen*, and | *Hellens* answere backe | againe to *Paris.* | Printed by W. Iaggard. | 1612. |

In the Bodleian copy of this edition Malone has written the following note. 'All the poems from Sig. D 5 were written by Thomas Heywood, who was so offended at Jaggard for printing them under the name of Shakespeare, that he has added a postscript to his *Apology for Actors*, 4to 1612, on this subject, and Jaggard in consequence of it appears to have printed a new title-page to please Heywood, without the name of Shakespeare in it. The former title-page was no doubt intended to be cancelled, but by some inadvertence, they were both prefixed to this copy and I have retained them as a curiosity.'

The corrected title-page on the opposite leaf, A verso, is, except in the use of italics and Roman letters, the same, omitting '*By W. Shakespere.*'

This is called 'The third Edition,' but no other between 1599 and 1612 is known to exist.

In 1640 a number of the Sonnets, together with some of the Poems from *The Passionate Pilgrim* and *A Lover's Complaint*, were collected into a volume, with some translations from Ovid

[1] It is no longer unique. In 1867 a second copy was discovered in the Library of Sir Charles Isham, at Lamport Hall, bound with the Venus and Adonis of 1599. [W. A. W.]

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and other pieces evidently not by Shakespeare, and published with the following title:

POEMS: | WRITTEN | BY | WIL. SHAKE-SPEARE. | Gent. | Printed at *London* by *Tho. Cotes*, and are | to be sold by *Iohn Benson*, dwelling in | S^t^. *Dunstans* Church-yard. 1640. |

The order of the poems in this volume is very arbitrary, but it is followed in the editions by Gildon (1710), and Sewell (1725 and 1728), as well as those published by Ewing (1771) and by Evans (1775). In all these editions, Sonnets 18, 19, 43, 56, 75, 76, 96 and 126 are omitted, and Sonnets 138 and 144 are given in the form in which they appear in the 'Passionate Pilgrim.'

It was in 1709 (according to Lowndes, *Bibliographer's Manual*, ed. Bohn) that the whole of Shakespeare's Minor Poems were issued in a small 8vo form, under the title,

A Collection of Poems, in Two Volumes; Being all the Miscellanies of Mr. *William Shakespeare*, which were Publish'd by himself in the Year 1609. and now correctly Printed from those Editions. The First Volume contains, I. VENUS and ADONIS. II. The Rape of LUCRECE. III. The Passionate Pilgrim. IV. Some Sonnets set to sundry Notes of Musick. The Second Volume contains One Hundred and Fifty Four Sonnets, all of them in Praise of his Mistress. II. A Lover's Complaint of his Angry Mistress. *LONDON:* Printed for *Bernard Lintott*, at the *Cross-Keys*, between the Two Temple-Gates in *Fleet-street*.

No editor's name is given, and in Bohn's edition of Lowndes it is wrongly assigned to Gildon, who, as appears by Sewell's Preface, edited the Poems in 1710 with an introduction containing remarks upon the plays. The readings from this edition are therefore quoted by us as those of Lintott. In Capell's copy, with which he evidently intended to go to press, there are many corrections and emendations, which we have referred to as 'Capell MS.' This volume appears afterwards to have passed through Farmer's hands, as there is a note in his handwriting at the end of the 'Advertisement.' Possibly therefore it may

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have been seen by Malone, and as many of the alterations proposed by Capell were adopted by Malone or subsequent editors, we have indicated this coincidence by quoting them as 'Malone (Capell MS.),' or the like. Capell has left in the same volume a preface to the poems in MS., from the date to which we learn that it was prepared for press in 1766. The separate title-pages to the pieces in this collection all bear the same date 1609, which is that of the first edition of the Sonnets. But in another copy of the first volume only, which is in the Bodleian, the title-pages bear different dates and are in other respects different, though, so far as we have been able to judge, the text of the poems in the Capell and Bodleian copies is identical.

THE PHŒNIX AND THE TURTLE first appeared, with Shakespeare's name appended to it, in Chester's 'Loves Martyr: or, Rosalins Complaint,' which was published in 1601.

We have been unable to see a copy of this extremely rare book, and have therefore been compelled to depend upon the excellent facsimile of the poem published by Mr Halliwell in the last volume of his recently completed edition of Shakespeare.

For the collation of those pieces in the Passionate Pilgrim which are printed in somewhat different forms in *England's Helicon*, Griffin's *Fidessa*, and by Barnfield, we are indebted to the kindness of Mr H. Bradshaw, Fellow of King's College, Cambridge. The originals are in the Bodleian Library. Mr Bradshaw informs us that the pieces which were printed by Barnfield, numbered VIII and [XXI] in the present edition, are not, as is usually stated, in 'The Encomion of Lady Pecunia,' but among the 'Poems: in diuers humors' at the end of a volume of which the first poem is 'The Complaint of Poetrie, for the Death of Liberalitie.' This, though bound with 'The Encomion &c.', has a distinct title and separate signatures.

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We have now brought to completion a task which has cost us nearly six years' labour.

The labour, though severe, has been lightened by the assistance and sympathy of many friends[1], and of others personally unknown to us: we have throughout been encouraged by kindly criticism, and by a confident hope that the result would be a contribution of permanent value to English literature.

Neither, again, is the work of collating and editing, at least when undertaken on the large scale which we have attempted, merely the dry, mechanical, repulsive task which it is popularly supposed to be. The judgement has to be exercised at every step, in the settlement of the text, in the application of rules previously laid down, and in discriminating between essential and unessential variations. Thus the labour of a conscientious editor, however humble and unambitious in its aim, is neither servile nor mechanical. If it is often unduly depreciated in public opinion, this is in some degree because each successive editor, being bound to correct the errors of his predecessors, necessarily brings these into undue prominence, while as he cannot in all cases acknowledge, he seems to ignore, the services which they have rendered.

'The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones.'

The plan which we have adopted gives to each his due, and will, we trust, secure a tardy justice for those whose merits have not been sufficiently recognized. But an editor of Shakespeare, even if he misses his meed of fame and praise, finds a sufficient reward in the labour itself. He feels that he is not, in Hallam's

[1] We have great pleasure in inscribing on the roll of our benefactors the names of the Rev. Alexander Dyce, the Rev. Canon Robertson, the Rev. W. C. Sidgwick of Merton College, Oxford, Mr C. Knight Watson, Secretary of the Society of Antiquaries, and Mr P. A. Daniel. In the present volume we have had especial assistance from the Rev. H. O. Coxe, Librarian of the Bodleian, and Mr Deutsch and Mr Hamilton, of the British Museum. During the progress of the work we have been much indebted to Mr C. J. Clay, of Trinity College, and to the accurate and intelligent printers who work under his direction at the University Press.

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phrase, 'trimming the lamp of an ancient sepulchre,' but trimming a lamp which lights modern dwellings, and which will continue to light the dwellings of many generations of men yet to come. It is no mean task, but a noble privilege, to live in daily intercourse with the greatest of merely human men, to acquire a constantly increasing familiarity with the thoughts of the subtlest of thinkers and the language of the most eloquent of poets. The more we endeavour to fathom and to grasp the mind of Shakespeare, the more we appreciate his depth and his sublimity. As our knowledge grows, so also our admiration and our pleasure in the study increase, dashed only by a growing sense of the textual imperfections and uncertainties which stand between the author and his readers. For, besides the recognized difficulties, we are convinced that there are many passages, still easily scanned and construed, and therefore not generally suspected of corruption, which nevertheless have not been printed exactly as they were first written. Some ruder hand has effaced the touch of the master.

And these blemishes cannot be entirely removed, even by the most brilliant conjectural criticism, because the materials are wanting. Little more can be done than has been done already by successive editors and commentators. The attentive readers of our notes will, we are persuaded, come to the same conclusion that we have come to: viz. that the value of these men's labours has been greatly underrated. Nothing can be more unfounded than the notion, so prevalent in Germany, that Shakespeare has till of late years been neglected and undervalued by his countrymen. Even in England this erroneous assertion is frequently repeated, as if it were too obvious to require proof. The genius of Shakespeare and the stupidity of his commentators is a popular antithesis as trite as it is unjust. In this despised class are found some of the most famous and most accomplished Englishmen of their time. And it is a study of great interest to follow them as they exercise their varied talents on the noblest field which the literature of their

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country afforded: Rowe, himself a dramatist of no mean skill; Pope, with his deep poetic insight; Theobald, with his fine tact and marvellous ingenuity; Hanmer, whose guesses, however they may pass the sober limits of criticism, are sometimes brilliant, often instructive, and never foolish; Warburton, audacious and arrogant, but now and then singularly happy; Johnson, with his masculine common sense; Capell, the most useful of all, whose conscientious diligence is untiring, whose minute accuracy is scarcely ever at fault; Steevens, Malone, Blackstone, Farmer, Tyrwhitt, Rann, Boswell, Singer and Sidney Walker, with all their varied learning; together with their successors of the present generation in England, Germany and America, who have devoted themselves to the illustration of Shakespeare as to a labour of love.

For the contempt into which the earlier editors have fallen, they may thank, in part, their own quarrels. People are content to take each at his rival's estimate. Theobald is held to be the worst of dunces because Pope made him the hero of the *Dunciad*. Bearing this in mind, we have great satisfaction in the thought that there is scarcely an editor of Shakespeare now living to whom we are not indebted for some act of courtesy and kindness.

In the course of our inquiries we have been led to the study of other authors contemporary with or immediately subsequent to Shakespeare, and have thus gathered materials for the elucidation of his text, which must serve for another work, since our limits have compelled us rigorously to exclude them from this. Nevertheless the footnotes of the present work are in effect explanatory, because they contain not only all the material for criticism, but also, in a condensed form, the results of successive speculations. A vast mass of recent criticism, to which we hope to do full justice hereafter, finds no records in these pages, because its results, as far as the improvement of the text is concerned, have been anticipated by earlier commentators.

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We take this opportunity of re-stating, more explicitly than before, some of the rules by which we have been guided in the present work, together with our reasons for adopting them.

1. We have given the text according to modern spelling. A recurrence to antiquated and disused forms would be productive of far more inconvenience than advantage. What is called 'modern' spelling is, in fact, not so much an alteration of the old spelling as a reduction to uniformity, which obviates numberless misinterpretations. Hardly a word can be found which was not in old days occasionally spelt as we spell it now. If Shakespeare himself could come to life again and read his own works in a modern edition, nothing in the spelling would seem to him strange.

Moreover the editions which come nearest to the hand of Shakespeare are, as a rule, the most uniform, that is, the most modern, in spelling: it follows therefore that the variations found in other copies are due to the caprice or indifference of transcribers or printers, and are not generally worth recording, much less worth repeating. We have recorded every variation which seemed instructive or curious in itself, besides all such as might help in the determination of doubtful readings.

Had there been any ground for supposing that Shakespeare corrected his own works as they passed through the press, we might have thought ourselves bound to retain the original spelling and even the punctuation, at least in those works which were printed during his lifetime. But in all probability not one of his works was thus corrected, nor, with few exceptions, were they printed from the author's manuscript. In earlier writers, like Chaucer, spelling is of importance, because it indicates the changes which were undergone by words before they came into their present shape, and so marks the various stages in their history, while at the same time it helps to preserve the inflections which were disused altogether before the time of Elizabeth. In the case of Spenser, the spelling is

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an essential part of the affectedly archaic character of his chief poem, and on this account should be retained. But none of these reasons apply to Shakespeare.

2. We have somewhere read, or heard, a suggestion that the text of the first Folio ought to be taken as a basis for a critical edition of Shakespeare. Those who have made such a proposal can scarcely be aware of the multitude of errors in reading and punctuation, and of the important omissions, which are found in the first Folio. That volume is far from containing the 'complete works' of Shakespeare. And in the great majority of cases where a previous Quarto exists, the Quarto and not the Folio is our best authority.

Besides, another reprint of the first Folio is unnecessary, since the splendid reproduction by photo-zincography, executed under Mr Staunton's superintendence, and the extremely accurate reprint published by Mr L. Booth, and edited, as we understand, by Mr Charles Wright.

3. In the selection of readings for the text we have conformed to the practice of all judicious editors of ancient classics. The more experience an editor has, the more cautious he will be in the introduction of conjectural emendations, not, assuredly, because his confidence in the earliest text increases, but because he gains a greater insight into the manifold and far-removed sources of error. The insertions, marginal and interlinear, and doubtless occasional errors, of the author's own manuscript, the mistakes, deliberate alterations and attempted corrections of successive transcribers and of the earliest printer, result at last in corruptions which no conjecture can with certainty emend. Therefore in all cases of doubt we have inclined to the retention of the text which has the best authority. But we have throughout endeavoured to bear in mind that rules are good servants but bad masters, and that high above all rules stands the golden rule of moderation dictated by common sense.

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4. While dealing freely with the spelling, we have desired to leave intact the diction of Shakespeare. This has not prevented us from adopting frequent corrections of the grammar of the most ancient texts. Many false concords found in the Folio do not occur in the corresponding passages of the earlier Quartos and are consequently due to the copyist or printer; we are therefore justified in adopting similar corrections in other cases where the earlier authority is wanting. No doubt, grammatical rules were less rigorous in Shakespeare's time, and the necessities of rhyme often led him to employ constructions which would be inadmissible now. These we of course retain. And again, in the discourse of his clowns and rustics the author used a language suitable to the speakers. This no one would think of changing.

But it is sometimes difficult to draw the line and determine what belongs to orthography and what to diction. With all possible vigilance, perfect consistency is unattainable.

5. With regard to punctuation, we have introduced no novelty. As a general rule we have been sparing in the use of stops, but the clearness of each sentence has been our paramount consideration.

6. In the use of the apostrophe as a guide to the metrical pronunciation, which is very arbitrary and irregular in the older texts and has been generally disused by modern poets, we have adopted the following rule: to retain the 'e' when it is an essential part of the verb and to substitute an apostrophe where the 'e' is a part of the inflection. Thus we write in all cases 'loved,' 'assumed,' 'approved,' not 'lov'd,' 'assum'd,' 'approv'd,' and 'touch'd,' 'mark'd,' 'restrain'd,' whenever the metre requires them to be so pronounced. This via media, which avoids metrical uncertainties on the one hand and verbal ambiguities on the other, is sanctioned by the practice of the Poet Laureate.

6. We have retained one archaism: namely, ''ld' as an abbreviation of 'would,' the most general form in the Quartos

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and Folios. Our reason is that such a form cannot possibly mislead a reader, while the modern form ''d', used indifferently as the abbreviation of 'would' and 'had', leads to obscurity in all cases where the present tense and the past participle of a verb are identical in form, or where the present tense of one verb is identical with the past participle of another.

Subjoined is a list in chronological order of the editions which we have completely collated, and of the works which we have consulted throughout. We have not included a multitude of other books which we have occasionally referred to, but which have not furnished us with any various readings. Neither, except in one instance, have we included periodicals in our list. Many names attached in our foot-notes to conjectural emendations will not be found in the following list, because the authors did not publish their notes in a separate form, but only communicated them to different editors or to periodicals, or else left them in manuscript.

1577. Holinshed, *Chronicles.*
1579. Plutarch's Lives, trans. North.
1591. The Troublesome Raigne of Iohn King of England.
1593. Venus and Adonis [Q_1].
1594. Venus and Adonis [Q_2].
Lucrece.
The First part of the Contention betwixt the two famous houses of Yorke and Lancaster.
1595. The True Tragedie of Richard Duke of York.
1596. Venus and Adonis [Q_3].
Griffin, *Fidessa.*
1597. Richard II.
Richard III.
Romeo and Juliet.
Weelkes, *Madrigals.*
1598. Richard II.
Love's Labour's Lost.
Henry IV. part 1.
Richard III.
Lucrece.
Barnfield, *The Encomion of Lady Pecunia, &c.*
1599. Romeo and Juliet.
Henry IV. part 1.
The Passionate Pilgrim.
[Venus and Adonis Q_4.]
1600. Much Ado about Nothing.
Midsummer Night's Dream Q_1.
Midsummer Night's Dream Q_2.
Merchant of Venice Q_1.
Merchant of Venice Q_2.
Henry IV. part 2.
The Cronicle History of Henry the fift.
The First part of the Contention, &c.

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The True Tragedie of Richard Duke of York.
Titus Andronicus.
(?) Venus and Adonis [Q_5].
Lucrece.
England's Helicon.
England's Parnassus.

1601. Chester, *Love's Martyr*.

1602. Merry Wives of Windsor.
The Chronicle History of Henry the fift.
Richard III.
Venus and Adonis Q_5 [Q_6].
Venus and Adonis Q_6 [Q_7].

1603. Hamlet.

1604. Henry IV. part 1.
Hamlet.

1605. Richard III.
Hamlet.

1607. Lucrece.

1608. Richard II.
Henry IV. part 1.
The Chronicle History of Henry the fift.
King Lear Q_1.
King Lear Q_2.
Wilkins, *The Painfull Aduentures of Pericles Prince of Tyre*.

1609. Troilus and Cressida } Q.
Troilus and Cressida }
Romeo and Juliet.
Pericles Q_1.
Pericles Q_2.
Shakespeare's Sonnets.

1611. The First and second Part of the troublesome Raigne of John King of England.
Titus Andronicus.
Hamlet.
Pericles.

1612. Richard III.
The Passionate Pilgrim.

1613. Henry IV. part 1.

1615. Richard II.

1616. Lucrece.

1617. The famous Victories of Henry the Fift.
Venus and Adonis [Q_8].

1619. Merry Wives of Windsor.
The whole Contention betweene the two Famous Houses, Lancaster and Yorke.
Pericles.

1620. Venus and Adonis [Q_9].

1622. The First and second part of the troublesome Raigne of Iohn King of England.
Henry IV. part 1.
Richard III.
Othello.

1623. Shakespeare's Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies (First Folio).

1624. Lucrece.

1627. Venus and Adonis [Q_{10}].

1629. Richard III.

1630. Merry Wives of Windsor.
Othello.
Pericles.
Venus and Adonis [Q_{11}].
? Venus and Adonis [Q_{12}].

1631. Love's Labour's Lost.
The Taming of the Shrew.

1632. Henry IV. part 1.
Shakespeare's Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies (Second Folio).
[Lucrece].

1634. Richard II.
Richard III.

1635. Pericles.

1636. Venus and Adonis [Q_{13}].

1637. Merchant of Venice.
Romeo and Juliet.
Hamlet.

1639. Henry IV. part 1.

1630. Sonnets, &c.

1652. Merchant of Venice.

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1655. Othello.
King Lear.
Lucrece.
1664. Shakespeare's Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies (Third Folio).
1670. The Tempest, altered by Dryden and D'Avenant.
1673. Macbeth (players' edition).
The Law against Lovers (altered from *Measure for Measure* and *Much Ado about Nothing*, by D'Avenant).
1674. Macbeth, adapted by D'Avenant.
1676. Hamlet (players' edition).
1685. Shakespeare's Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies (Fourth Folio).
Hamlet (players' edition).
1687. Titus Andronicus, altered by Ravenscroft.
1691. Julius Cæsar (players' ed.).
1695. Hamlet (players' edition).
Othello (players' edition).
1700. Measure for Measure (players' edition).
1701. The Jew of Venice (adapted from *The Merchant of Venice* by Lord Lansdowne).
1703. Hamlet (players' edition).
? Hamlet, ed. Hughs. [See vol. VII. Pref. p. xiii.]
1709. Shakespeare, ed. Rowe, 1st edition, 6 vols.
A Collection of Poems, &c. (Lintott).
1710. Shakespeare's Poems, ed. Gildon.
1714. Shakespeare, ed. Rowe, Second edition, 8 vols.
1725. Shakespeare, ed. Pope, 1st edition, 6 vols.
Shakespeare's Poems, ed. Sewell, 1st edition.
1726. Theobald, *Shakespeare Restored.*
1728. Shakespeare, ed. Pope and Sewell, 2nd edition, 10 vols.
1731. Jortin, *Miscellaneous Observations upon Authors Ancient and Modern*, vol. 2 (containing Theobald's conjectures on Shakespeare's Poems).
1733. Shakespeare, ed. Theobald, 1st edition.
1740. Shakespeare, ed. Theobald, 2nd edition.
Peck, *Explanatory and critical Notes on divers Passages of Shakespeare's plays* (In Peck's *Memoirs of Milton*, pp. 223—254).
1744. Shakespeare, ed. Hanmer, 1st edition.
1745. Shakespeare, ed. Hanmer, 2nd edition.
[Johnson,] *Miscellaneous Observations on the Tragedy of Macbeth*, &c.
1746. Upton, *Critical Observations on Shakespeare.*
1747. Shakespeare, ed. Warburton.
1748. Whalley, *An Enquiry into the Learning of Shakespeare.*
1749. Holt, *Remarks on the Tempest.*
1752. *Miscellaneous Observations on the Tragedy of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.*
1754. Grey, *Critical, Historical, and Explanatory Notes on Shakespeare.*
1758. Edwards, *The Canons of Criticism*, 6th ed., with Roderick's *Remarks on Shakespear.*
Antony and Cleopatra, adapted by Capell and Garrick.

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1762. Cymbeline, with alterations (Garrick).
1765. Heath, *A Revisal of Shakespeare's Text.*
Shakespeare, ed. Johnson.
1766. Tyrwhitt, *Observations and Conjectures upon some Passages of Shakespeare.*
Steevens, Twenty of the Plays of Shakespeare (reprints).
1767. Farmer, *An Essay on the Learning of Shakespeare.*
1768. Shakespeare, ed. Capell.
1770. King Lear, ed. Jennens.
1771. Shakespeare, Plays (Johnson's text) and Poems (published by Ewing).
1773. Shakespeare, ed. Johnson and Steevens.
Hamlet, ed. Jennens.
Othello, ed. Jennens.
Macbeth, ed. Jennens.
1774. Julius Cæsar, ed. Jennens.
Capell, *Notes and Various Readings to Shakespeare*, Vol. I.
1775. Griffiths (Mrs), *The Morality of Shakespeare's Dramas illustrated.*
Poems written by Mr William Shakespeare (Reprinted for Thomas Evans. n.d.).
1778. Shakespeare, ed. Johnson and Steevens.
1779—1781. Capell, *Notes and Various Readings to Shakespeare*, ed. Collins.
1779. Nichols, Six Old Plays, on which Shakspeare founded his Measure for Measure. Comedy of Errors. Taming the Shrew. King John. K. Henry IV. and K. Henry V. King Lear.
1780. Malone, *Supplement to the edition of Shakespeare's Plays published in* 1778.
1783. Ritson, *Remarks, critical and illustrative, on the text and notes of the last edition of Shakspeare.*
1785 Mason, *Comments on the last edition of Shakespeare's Plays.*
Shakespeare, ed. Steevens.
1786—1794. Shakespeare, ed. Rann.
1790. Shakespeare, ed. Malone.
1793. Shakespeare, ed. Steevens.
1794. King Lear, ed. Eccles.
Cymbeline, ed. Eccles.
Whiter, *Specimen of a Commentary on Shakspeare.*
1796. Plumptre, *Observations on Hamlet.*
1798. Mason, *Comments on the Plays of Beaumont and Fletcher, with an Appendix containing some further observations on Shakespeare.*
1799. Macbeth, ed. Harry Rowe [Dr. A. Hunter]. 2nd ed.
1803. Shakespeare, ed. Reed (First Variorum edition).
1805. Chedworth (Lord), *Notes upon some of the obscure passages in Shakespeare's Plays.*
Seymour, *Remarks, critical, conjectural, and explanatory, upon the Plays of Shakespeare.*
[Merchant of Venice, ed. Eccles.]
1806. The Poetical Works of William Shakespeare.
1807. Douce, *Illustrations of Shakespeare.*
Mason, *Comments on the several editions of Shakespeare's Plays.*

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Page, *Comments on the Commentators of Shakespeare.*

1808. Weston, *Short Notes on Shakspeare.*

1813. Shakespeare, ed. Reed, &c. (Second Variorum edition).

1814. *Explanations and Emendations of some Passages in the text of Shakespeare and of Beaumont and Fletcher.* By Martinus Scriblerus.

1815. Becket, *Shakespeare Himself Again.*

1817. Nichols, *Illustrations of the Literary History of the Eighteenth century*, Vol. II. (containing letters of Theobald, Warburton, and Thirlby on Shakespeare).

1819. Jackson, *Shakespeare's Genius justified.*

1820. Hamlet and As You Like It, ed. Caldecott.

1821. Shakespeare, ed. Boswell (Third Variorum edition).

1822. Nares, *Glossary.*

1825. The first edition of the Tragedy of Hamlet, by William Shakespeare (reprint by Nicol for Payne and Foss).

Shakespeare, ed. Harness.

1826. Shakspeare, ed. Singer.

1832. The Poems of Shakespeare, ed. Dyce.

Hamlet and As You Like It, ed. Caldecott. 2nd ed.

[1835. Housman, *A Collection of English Sonnets.*]

1836. Coleridge, *Literary Remains.*

1838. Shakespeare, ed. Campbell.

1838—1843. Shakspere, ed. Knight (Pictorial edition).

1842—1844. Shakespeare, ed. Collier.

1843. Collier, *Shakespeare's Library.*

[Macbeth, ed. Travers.]

1844. Dyce, *Remarks on Mr Collier's and Mr Knight's editions of Shakespeare.*

The Shakespeare Society's Papers, Vol. I. (containing Blackstone's conjectures).

[Macbeth, ed. Travers.]

1844, 1845. Clarke (Mrs Cowden), *Concordance to Shakespeare.*

The vols. of the *Gentleman's Magazine* for these years contain Mitford's Conjectures.

1845. Hunter, *New Illustrations of the Life, Studies and Writings of Shakespeare.*

The Shakespeare Society's Papers, Vol. II. (containing Barron Field's conjectures).

1846. Badham, *Criticism applied to Shakspere.*

1847. Shakespeare, ed. Verplanck.

1851, 1852. Shakspeare, ed. Hazlitt.

1851. Shakspere, ed. Knight (National edition).

Shakespeare, ed. Phelps.

1853. Collier, *Notes and Emendations to the Text of Shakespeare's Plays from Early Manuscript corrections in a copy of the Folio*, 1632.

Delius, *Shakspere-Lexicon.*

1853—1865. Shakespeare, ed. Halliwell.

1853. Shakespeare, ed. Collier (one-volume edition).

Singer, *The Text of Shakespeare vindicated from the interpolations and corruptions advocated by John Payne Collier, Esq. in his Notes and Emendations.*

Dyce, *A Few Notes on Shakespeare.*

Hunter, *A Few Words in reply*

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to the Animadversions of the Reverend Mr Dyce, &c.

Elwin, *Shakespeare Restored* (containing an edition of Macbeth).

Fennell, *Shakespeare Repository.*

1854. Walker (W. Sidney), *Shakespeare's Versification.*

White (Richard Grant), *Shakespeare's Scholar.*

Shakspere, ed. Knight (Stratford edition).

1854—1856. Shakspere, ed. Delius.

1855. *The Poems of William Shakespeare*, ed. Bell.

1856. Shakespeare, ed. Singer (2nd edition).

Mitford, *Cursory Notes on various passages in the Text of Beaumont and Fletcher, as edited by the Rev. Alexander Dyce; and on his 'Few Notes on Shakespeare.'*

Collier, *Seven Lectures on Shakespeare and Milton, by the late S. T. Coleridge. With a list of all the MS. Emendations in Mr Collier's Folio Shakespeare of* 1632.

Badham, *The Text of Shakespeare* (Cambridge Essays).

1857—1860. Shakespeare, ed. Staunton.

1857. Shakespeare, ed. Dyce.

Craik, *The English of Shakespeare.*

Hamlet, ed. Elze.

Wilkins, *Pericles Prince of Tyre* (reprint by Mommsen).

1858. Shakespeare, ed. Collier, 2nd edition.

1859—1862. Shakespeare, ed. Richard Grant White.

1859. Shakespeare's Romeo und Julia, ed. Mommsen.

Dyce, *Strictures on Mr Collier's new edition of Shakespeare*, 1858.

Maginn, *Shakspeare Papers.*

Craik, *The English of Shakespeare*, 2nd edition.

Hamlet (lithographic reprint of the ed. of 1603).

Hamlet (lithographic reprint of the ed. of 1604).

Ingleby, *The Shakspeare Fabrications.*

1860. Hamilton, *Inquiry into the Genuineness of the Manuscript Corrections in Mr J. P. Collier's Annotated Shakspere* 1632, &c.

Walker (W. Sidney), *A Critical Examination of the Text of Shakespeare*, ed. Lettsom.

The Devonshire 'Hamlets.' (A reprint of the editions of 1603 and 1604.)

Jervis, *Proposed Emendations to the Text of Shakespeare's Plays.*

Brae, *Collier, Coleridge, and Shakespeare.*

1861. Ingleby, *A complete view of the Shakespere controversy.*

1861, 1862. Nichols, *Notes on Shakespeare.*

1862—1864. Shakespeare (reprint by Booth of the first Folio).

1862. Cartwright, *The Footsteps of Shakespeare.*

Bailey, *On the Received Text of Shakespeare's Dramatic Works and its improvement.*

Shakespeare's Sonnets (photozincographic reprint of the edition of 1609).

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1863—1864. Shakespeare, ed. Hudson.

1864—1866. Shakespeare, ed. Dyce (2nd edition).

[1864—1869. Shakespeare, ed. Charles and Mary Cowden Clarke (4 vols.).]

1864. Shakespeare, ed. Charles and Mary Cowden Clarke (one vol.).
Shakspere, ed. Delius, 2nd edition.
Shakespeare, ed. Clark and Wright (Globe edition).

[1866] Shakespeare, ed. Keightley.
Coriolanus, ed. Leo.

1865. Wellesley, *Stray notes on the Text of Shakespeare.*
Arrowsmith, *Shakespeare's editors and commentators.*
Pericles (reprinted by Booth from the third Folio).

1866. Cartwright, *New Readings in Shakspere.*
Bailey, *On the received Text of Shakespeare, &c.* Vol. II.
Massey, *Shakespeare's Sonnets never before interpreted, &c.*

[W. G. C.
W. A. W.]

1867. Keightley, *The Shakespeare-Expositor.*
Ingleby, *The Still Lion.*

1868. Richard II., ed. Clark and Wright.
The Merchant of Venice, ed. Clark and Wright.

1869. Macbeth, ed. Clark and Wright.
Hamlet, ed. Stratmann.
Hamlet, ed. Tschischwitz.

1870. Daniel, *Notes and Conjectural Emendations.*
The Merchant of Venice, ed. Rolfe.
The Tempest, ed. Hunter.
Venus and Adonis and The Passionate Pilgrime (Isham Reprints), ed. Edmonds.

1871. Henry VIII., ed. Rolfe.
The Tempest, ed. Rolfe.
Romeo and Juliet, ed. Furness.
Hamlet, ed. Clark and Wright.
Was Shakespeare a Lawyer? by H. T.

1872. Macbeth, ed. Moberly.
As You Like It, ed. Moberly.
Julius Caesar, ed. Rolfe.
Macbeth, ed. W. Wagner.
Ingleby, *The Soule Arayed.*
Massey, *The Secret Drama of Shakespeare's Sonnets.*

1873. Coriolanus, ed. Whitelaw.
Hamlet, ed. Moberly.
Macbeth, ed. Furness.
D. Wilson, *Caliban: the Missing Link.*
Brae, *Prospero's Clothes-Line &c.*

1874. Romeo and Juliet, ed. Daniel.
Ingleby, *The Still Lion* (2nd ed.).
The Tempest, ed. Wright.
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The readings from Warburton's MS. notes (see vol. VII. Preface, p. xiv), now in the possession of Mr Norman Bennet (formerly Bennett), have appeared in the numbers of Notes and Queries for February 25, March 18, and April 8, 1893.

W. A. W.

1893.

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PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

THE delay in the appearance of the present volume has been mainly due to the fact that for the last three months of 1892 I was unable to attempt any literary work, and it has only now been completed under the pressure of other duties which had the first claim upon my time. Since the publication of the last volume of the Cambridge Shakespeare in 1866, there have been discovered two editions of Venus and Adonis and one of Lucrece, which were then unknown to the editors. The readings furnished by these have been incorporated in the present edition, which it is necessary for me to say is a really new edition and not, as has been erroneously stated by some high authorities, a mere reprint of the first. The pages of copy sent to the printers would shew that the additions and corrections amount to many thousands, and that scarcely a page is free from them. A comparison of the notes on some crucial passages, as for instance The Tempest, iii. 1. 15, All's Well, iv. 1. 38, and Hamlet, i. 4. 36—38, with the corresponding notes in the first edition, will alone furnish sufficient evidence of this. My endeavour has been to include all that was overlooked in our former work, to correct what was erroneous, and to add to it what has appeared since. That I have been completely successful, I am not vain enough to hope, but I trust that although I may not have recorded all the various readings which are due to printers' errors, or all the changes of versification which have

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been suggested, I have not neglected anything of real importance. In any case, should such negligence appear, it has not been intentional.

The reprints of the early quartos, which in the first edition followed the plays to which they respectively belong, have been relegated to this concluding volume in order to effect a better arrangement of the volumes which precede it. In the first edition, Henry VIII., the last of the Historical Plays, was the first play in Volume VI., which began the Tragedies. In the present edition the Comedies are in three volumes as before, the Histories in two, and the Tragedies in three, while the last volume contains the doubtful Pericles, the Poems, and the reprints of the early quartos. Of these reprints I must say a few words in self-defence, as a comparison between them and the facsimiles by photolithography which have appeared in recent years might lead to the conclusion that the reprints are incorrect. The contrary will be found to be the case, for in all doubtful instances the originals have been appealed to and followed. In minute particulars the facsimiles are by no means a certain guide, for they turn commas into full stops, notes of interrogation into colons, semicolons into commas, and render it impossible to distinguish between 'c' and 'e,' 'r' and 't,' 'n' and 'u,' 'm' and 'in,' and the like. I make no complaint against them for these imperfections, because it would have been impossible to avoid them without incurring greater cost than was consistent with the object for which the series was issued. But when in the First Part of the Contention (iv. 10. 36, p. 562) the facsimile of the first quarto contains the words 'to the King' which were only added in the third quarto; when in Romeo and Juliet (ii. 2. 53, p. 654), 'entreat' is changed to 'enter at'; and when in Hamlet not only is 'course' altered to 'coarse' (i. 1. 31, p. 700), 'becke' to 'backe' (ii. 2. 170, p. 719), 'ghest' to 'ghost' (vi. 1. 43, p. 743), but the speakers' names are changed from '*Mar.*' to '*Ham.*' (i. 5. 155, p. 712), and from '*Hor.*' to '*Ham.*' (iii. 2. 182, p. 730),

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all confidence in the facsimiles as trustworthy authorities disappears.

In conclusion, I desire to thank the many friends who have assisted me in the work, and without whose help my difficulties would have been greatly increased. I would especially record my obligations to Mr E. Maunde Thompson, Principal Librarian, to Dr Garnett, Mr W. Y. Fletcher, and Mr W. Barclay Squire, of the British Museum; to Mr Falconer Madan, Sub-Librarian of the Bodleian, and to Mr George Parker; to Mr G. T. Pilcher and Mr A. E. Haigh of Corpus Christi College, Oxford; to the late Mr Henry Bradshaw, University Librarian, and Mr W. White, Sub-Librarian of Trinity College, Cambridge; to Mr Alfred H. Huth; the Rev. W. H. Milman, Librarian of Sion College; to Dr Justin Winsor, Librarian of Harvard College, Cambridge, Mass.; and above all to my constant friend Dr Horace Howard Furness of Philadelphia, whose monumental volumes are the admiration of every true student of Shakespeare.

WILLIAM ALDIS WRIGHT.

TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE,
5 *May*, 1893.

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POSTSCRIPT.

As the change of notation consequent upon the discovery of two new editions of Venus and Adonis and of one of The Rape of Lucrece may cause confusion I append the following Table.

W. A. W.

Venus and Adonis		Lucrece	
Q_1	1593	Q_1	1594
Q_2	1594	Q_2	1598
Q_3	1596	Q_3	1600
Q_4	1599	Q_4	1607
Q_5	?1600	Q_5	1616
Q_6	1602 B. M.	Q_6	1624
Q_7	1602 Bodl.	Q_7	1632
Q_8	1617	Q_8	1655
Q_9	1620		
Q_{10}	1627		
Q_{11}	1630		
Q_{12}	?1630		
Q_{13}	1636		

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PERICLES.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ[1].

ANTIOCHUS, king of Antioch.
PERICLES, prince of Tyre.
HELICANUS, } two lords of Tyre.
ESCANES[2], }
SIMONIDES, king of Pentapolis.
CLEON, governor of Tarsus.
LYSIMACHUS, governor of Mytilene.
CERIMON[3], a lord of Ephesus.
THALIARD[4], a lord of Antioch.
PHILEMON, servant to Cerimon.
LEONINE, servant to Dionyza.
Marshal.
A Pandar.
BOULT, his servant.

The daughter of Antiochus.
DIONYZA, wife to Cleon.
THAISA, daughter to Simonides.
MARINA, daughter to Pericles and Thaisa.
LYCHORIDA, nurse to Marina.
A Bawd.

Lords, Knights, Gentlemen, Sailors, Pirates, Fishermen, and Messengers.

DIANA.

GOWER, as Chorus.

SCENE: *Dispersedly in various countries.*

[1] DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.] See note (1).
[2] Escanes,] Æschines, S. Walker conj.
[3] Cerimon,] Chæremon, S. Walker conj.
[4] Thaliard,] Thaliarch, Steevens conj. (from Twine's novel).

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PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

ACT I.

Enter GOWER.

Before the palace of Antioch.

To sing a song that old was sung,
From ashes ancient Gower is come,
Assuming man's infirmities,
To glad your ear and please your eyes.
It hath been sung at festivals,
On ember-eves and holy-ales;
And lords and ladies in their lives
Have read it for restoratives:
The purchase is to make men glorious;
Et bonum quo antiquius, eo melius.
If you, born in these latter times
When wit's more ripe, accept my rhymes,

ACT I.] Actus Primus. Scena Prima. F_3F_4. See note (II).
Enter] Eneer Q_2.
Before...Antioch.] Malone.
1 *that old*] *of old* Steevens (Malone conj.).
2 *is come*] *sprung* Steevens conj.
6 *holy-ales*] Steevens. *holy ales* Malone (Farmer conj.). *Holydayes* Q_1 Q_3. *Holy dayes* Q_2. *holy-daies* Q_4 Q_5. *holi-dayes* Q_6. *holy-dayes* F_3F_4.
7 *in*] *of* Malone (Farmer conj.).
8 *read*] *red* Q_1.
9 *The purchase is to*] *The purpose is to* Malone (Steevens conj.). *'Purpose to* Steevens.
10 *bonum*] om. Steevens.
12 *wit's*] Rowe. *witts* Q_1. *wits* The rest.

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And that to hear an old man sing
May to your wishes pleasure bring,
I life would wish, and that I might
Waste it for you like taper-light.
This Antioch then Antiochus the Great
Built up, this city, for his chiefest seat,
The fairest in all Syria:
I tell you what mine authors say:
This king unto him took a fere,
Who died and left a female heir,
So buxom, blithe and full of face
As heaven had lent her all his grace;
With whom the father liking took,
And her to incest did provoke:
Bad child, worse father! to entice his own
To evil should be done by none:
But custom what they did begin
Was with long use account no sin.
The beauty of this sinful dame
Made many princes thither frame,
To seek her as a bed-fellow,
In marriage-pleasures play-fellow:
Which to prevent he made a law,
To keep her still and men in awe,
That whoso ask'd her for his wife,
His riddle told not, lost his life:

17, 18 *This...for*] *This city then, Antioch the great Built up for* Steevens.
18 *up, this city,*] *up a city* Nicholson conj.
20 *mine*] *my* Q_2Q_3.
21 *fere*] *pheere* Malone. *Peere* Qq. *Peer* F_3F_4.
23 *full*] *fair* Keightley conj.
27 *Bad child, worse father!*] *Bad father!* Steevens.
to] *so* Q_3.
27, 28 *own To*] *owne To* Q_1Q_3. *owne. To* $Q_2Q_4Q_5Q_6$. *own. To* F_3F_4.
29 *But*] *By* Malone.
custom] *custome* QqF_3. *custom* F_4.
custom'd Anon. conj.
30 *account*] Malone. *account'd* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *accounted* $Q_4Q_5Q_6$. *counted* F_3F_4.
33 *as a*] *as o* Q_2Q_3.
38 *told not, lost*] *tould, not lost* Q_1.

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So for her many a wight did die,
As yon grim looks do testify.
What now ensues, to the judgement of your eye
I give, my cause who best can justify. [*Exit.*

SCENE I. *Antioch. A room in the palace.*

Enter ANTIOCHUS, PRINCE PERICLES *and* Followers.

Ant. Young prince of Tyre, you have at large received
The danger of the task you undertake.
Per. I have, Antiochus, and, with a soul
Embolden'd with the glory of her praise,
Think death no hazard in this enterprise.
Ant. Bring in our daughter, clothed like a bride,
For the embracements even of Jove himself;
At whose conception, till Lucina reign'd,
Nature this dowry gave, to glad her presence,
The senate-house of planets all did sit,

39 *a wight*] F_3F_4. *of wight* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_5$. *of weight* Q_6. *of might* Steevens conj.
40 *yon*] *yond'* Collier.
41 *now*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. The rest omit.
41, 42 *to.....I give, my*] *I give to the judgment of your eye, My* Steevens conj., putting *What now ensues* in a separate line.
41 *the*] om. Nicholson conj.
41, 42 *eye I...who*] Malone. *eye, I giue my cause, who* QqF_3F_4.
42 *justify*] *iustifie* $Q_1Q_3Q_4Q_5$. *iustifiie* Q_2. *justifie* Q_6. *testifie* F_3F_4.
SCENE I.] Malone.
Antioch.....palace.] Malone (1790). The Palace of Antioch. Malone (1780).
Followers.] Attendants. Malone.
3—5 *I.....enterprise.*] Arranged as by Malone. Lines 3, 4 end *emboldned ...hazard*, in QqF_3F_4.
6 *Bring in*] See note (III).
7 *For the*] Malone (1780). *For* Qq F_3F_4. *Fit for* Anon. conj. *Fit for the* Elze conj.
8 *At whose*] *Art chose* Jackson conj. *whose conception*] *whose concession* or *her conception*, Steevens conj., transposing lines 8 and 9.
8, 9 *till...presence,*] In a parenthesis, Malone conj.
8 *reign'd*] F_3F_4. *rained* Q_1. *raigned* Q_2Q_3. *reigned* $Q_4Q_5Q_6$.
9 *gave*] *gane* Q_5.
10 *senate-*] *Seanate* Q_1.
sit] *fit* Q_3.

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To knit in her their best perfections.

Music. *Enter* Antiochus' Daughter.

Per. See where she comes, apparell'd like the spring,
Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the king
Of every virtue gives renown to men!
Her face the book of praises, where is read
Nothing but curious pleasures, as from thence
Sorrow were ever razed, and testy wrath
Could never be her mild companion.
You gods that made me man and sway in love,
That have inflamed desire in my breast
To taste the fruit of yon celestial tree
Or die in the adventure, be my helps,
As I am son and servant to your will,
To compass such a boundless happiness!

Ant. Prince Pericles,—

Per. That would be son to great Antiochus.

Ant. Before thee stands this fair Hesperides,

11 *To...perfections.*] *Their best perfections in her to knit.* Steevens conj. *their*] *this* Q_6.

12 Enter...] Enter Antiochus daughter. QqFf. Enter Hesperides. Rowe. *apparell'd*] *appareled* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$.

12, 13 *spring,.....king*] *king.....spring* Steevens conj. (withdrawn).

13 *Graces her subjects*] *Grace is her subject* Elze conj. (reading *thought's*). *and...king*] *and...wing* or *in...king* Steevens conj. (withdrawn). *and her thoughts, thinking* Jackson conj. *and her thoughts partaking* Bailey conj. *thoughts*] *thought's* Anon. conj. *thought* Elze conj.

13, 14 *thoughts.....gives*] *thoughts, the kingdom Of every virtue, give* Mitford conj.

13—15 *king Of.....men!.....praises,*] Pointed as by Malone. *King,... men:.....prayses,* QqF_3F_4. *king:... men,...praise is,* Anon. conj. (1814).

15 *praises*] *phrases* Steevens conj.

17 *razed*] *ras'd* Malone. *racte* Q_1Q_2. *rackct* Q_3. *rackt* $Q_4Q_5Q_6F_3F_4$.

18 *her mild companion*] *her wild companion* Daniel conj. *in her mild company* Hudson, 1881 (Daniel conj.). *mild*] *mirth's* Cartwright conj.

19 *You*] *Ye* Malone.

20 *in*] Qq. *with in* F_3. *within* F_4.

24 *boundless*] Rowe. *bondlesse* QqF_3F_4.

25 *Pericles,—*] Malone (1790). *Pericles* — Malone (1780). *Pericles.* Qq F_3F_4.

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With golden fruit, but dangerous to be touch'd;
For death-like dragons here affright thee hard:
Her face, like heaven, enticeth thee to view
Her countless glory, which desert must gain;
And which, without desert, because thine eye
Presumes to reach, all thy whole heap must die.
Yon sometimes famous princes, like thyself,
Drawn by report, adventurous by desire,
Tell thee, with speechless tongues and semblance pale,
That without covering, save yon field of stars,
Here they stand martyrs, slain in Cupid's wars;
And with dead cheeks advise thee to desist
For going on death's net, whom none resist.

Per. Antiochus, I thank thee, who hath taught
My frail mortality to know itself,
And by those fearful objects to prepare
This body, like to them, to what I must;
For death remember'd should be like a mirror,
Who tells us life's but breath, to trust it error.
I'll make my will then, and, as sick men do,
Who know the world, see heaven, but feeling woe

29 *death-like dragons here affright*] *death, like dragons, here affrights* Hudson, 1881 (Daniel conj.).
death-like] Hyphened by Malone.
affright] *affront* S. Walker conj. *affronts* Hudson conj.
hard:] *hard?* F_3F_4.
30 *Her*] *Here* Q_2.
31 *Her countless*] *A countless* Steevens.
33 *thy...heap*] *the...head* Jackson conj.
thy...head Collier (ed. 2). *thy... shape* Bailey conj.
thy] Malone. *the* QqF_3F_4.
34 *Yon*] *Yond'* Collier.
sometimes] *sometime* Malone (1780).
38 *Here they*] *They here* Steevens.
39 *advise*] *aduice* Q_3.
thee] *the* F_3.
40 *For*] *From* Malone.
on] *in* Percy conj.
death's] *dearhs* Q_4.
net] *met* Hudson, 1881 (Daniel conj.).
41 *Antiochus*] *Anti.* Q_3.
thee] *hee* Q_2.
hath] *hast* Malone (1780).
43 *prepare*] *compare* Wray conj.
44 *must*] *must be* Wray conj.
45 *remember'd*] *remembered* Q_1. *remembred* The rest.
46 *trust it*] Qq. *trust in* F_3F_4.
48 *know the world, see*] *now in the world see* or *now in the world seek* Mason conj. *know the world's* Staunton conj.
but feeling] *by feeling* Delius conj.

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Gripe not at earthly joys as erst they did,
So I bequeath a happy peace to you
And all good men, as every prince should do;
My riches to the earth from whence they came;
But my unspotted fire of love to you. [*To the Princess.*
Thus ready for the way of life or death,
I wait the sharpest blow.

Ant. Scorning advice: read the conclusion then:
Which read and not expounded, 'tis decreed,
As these before thee thou thyself shalt bleed.

Daugh. Of all 'say'd yet, mayst thou prove prosperous!
Of all 'say'd yet, I wish thee happiness!

Per. Like a bold champion I assume the lists,
Nor ask advice of any other thought
But faithfulness and courage.

He reads the riddle.

'I am no viper, yet I feed
On mother's flesh which did me breed.
I sought a husband, in which labour
I found that kindness in a father:
He's father, son, and husband mild;
I mother, wife, and yet his child.
How they may be, and yet in two,
As you will live, resolve it you.'

53 [To the Princess.] To the daughter of Antiochus. Malone. To Hesperides. Rowe. om. QqF_3F_4.

55—57 See note (IV).

58 *before thee thou*] *before thee, thou* Q_1Q_2. *before, thou* Q_3. *before thou* $Q_4Q_5Q_6F_3F_4$.

59, 60 *Of all 'say'd yet,*] *In all, save that,* Steevens (Mason conj.). *O false! and yet* Mitford conj. *'say'd*] Knight (Percy conj.). *sayd* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *said* The rest.

59 *mayst*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. The rest omit. *may* Rowe.

60 [Ex. Hesperides. Rowe.

64 [He reads...] Steevens. The Riddle. QqF_3F_4.

65 *which*] *that* Wilkins' Novel.

66 *labour*] *rather* Steevens conj.

67 *that kindness in*] *the kindness of* Steevens conj. *in*] *from* Wilkins' Novel.

70 *they*] *this* Hudson, 1881 (Wilkins' Novel.).

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[*Aside*] Sharp-physic is the last: but, O you powers
That give heaven countless eyes to view men's acts,
Why cloud they not their sights perpetually,
If this be true, which makes me pale to read it?
Fair glass of light, I loved you, and could still,
Were not this glorious casket stored with ill:
But I must tell you, now my thoughts revolt;
For he's no man on whom perfections wait
That, knowing sin within, will touch the gate.
You are a fair viol and your sense the strings,
Who, finger'd to make man his lawful music,
Would draw heaven down and all the gods, to hearken,
But being play'd upon before your time,
Hell only danceth at so harsh a chime.
Good sooth, I care not for you.

Ant. Prince Pericles, touch not, upon thy life,
For that's an article within our law,
As dangerous as the rest. Your time's expired:
Either expound now or receive your sentence.

Per. Great king,
Few love to hear the sins they love to act;
'Twould braid yourself too near for me to tell it.
Who has a book of all that monarchs do,
He's more secure to keep it shut than shown:
For vice repeated is like the wandering wind,
Blows dust in others' eyes, to spread itself;
And yet the end of all is bought thus dear,

72 [Aside] Edd.
last:] *last?* F_3F_4.
73 *give*] Malone. *giues* QqF_3F_4.
74 *cloud*] *could* $Q_6F_3F_4$.
74, 75 *perpetually,...it?*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *perpetually,...it,* $Q_4Q_5Q_6$. *perpetually? ...it,* F_3F_4.
76 [Takes hold of the hand of the Princess. Malone. Pushes the Princess back. Elze conj.
81 *You are*] *Yon are* Q_3. *You're* Rowe.
89 *time's*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *times* The rest.
93 *braid*] $Q_4Q_5Q_6F_3F_4$. *brayde* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *'braid* Malone.
94 *has*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *hath* The rest.

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The breath is gone, and the sore eyes see clear
To stop the air would hurt them. The blind mole casts
Copp'd hills towards heaven, to tell the earth is throng'd
By man's oppression; and the poor worm doth die for't.
Kings are earth's gods; in vice their law's their will;
And if Jove stray, who dares say Jove doth ill?
It is enough you know; and it is fit,
What being more known grows worse, to smother it.
All love the womb that their first being bred,
Then give my tongue like leave to love my head.

Ant. [*Aside*] Heaven, that I had thy head! He has found the meaning:
But I will gloze with him.—Young prince of Tyre,
Though by the tenour of our strict edict,
Your exposition misinterpreting,
We might proceed to cancel of your days;
Yet hope, succeeding from so fair a tree
As your fair self, doth tune us otherwise:
Forty days longer we do respite you;
If by which time our secret be undone,
This mercy shows we'll joy in such a son:
And until then your entertain shall be

99, 100 *clear To...them. The*] Steevens (Mason conj.). *cleare: To...them, the* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *cleare. To...them, the* Q_4Q_5. *cleare. To...them the* Q_6. *clear. To...them, the* F_3F_4.
100 *casts*] *castes* Q_1Q_2. *cast* The rest.
101 *Copp'd*] Malone. *Copt* QqF_3F_4.
towards] Q_1Q_6. *towardes* Q_2. *toward* The rest.
throng'd] *wrong'd* Steevens.
104 *dares*] *dare* Q_2Q_3.
ill f] Steevens. *ill:* Q_1. *ill.* The rest.
105 *know*] *know it* F_3F_4.
it is] *'tis* F_3F_4.
fit] *fir* Q_5.
106 *known...to*] Pointed as by Malone. *knowne, growes worse, to* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *knowne, growes worse to* $Q_4Q_5Q_6$. *known, grows worse to* F_3F_4.
107 *their*] *there* F_4.
first] Q_1Q_2. Omitted in the rest.
being] *beings* Boswell.
109 [Aside] Steevens.
had thy head!] *had thy head;* Q_1Q_2. *had thy;* Q_3. *had it;* $Q_4Q_5Q_6F_3F_4$.
111 *our*] F_3F_4. *your* Qq.
113 *cancel of*] Malone. *cancel off* F_3F_4. *counsell of* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_6$. *counsel of* Q_5.

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As doth befit our honour and your worth.

[*Exeunt all but Pericles.*

Per. How courtesy would seem to cover sin,
When what is done is like an hypocrite,
The which is good in nothing but in sight!
If it be true that I interpret false,
Then were it certain you were not so bad
As with foul incest to abuse your soul;
Where now you're both a father and a son,
By your untimely claspings with your child,
Which pleasure fits a husband, not a father;
And she an eater of her mother's flesh,
By the defiling of her parent's bed;
And both like serpents are, who though they feed
On sweetest flowers, yet they poison breed.
Antioch, farewell! for wisdom sees, those men
Blush not in actions blacker than the night,
Will shun no course to keep them from the light.
One sin, I know, another doth provoke;
Murder's as near to lust as flame to smoke:
Poison and treason are the hands of sin,
Ay, and the targets, to put off the shame:
Then, lest my life be cropp'd to keep you clear,

120 *befit.....and your worth*] *befit our honour, your degree* or *our honour fit and your degree* Steevens conj. [Exeunt...Pericles.] Manet Pericles solus. $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. Exit. Manet Pericles solus. The rest. Exeunt Ant. and his Daughter. Malone (1780). Exeunt Antiochus, his Daughter, and Attendants. Malone (1790).

122 *an*] *a* Rowe (ed. 2).

127 *you're*] F_4. *you'r* F_3. *you* Qq.

128 *untimely*] *untimty* Q_3.

129 *pleasure fits*] Rowe (ed. 2). *pleasures fits* QqF_3F_4. *pleasures fit* Anon. conj.
a husband] Q_1. *an husband* The rest.

131 *parent's*] Rowe (ed. 2). *parents* QqF_3F_4. *parents'* Anon. conj. *mothers* Wilkins' Novel.

134 *those men*] *men who* Wray conj.

136 *shun*] Malone. *shew* QqF_3F_4. *'schew* Malone conj. (withdrawn).

138 *Murder's*] *Murther's* Q_1. *Murders* Q_5.

139 *sin*] *blame* Collier conj.

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By flight I 'll shun the danger which I fear. [*Exit.*

Re-enter ANTIOCHUS.

Ant. He hath found the meaning, for the which we mean
To have his head.
He must not live to trumpet forth my infamy,
Nor tell the world Antiochus doth sin
In such a loathed manner;
And therefore instantly this prince must die;
For by his fall my honour must keep high.
Who attends us there?

Enter THALIARD.

Thal. Doth your highness call?

Ant. Thaliard,
You are of our chamber, and our mind partakes
Her private actions to your secrecy:
And for your faithfulness we will advance you.
Thaliard, behold, here 's poison, and here 's gold;
We hate the prince of Tyre, and thou must kill him:

143 Re-enter...] Malone. Enter... Qq F_3F_4.

143, 144 *He...head.*] Arranged as in Malone. The first line ends *meaning*, in QqF_3F_4.

143 *meaning, for the which*] Malone (1780). *meaning, For which* QqF_3F_4. *meaning out, for which* Anon. conj.

146 *Antiochus*] *Annochus* Q_2Q_3. *Antioch* Q_5.

147 *manner*] *manner with his daughter* Elze conj., ending lines 143, 144 at *meaning...must.*

149 *high*] F_3F_4. *hie* Qq.

150 *us*] *on us* Steevens.
there] *here* F_3F_4.

152—156 *Thaliard,...gold;*] Arranged as by Collier. Five lines, ending *Chamber, Thaliard, ... actions, ... faythfulnes,...Thaliard:...Gold:* in $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. Five lines, ending *chamber,...actions...faithfulnesse...Thaliard:...gold,* in the rest. Four lines, ending *mind...secresy;...you ...gold;* in Malone.

153 *You are*] *you 're* Malone (1780).
chamber,] *Chamber, Thaliard,* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$.
partakes] Q_6F_4. *pertakes* The rest.

155, 156 *you. Thaliard,*] Malone. *you, Thaliard:* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *you Thaliard:* Q_4Q_6. *you Thaiard;* Q_5. *you, Thaliard.* F_3F_4.

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It fits thee not to ask the reason why,
Because we bid it. Say, is it done?
Thal. My lord,
'Tis done.
Ant. Enough.

Enter a Messenger.

Let your breath cool yourself, telling your haste.
Mess. My lord, prince Pericles is fled. [*Exit.*
Ant. As thou
Wilt live, fly after: and like an arrow shot
From a well experienced archer hits the mark
His eye doth level at, so thou ne'er return
Unless thou say 'Prince Pericles is dead.'
Thal. My lord,
If I can get him within my pistol's length,
I 'll make him sure enough: so, farewell to your highness.
Ant. Thaliard, adieu! [*Exit Thal.*] Till Pericles be dead,
My heart can lend no succour to my head. [*Exit.*

158, 159 *why,...it.*] Pointed as by Malone. *why?...it:* Qq. *why:...it:* F_3F_4. *why:...it,* Malone conj.
159, 160 *My.....done.*] Divided as by Steevens. One line in QqF_3F_4.
161, 162 *Enough...haste.*] Divided as by Malone. Prose in QqF_3F_4.
Enough. Let] *Enough; Lest* Steevens (Mason conj.).
162 Enter a Messenger.] As in Dyce. After *done*, line 160, in QqF_3F_4.
yourself] *itself* Anon. conj.
163 [Exit.] Exit Mes. Malone (1790). om. QqF_3F_4.
163—167 *As thou...dead.*] Divided as by Malone. Prose in QqF_3F_4.
164 *like*] Qq. *as* Ff.
165 *a well*] *an* Anon. conj.
experienced] *experienst* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *experient* The rest.
166 *at*] *it* $Q_4Q_5Q_6$.
thou ne'er] Malone. *thou neuer* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *do thou never* The rest. *ne'er* Boswell.
168—170 *My lord,...highness.*] As in Dyce. Prose in QqF_3F_4.
169, 170 *him...sure enough:*] *him once ...sure:* Steevens, ending the lines *if I...length,...highness.*
171 Ant.] om. $Q_1Q_2Q_3$.
[Exit Thal.] As in Dyce. Exit. Rowe, after *highness.* om. QqF_3F_4.
172 [Exit.] om. Q_1.

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Scene II. *Tyre. A room in the palace.*

Enter Pericles.

Per. [*To Lords without*] Let none disturb us. Why should this change of thoughts,
The sad companion, dull-eyed melancholy,
Be my so used a guest as not an hour,
In the day's glorious walk, or peaceful night,
The tomb where grief should sleep, can breed me quiet?
Here pleasures court mine eyes, and mine eyes shun them,
And danger, which I fear'd, is at Antioch,
Whose arm seems far too short to hit me here:
Yet neither pleasure's art can joy my spirits,
Nor yet the other's distance comfort me.
Then it is thus: the passions of the mind,
That have their first conception by mis-dread,

Scene II.] Malone.
Tyre.] Malone.
A room...] Malone (1790).
Enter Pericles.] Dyce. Enter Pericles with his Lords. Qq. Enter Pericles, Hellicanus, with other Lords. F_3F_4.
1 [To Lords without] To those without. Dyce. om. QqF_3F_4.
Let...thoughts,] One line in $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. Two in the rest.
Why] *Whence* Nicholson conj.
should] om. Steevens (Mason conj.).
change of thoughts,] $Q_4Q_5Q_6F_3F_4$. *chāge of thoughts* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *charge of thoughts?* Malone (Steevens). *change of thoughts?* Mason conj. *change of thought?* Singer (ed. 1). *charge our thoughts?* Singer (ed. 2). *change our thoughts?* Staunton conj. *child of thought,* Bailey conj. *cast of thought,* Daniel conj.
2 *The*] *This* Jackson conj.
3 *Be my so used a guest as*] Dyce. *By me so vsde a guest, as* Q_1. *By me so vs'de a guest as* Q_2Q_3. *By me so vsde, a guest as* The rest (*used,* Q_5 Q_6. *us'd,* F_3F_4). *By me 's so us'd a guest, as* Malone (1780). *By me so us'd a guest is,* Steevens. *Be by me so us'd a guest?* Jackson conj.
5 *quiet?*] Malone (1790). *quiet,* QqF_3 F_4. *quiet.* Rowe. *quiet!* Malone (1780).
6, 7 *them, And...is at Antioch*] *them. The...is Antioch* Elze conj.
7 *fear'd*] *feared* Q_6.
is] *'s* Dyce, ed. 2 (S. Walker conj.).
8 *arm*] F_4. *arme* The rest. *aim* Dyce.
10 *me.*] *me,* Q_1. *me:* The rest.
11 *the passions*] Q_1. *that passions* The rest.

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Have after-nourishment and life by care;
And what was first but fear what might be done,
Grows elder now and cares it be not done.
And so with me: the great Antiochus,
'Gainst whom I am too little to contend,
Since he's so great can make his will his act,
Will think me speaking, though I swear to silence;
Nor boots it me to say I honour him,
If he suspect I may dishonour him:
And what may make him blush in being known,
He'll stop the course by which it might be known:
With hostile forces he'll o'erspread the land,
And with the ostent of war will look so huge,
Amazement shall drive courage from the state,
Our men be vanquish'd ere they do resist,
And subjects punish'd that ne'er thought offence:
Which care of them, not pity of myself,
Who am no more but as the tops of trees
Which fence the roots they grow by and defend them,
Makes both my body pine and soul to languish,
And punish that before that he would punish.

13 *after-nourishment*] Hyphened by Malone.
life by care;] *life, by care* Q_1.
14 *but*] *by* Rowe.
16 *so with*] Qq. *so 'tis with* F_3F_4.
me:] *me;* $Q_4Q_5Q_6$. *me* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *me,* F_3F_4.
17 *too*] *to* $Q_3Q_5Q_6$.
18 *he's so*] *he, so* Collier, ed. 2 (Steevens conj.).
20 *honour him,*] Rowe. *honour,* QqF_3F_4. *do him honour,* Anon. conj.
25 *the ostent*] *th' ostent* Malone (Tyrwhitt conj.). *the stint* QqF_3F_4. *the dint* Malone conj. (withdrawn).
28 *ne'er*] *nere* Q_1Q_2. *neuer* The rest.
30 *Who am*] Steevens (Farmer conj.). *Who once* QqF_3F_4. *Who owe* Malone (1780). *Who wants* Malone (1790). *Whose use* or *Whose office* Steevens conj. (withdrawn).
am no more] *wants no moat* Jackson conj.
30, 31 *am ... Which*] *owe ... To* Anon. conj.
32 *Makes*] *Make* $Q_5F_3F_4$.
soul to] *my soule* Q_5.
languish] *languish* Q_2.
33 *would punish*] *would anguish* or *would vanquish* Anon. conj.

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Enter HELICANUS, *with other* Lords.

First Lord. Joy and all comfort in your sacred breast!
Sec. Lord. And keep your mind, till you return to us,
Peaceful and comfortable!
Hel. Peace, peace, and give experience tongue.
They do abuse the king that flatter him:
For flattery is the bellows blows up sin;
The thing the which is flatter'd, but a spark,
To which that blast gives heat and stronger glowing;
Whereas reproof, obedient and in order,
Fits kings, as they are men, for they may err.
When Signior Sooth here does proclaim a peace,
He flatters you, makes war upon your life.
Prince, pardon me, or strike me, if you please;
I cannot be much lower than my knees.
Per. All leave us else; but let your cares o'erlook
What shipping and what lading 's in our haven,
And then return to us. [*Exeunt Lords.*] Helicanus, thou

Enter...Lords.] Dyce, substantially. Enter all the Lords to Pericles. Q_1 Q_2. Enter all the Lords with Pericles. Q_3. Omitted in the rest.

35, 36 *And...comfortable!*] Divided as in $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_5$. Prose in $Q_4Q_6F_3F_4$.

35 *mind, till...us,*] As in Malone. No stops in QqF_3F_4.
you] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *ye* The rest.

37 *peace,*] *peace, my lords,* Steevens. *peace, young lords,* or *babblers, peace,* or *praters, peace,* or *princes, peace,* Anon. conj.
tongue] *a tongue* or *his tongue* Anon. conj.

40 *flatter'd*] Rowe. *flattered* QqF_3F_4.

41 *blast*] Collier (Mason conj.). *sparks* Qq. *spark* F_3F_4. *breath* Malone (1790). *wind* Steevens conj.
heat] *heate* Q_1. *heart* The rest.
glowing] *growing* Q_5.

41, 42 *glowing;...order,*] As in $Q_4Q_5Q_6$ F_3F_4. One line in $Q_1Q_2Q_3$.

44 *does*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *doth* The rest.
a peace] Malone. *pleace* Q_5. *peace* The rest. *peace, peace* Anon. conj.

45 *makes*] *and makes* Q_5.

47 [Kneeling. Collier (ed. 2).

49 *lading's*] Rowe. *lading* Q_5. *ladings* The rest.

50 *us.*] *vs,* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$.
[Exeunt Lords.] Malone (1790). om. QqF_3F_4.

50, 51 *Helicanus,...looks?*] Divided as by Malone. The first line ends *hast* in QqF_3F_4.

50 *Helicanus*] *Hellicans* Q_1.

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Hast moved us: what seest thou in our looks?
Hel. An angry brow, dread lord.
Per. If there be such a dart in princes' frowns,
How durst thy tongue move anger to our face?
Hel. How dare the plants look up to heaven, from whence
They have their nourishment?
Per. Thou know'st I have power
To take thy life from thee.
Hel. [*Kneeling*] I have ground the axe myself;
Do you but strike the blow.
Per. Rise, prithee, rise: sit down: thou art no flatterer:
I thank thee for it; and heaven forbid
That kings should let their ears hear their faults hid!
Fit counsellor and servant for a prince,
Who by thy wisdom makest a prince thy servant,
What wouldst thou have me do?
Hel. To bear with patience

51 *moved*] Malone. *Moouds* Q_1. *Moov'd* $Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_5$. *Moov'd* Q_6F_3. *Mov'd* F_4.
55, 56 *How...nourishment?*] Divided as by Malone. The first line ends *heauen* in QqF_3F_4.
55 *dare the plants*] Malone. *dares the plants* Q_1. *dares the planets* The rest. *dare the planets* Rowe (ed. 2). *to*] Qq. *unto* F_3F_4.
56, 57 *Thou...thee.*] Divided as by Malone. One line in QqF_3F_4.
56 *know'st*] F_3F_4. *knowest* Qq.
56, 57 *I have*] *I've* Elze conj.
57 *from thee*] om. Steevens.
thee.] om. Q_3.
58 [Kneeling] Malone (1790). om. Qq F_3F_4.
58, 59 *I...blow.*] Divided as in QqF_3F_4. The first line ends *axe* in Malone.
59 *you but*] $Q_4Q_5Q_6F_3F_4$. *but you* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$.
blow] *blow, my lord* Elze conj., reading *myself...lord* as one line.
60 *Rise...flatterer:*] One line in QqF_3F_4. Two lines, the first ending *rise;* in Steevens.
prithee] F_3F_4. *prethee* The rest.
sit down] *Sit down, sit down* Steevens.
61 *for it*] *fort* Q_1. *for 't* Q_2.
heaven] *heaue* Q_1. *high heaven* Steevens.
62 *That...hid*] *That...chid* Dyce. *But ...chid* Anon. conj.
64 *makest*] *mak'st* Malone. *makes* Qq F_3F_4.
65 *do?*] *do:* F_3F_4.
To bear with patience] *With patience bear* Steevens.

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Such griefs as you yourself do lay upon yourself.
Per. Thou speak'st like a physician, Helicanus,
That minister'st a potion unto me
That thou wouldst tremble to receive thyself.
Attend me then: I went to Antioch,
Where, as thou know'st, against the face of death,
I sought the purchase of a glorious beauty,
From whence an issue I might propagate,
Are arms to princes and bring joys to subjects.
Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder;
The rest—hark in thine ear—as black as incest:
Which by my knowledge found, the sinful father
Seem'd not to strike, but smooth: but thou know'st this,
'Tis time to fear when tyrants seem to kiss.
Which fear so grew in me, I hither fled,
Under the covering of a careful night,
Who seem'd my good protector; and, being here,
Bethought me what was past, what might succeed.
I knew him tyrannous; and tyrants' fears
Decrease not, but grow faster than the years:

65, 66 *To.....yourself.*] Divided as in Knight. The first line ends *griefes*, in $Q_4Q_5Q_6F_3F_4$. Prose in $Q_1Q_2Q_3$.
66 *you yourself*] *you* Steevens.
67 *speak'st*] *speakest* $Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6$.
68 *That*] *Who* Steevens.
minister'st] Malone. *minister's* F_3. *ministers* The rest.
potion] $Q_1Q_6F_3F_4$. *portion* The rest.
69 *thyself.*] *thy selfe*, Q_1. *the selfe.* Q_6.
71 *Where, as*] *Where as* Q_2Q_3. *Whereas* The rest.
know'st] *knowest* Q_3Q_6.
73 *propagate*] Q_6F_4. *propogate* Q_1. *propigate* The rest. After this S. Walker conjectures that a line such as *Worthy to heir my throne; for kingly boys* has been lost.
74 *Are*] *Bring* Steevens. *Dare* Jackson conj. *Add* Kinnear conj.
and bring] *bringing* Wray conj.
bring...subjects] *to subjects joys* Steevens. See note (v).
76 *rest...ear—*] *rest* (*hark in thine ear*) F_3F_4. *rest harke in thine eare*, Q_1. *rest* (*harke in thine eare*) $Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6$.
79 *seem*] *seemes* Q_1.
81 *a*] om. Anon. conj.
83 *me*] Rowe. om. QqF_3F_4.
84 *fears*] F_4. *feare* Qq. *fear* F_3.
85 *the years*] *the yeare* Q_6. *their years* Steevens.

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And should he doubt it, as no doubt he doth,
That I should open to the listening air
How many worthy princes' bloods were shed,
To keep his bed of blackness unlaid ope,
To lop that doubt, he'll fill this land with arms,
And make pretence of wrong that I have done him;
When all, for mine, if I may call offence,
Must feel war's blow, who spares not innocence:
Which love to all, of which thyself art one,
Who now reprovest me for it,—

Hel. Alas, sir!

Per. Drew sleep out of mine eyes, blood from my cheeks,
Musings into my mind, with thousand doubts
How I might stop this tempest ere it came;
And finding little comfort to relieve them,
I thought it princely charity to grieve them.

Hel. Well, my lord, since you have given me leave to speak,
Freely will I speak. Antiochus you fear,
And justly too, I think, you fear the tyrant,
Who either by public war or private treason

86 *doubt it,*] Malone (Steevens). *doo't*, Q_1. *doo't* Q_2Q_3. *thinke*, $Q_4Q_5Q_6$. *think*, F_3F_4. *doubt on't*, Steevens conj.
88 *bloods*] *blouds* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *bloud* Q_4Q_5 F_3F_4. *blould* Q_6.
89 *ope,*] *o*, Q_5.
92 *call*] *call't* Malone.
93 *spares*] Q_1. *feares* $Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6$. *fears* F_3F_4.
95 *reprovest*] *reprov'st* Malone. *reprou'dst* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *reprovedst* $Q_4Q_5Q_6$. *reproved'st* F_3F_4.
for it,—] *for it*)— Malone. *fort.* Q_1 Q_2. *for it.* The rest.
96 *mine*] *my* F_4.
97 *Musings into*] *Musing in* Q_5. *Musings in* Q_6.
thousand] Qq. *a thousand* F_3F_4.
98 *stop this*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *stop their* Q_4Q_6 F_3F_4. *stope there* Q_5.
99 *relieve*] *reliefe* Q_3.
100 *grieve*] Q_5. *griue for* Q_1. *grieue for* The rest.
102, 103 *Freely...tyrant,*] *Freely will I speak. You fear the tyrant, Antiochus, and justly too, I think*, or *I will speak freely. Antiochus you fear, The tyrant, and justly too, I think*, Elze conj.
102 *will I*] *I'll* Steevens.

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Will take away your life.
Therefore, my lord, go travel for a while,
Till that his rage and anger be forgot,
Or till the Destinies do cut his thread of life.
Your rule direct to any; if to me,
Day serves not light more faithful than I'll be.

Per. I do not doubt thy faith;
But should he wrong my liberties in my absence?

Hel. We'll mingle our bloods together in the earth,
From whence we had our being and our birth.

Per. Tyre, I now look from thee then, and to Tarsus
Intend my travel, where I'll hear from thee;
And by whose letters I'll dispose myself.
The care I had and have of subjects' good
On thee I lay, whose wisdom's strength can bear it.
I'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath:
Who shuns not to break one will sure crack both:
But in our orbs we'll live so round and safe,
That time of both this truth shall ne'er convince,
Thou show'dst a subject's shine, I a true prince. [*Exeunt.*

105—110 *Will...be.*] Arranged as by Rowe. Prose in QqF_3F_4.
108 *till the*] om. Steevens.
his thread of] *the thred of his* F_3F_4.
109 *any; if*] *any if* Q_3. *any, if* The rest.
to me] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *unto me* The rest.
110 *serves*] *serve* Q_5.
112 *my liberties*] *thy liberties* Collier conj. *Tyre's liberties* Elze conj.
my absence?] QqF_3F_4. *my absence*— Malone. *absence*— Steevens.
113 *our*] om. Steevens.
115 *Tarsus*] *Tharsus* QqF_3F_4, and elsewhere.
118 *subjects'*] Malone. *subiects* QqF_3F_4. *subject* Mason conj.
120 *word...not*] Pointed as in $Q_2F_3F_4$. *word, for faith not* Q_1. *word for faith not* The rest.
121 *sure*] F_3F_4. om. Qq.
After this line Malone conjectures that a line is lost.
122 *we 'll*] Malone. *will* Q_1. *we* The rest.
round] *sound* Hudson conj.
123 *ne'er*] *all* Wray conj.
124 *show'dst*] *shewdst* Q_1. *shewest* The rest.
subject's shine, I] *subject shine, I* Mason conj. *subject, shine I* Jackson conj. *subject's sign, I* Collier conj.
[Exeunt.] Rowe. Exit. Qq. om. F_3F_4.

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SCENE III. *Tyre. An ante-chamber in the palace.*

Enter THALIARD.

Thal. So, this is Tyre, and this the court. Here must I kill King Pericles; and if I do it not, I am sure to be hanged at home: 'tis dangerous. Well, I perceive he was a wise fellow and had good discretion, that, being bid to ask what he would of the king, desired he might know none of his secrets: now do I see he had some reason for 't; for if a king bid a man be a villain, he 's bound by the indenture of his oath to be one. Hush! here come the lords of Tyre.

Enter HELICANUS *and* ESCANES, *with other* Lords.

Hel. You shall not need, my fellow peers of Tyre,
Further to question me of your king's departure:
His seal'd commission left in trust with me
Doth speak sufficiently he 's gone to travel.

Thal. [*Aside*] How! the king gone!

Hel. If further yet you will be satisfied,

SCENE III.] Malone.
Tyre. An ante-chamber...] Malone (1790).
Enter Thaliard.] Malone. Enter Thaliard solus. QqF_3F_4.
1 *this the*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *this is the* The rest.
2 *and if*] *an if* Anon. conj.
3 *'tis*] *t' is* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *it is* The rest.
6—8 *now...one.*] Verse, S. Walker conj., ending the lines *see...king...he is bound...one.*
7 *for 't*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *for it* The rest.
he's] *hee's* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *hee is* $Q_4Q_5Q_6$. *he is* F_3F_4.
8 *Hush*] Malone. *Husht* QqF_3F_4.
9 *come*] F_4. *comes* The rest.
10 and] om. QqF_3F_4.
Lords.] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. Lords of Tyre. $Q_4Q_5Q_6F_3F_4$.
10—24 *You.....death.*] Verse first by Rowe. Prose in QqF_3F_4.
11 *me*] om. Steevens.
12 *seal'd*] Rowe. *sealed* QqF_3F_4.
14, 18 [Aside] First marked by Malone (1780).
14 *How I*] *How?* Qq. *How* F_3. *How,* F_4.

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Why, as it were unlicensed of your loves,
He would depart, I'll give some light unto you.
Being at Antioch—

Thal. [*Aside*] What from Antioch?

Hel. Royal Antiochus—on what cause I know not—
Took some displeasure at him; at least he judged so:
And doubting lest that he had err'd or sinn'd,
To show his sorrow, he'ld correct himself;
So puts himself unto the shipman's toil,
With whom each minute threatens life or death.

Thal. [*Aside*] Well, I perceive I shall not be hanged now, although I would; but since he's gone, the king's seas must please: he 'scaped the land, to perish at the sea. I'll present myself. Peace to the lords of Tyre!

Hel. Lord Thaliard from Antiochus is welcome.

16 *Why...loves,*] Put in a parenthesis in Qq.
as...loves,] Put in a parenthesis in F_3F_4.
17 *depart,*] Malone. *depart?* QqF_3F_4. *you.*] *you,* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *you:* The rest.
18 *Antioch—*] Rowe. *Antioch.* $Q_1Q_2Q_5$ $Q_6F_3F_4$. *Antioch?* Q_3. *Antioch,* Q_4.
21 *err'd or sinn'd*] *err'de or sinn'de* Q_1Q_2. *errd or sinnde* Q_3. *erred or sinned* The rest.
22 *he'ld*] *hee 'de* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *he would* The rest. *would* Steevens.
24 *threatens*] *threathens* Q_2Q_3.
or death] *with death* Hudson, 1881 (Daniel conj.).
25 [Aside] First marked by Malone (1790).
25—28 *Well...Tyre!*] Prose in QqF_3F_4. Five lines, ending *perceive...would; ...please:...see.—...Tyre,* in Malone.
26 *now, although I would;*] *now;—although I would:*— Nicholson conj.
26, 27 *but...please*] *But since he is gone, the king, seas must please,* Mason conj. *Since he's gone, the king's seas must plead for me* Steevens conj. (withdrawn). *But since he's gone, the king it sure must please* Steevens (Percy conj.). *But since he's gone, the king sure must please* Knight. *But since he is gone, the king's ease must please* Collier (ed. 2). *But since he's gone, the king this news must please* Perring conj.
27, 28 *seas must...sea*] *ears it must...seas* Grant White (Dyce). *ears it must... sea* Hudson (1881).
27 *please*] *please him* Anon. conj.
27, 28 *at the sea*] *on the seas* Steevens (Malone and Percy conj.). *at the seas* Collier (ed. 2).
28 *I'll present myself*] *But I'll present me* Steevens.
29 Hel.] om. $Q_1Q_2Q_3$.

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Thal. From him I come
With message unto princely Pericles;
But since my landing I have understood
Your lord has betook himself to unknown travels,
My message must return from whence it came.
Hel. We have no reason to desire it,
Commended to our master, not to us:
Yet, ere you shall depart, this we desire,
As friends to Antioch, we may feast in Tyre. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Tarsus. A room in the Governor's house.*

Enter CLEON the Governor of Tarsus, *with* DIONYZA *and others.*

Cle. My Dionyza, shall we rest us here,
And by relating tales of others' griefs,
See if 'twill teach us to forget our own?
Dio. That were to blow at fire in hope to quench it;
For who digs hills because they do aspire
Throws down one mountain to cast up a higher.
O my distressed lord, even such our griefs are;
Here they 're but felt, and seen with mischief's eyes,

30—38 *From.....Tyre.*] Verse first by Rowe. Prose in QqF_3F_4.
32 *I*] *as I* Steevens.
33 *has betook*] *has betooke* Q_2Q_3. *has betake* Q_1. *hath betooke* $Q_4Q_5Q_6$. *hath betook* F_3F_4. *has took* Steevens.
34 *My*] *now* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *my* The rest.
35 *desire*] *enquire* S. Walker conj. *inquire of* Hudson (1881).
it,] *it told*— Malone conj. *it, since* Steevens. *it, thus* Collier conj.
38 *feast*] *fest* Q_5.
[Exeunt.] Exit. Q_1.
SCENE IV.] Malone.
Tarsus.] Tharsus. Malone.
A room...] Steevens.
Enter...] Enter Cleon the Gouernour of Tharsus, with his wife and others. QqF_3F_4.
1 *Dionyza*] Malone. *Dyoniza* Q_1. *Dioniza* Q_2Q_3. *Dionisia* $Q_4Q_5Q_6F_3$. *Dionysia* F_4.
5 *aspire*] *aspire?* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *aspire,* The rest.
7 *are*] om. Steevens.
8 *they 're but*] Rowe. *they are but* Qq F_3F_4. *they are* Hudson (1881).
and seen] *unseen* Malone.
mischief's eyes] *mistful eyes* Steevens. *mischief-size* Anon. conj. (1814). *mistie eyes* Singer (ed. 2). *misery's*

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But like to groves, being topp'd, they higher rise.
Cle. O Dionyza,
Who wanteth food, and will not say he wants it,
Or can conceal his hunger till he famish?
Our tongues and sorrows do sound deep
Our woes into the air; our eyes do weep,
Till tongues fetch breath that may proclaim them louder;
That, if heaven slumber while their creatures want,
They may awake their helps to comfort them.
I 'll then discourse our woes, felt several years,
And wanting breath to speak help me with tears.
Dio. I 'll do my best, sir.
Cle. This Tarsus, o'er which I have the government,
A city on whom plenty held full hand,
For riches strew'd herself even in the streets;
Whose towers bore heads so high they kiss'd the clouds,
And strangers ne'er beheld but wonder'd at;

eyes Hudson, 1881 (S. Walker conj.). *weakness' eyes* Kinnear conj.
9 *topp'd*] *lopp'd* Hudson (1881). *higher*] *stronger* Kinnear conj.
10 *Dionyza,*] Malone. *Dioniza.* Q_1. *Dioniza,* Q_2Q_3. *Dionizia,* $Q_4Q_5Q_6$. *Dionisia,* F_3. *Dionysia,* F_4.
13—17 *Our tongues...them.*] Arranged as by Collier. In Malone (1790) the first line ends *woes.* Six lines, ending *deepe:...weepe...proclaime... while.....awake...them,* in QqF_3F_4. Five, ending *woes...lungs...that... want,...them,* in Malone (1780).
13 *tongues*] *toungs* Q_1.
13, 14 *and...woes*] *do sound our sorrows and deep woes* Hudson (1881), arranging the lines as Malone (1780).
13 *sorrows do*] *sobbings do* Cartwright conj. *bosoms too* Bailey conj. *sorrowing bosoms do* Anon. conj. *do*] $Q_4Q_5F_3F_4$. *doe* $Q_2Q_3Q_6$. *to* Q_1. *too* Malone. *deep*] Malone. *deep:* QqF_3F_4.
14 *do*] Malone (1780). *to* QqF_3F_4. *too* Malone (1790).
15 *tongues*] $Q_4Q_5Q_6F_3F_4$. *toungs* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *lungs* Malone (Steevens).
16 *heaven*] *the gods* Singer, reading the rest as Malone (1780).
17 *helps*] Malone (1780). *helpers* QqF_3F_4.
18 *our*] *of* Staunton conj.
21 *I have*] *I've* Rowe. *the*] om. Steevens.
23 *For*] *Where* Hudson, 1881 (S. Walker conj.). *riches*] *richness* Mason conj. *herself*] *her pelf* Jackson conj. *the*] *her* Q_1Q_3.
24 *bore heads*] *bore-heads* Q_2Q_3.
25 *ne'er*] *neuer* Q_3. *wonder'd*] F_3F_4. *wondred* $Q_1Q_3Q_4Q_5$. *woundred* Q_2. *wondered* Q_6.

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Whose men and dames so jetted and adorn'd,
Like one another's glass to trim them by:
Their tables were stored full, to glad the sight,
And not so much to feed on as delight;
All poverty was scorn'd, and pride so great,
The name of help grew odious to repeat.

Dio. O, 'tis too true.

Cle. But see what heaven can do! By this our change,
These mouths, who but of late earth, sea and air,
Were all too little to content and please,
Although they gave their creatures in abundance,
As houses are defiled for want of use,
They are now starved for want of exercise:
Those palates who, not yet two summers younger,
Must have inventions to delight the taste,
Would now be glad of bread, and beg for it:
Those mothers who, to nousle up their babes,
Thought nought too curious, are ready now
To eat those little darlings whom they loved.
So sharp are hunger's teeth, that man and wife
Draw lots who first shall die to lengthen life:
Here stands a lord, and there a lady weeping;
Here many sink, yet those which see them fall
Have scarce strength left to give them burial.
Is not this true?

32 *too*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. The rest omit.
33 *do! By*] Malone. *doe by* $Q_1Q_2Q_6$. *do by* The rest.
34 *These*] *Those* Dyce (ed. 2).
who] QqF_3F_4. *whom* Malone.
36 *abundance*] *aboundance* Q_2Q_3.
39 *palates*] *pallats* QqF_3F_4.
yet.....younger] Steevens (Mason conj.). *yet too sauers younger* Q_1. *yet too sauers yonger* Q_2. *yet to sauers yonger* $Q_3Q_4Q_6$. *yet to savers yonger* Q_6. *yet to savers younger* F_3F_4. *us'd to hunger's savour* Malone. *yet being slaves to hunger* Steevens conj. (withdrawn). *us'd to savour hunger* Dyce. See note (VI).
yet] om. Halliwell conj.
42 *nousle*] *nouzell* Qq. *nousle* F_3F_4. *nursle* Steevens conj.

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Dio. Our cheeks and hollow eyes do witness it.
Cle. O, let those cities that of plenty's cup
And her prosperities so largely taste,
With their superfluous riots, hear these tears!
The misery of Tarsus may be theirs.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Where 's the lord governor?
Cle. Here.
Speak out thy sorrows which thou bring'st in haste,
For comfort is too far for us to expect.
Lord. We have descried, upon our neighbouring shore,
A portly sail of ships make hitherward.
Cle. I thought as much.
One sorrow never comes but brings an heir,
That may succeed as his inheritor;
And so in ours: some neighbouring nation,
Taking advantage of our misery,
Hath stuff'd these hollow vessels with their power,
To beat us down, the which are down already,
And make a conquest of unhappy me,
Whereas no glory 's got to overcome.
Lord. That 's the least fear; for, by the semblance
Of their white flags display'd, they bring us peace,

54 *hear*] *heed* Collier (ed. 2).
57—59 *Here...expect.*] Verse first by Malone. Prose in QqF_3F_4.
58 *thy*] *the* Steevens conj. *thou bring'st*] *thee bringst* Q_1. *thee bring'st* Q_2. *y' bring'st* Q_3.
65 *in*] *is* Elze conj.
67 *Hath*] Rowe (ed. 2). *That* QqF_3F_4. *these*] Malone, 1780 (Steevens). *the* QqF_3F_4.
69 *of unhappy me*] *of unhappy men* Malone (1780). *of unhappy we* Steevens conj. *O unhappy me* Jackson conj.
70 *glory's*] Malone. *glories* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *glory is* $Q_4Q_5Q_6F_3F_4$.
71—73 *That's...foes.*] Arranged as by Malone. Four lines, ending *fear... displaid,...favourers,...foes*, in Rowe. In QqF_3F_4 the first line ends at *feare*, the rest is prose.
72 *white*] om. F_3F_4 and Rowe.

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And come to us as favourers, not as foes.
Cle. Thou speak'st like him 's untutor'd to repeat:
Who makes the fairest show means most deceit.
But bring they what they will and what they can,
What need we fear?
The ground 's the lowest, and we are half way there.
Go tell their general we attend him here,
To know for what he comes and whence he comes
And what he craves.
Lord. I go, my lord. [*Exit.*
Cle. Welcome is peace, if he on peace consist;
If wars, we are unable to resist.

Enter PERICLES *with* Attendants.

Per. Lord governor, for so we hear you are,
Let not our ships and number of our men
Be like a beacon fired to amaze your eyes.
We have heard your miseries as far as Tyre,
And seen the desolation of your streets:
Nor come we to add sorrow to your tears,

74 *him's*] Malone. *himnes* Q_1. *hymnes* $Q_2Q_3F_3$. *hymmes* Q_4Q_5. *hywmes*, Q_6. *hymns* F_4. *him who is* Steevens conj., reading *Like...repeat* as one line. *him is* Malone conj. *chimes* Jackson conj. *him* Singer, ed. 1 (Boswell conj.).
74, 75 *untutor'd to repeat: Who*] *untutor'd: to defeat Who* Staunton conj.
75 *Who...deceit.*] Printed in italics in F_3F_4.
76 *and what they can*] om. Steevens, reading *But...fear?* as one line.
77, 78 *What...lowest,*] Arranged as by Malone. One line in QqF_3F_4. *fear? The ground's the lowest,*] Malone. *feare, the ground's the lowest,* $Q_4Q_5Q_6$. *fear, the ground's the lowest,* F_3. *fear, the grounds the lowest,* F_4. *leaue our grounds the lowest?* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$.
78 *lowest*] *low'st* Steevens.
78—81 *and...craves.*] Arranged as by Malone. Prose in QqF_3F_4. Three lines, ending *here,...whence he comes, ...craves,* in Rowe.
81 *craves.*] *craues?* Q_1Q_2.
82 [Exit.] Malone (1790). om. Qq F_3F_4.
83 *is peace*] *his peace* Rowe (ed. 2).
88 *We have*] *We've* Rowe.
90 *tears*] *hearts* Hudson, 1881 (S. Walker conj.).

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But to relieve them of their heavy load;
And these our ships, you happily may think
Are like the Trojan horse was stuff'd within
With bloody veins expecting overthrow,
Are stored with corn to make your needy bread,
And give them life whom hunger starved half dead.
All. The gods of Greece protect you!
And we'll pray for you.
Per. Arise, I pray you, rise:
We do not look for reverence, but for love
And harbourage for ourself, our ships and men.
Cle. The which when any shall not gratify,
Or pay you with unthankfulness in thought,
Be it our wives, our children, or ourselves,
The curse of heaven and men succeed their evils!
Till when,—the which I hope shall ne'er be seen—
Your grace is welcome to our town and us.
Per. Which welcome we'll accept; feast here awhile,
Until our stars that frown lend us a smile. [*Exeunt.*

91 *relieve*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *release* $Q_4Q_5Q_6F_3F_4$.
93 *Are like.....was*] *Are* (*like.....was*) Bailey conj.
Are] *As* Rowe (ed. 2).
was stuff'd] *war-stuff'd* Malone (Steevens).
94 *veins*] *views* Malone (Steevens). *banes* Collier conj. *foes* Bailey conj.
expecting] *expert in* Bailey conj.
96 *whom hunger starved*] *who are hunger-starv'd* Steevens.
hunger starved] Hyphened in Q_1 Q_2Q_3.
97 All.] Omnes. QqF_3F_4.
98—100 *Arise...men.*] Arranged as by Rowe. Two lines, the first ending *reuerence*, in $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. Prose in the rest.
98 *Arise*] QqF_3F_4. *Rise* Steevens.
rise] Q_1. *arise* The rest, and Rowe.
100 *and men*] *& men* Q_1. *& mē* Q_3.
102 *thought*] *aught* Malone conj.
105 *ne'er*] *neare* Q_1. *nere* $Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6$. *ne're* F_3F_4.
107 *awhile*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *a while* The rest.

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ACT II.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Here have you seen a mighty king
His child, I wis, to incest bring;
A better prince and benign lord,
That will prove awful both in deed and word.
Be quiet then as men should be,
Till he hath pass'd necessity.
I'll show you those in troubles reign,
Losing a mite, a mountain gain.
The good in conversation,
To whom I give my benison,
Is still at Tarsus, where each man
Thinks all is writ he speken can;
And, to remember what he does,
Build his statue to make him glorious:
But tidings to the contrary
Are brought your eyes; what need speak I?

ACT II.] Actus Secundus. F_3F_4.
ACT II. SCENE I. Rowe.
2 *bring;*] Two lines omitted here. Anon. conj.
4 *That will*] om. Steevens.
Losing] *Loosing* $Q_1Q_2Q_3F_3$.
10 *benison,*] *benizon,* $Q_4Q_5Q_6$. *benizon:* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *benizon.* F_3F_4.
11 *Tarsus*] *Tharstill* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$.
12 *writ*] *writ,* Q_1. *write* Q_2Q_3. *wit* Steevens conj. *Writ* Nicholson conj.
speken] Grant White. *spoken* Qq F_3F_4.
14 *Build*] *Gild* Malone (Steevens).
statue] *Statute* Q_2Q_3.
to make him] om. Steevens. *to make it* Boswell.
16 *your*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *t' your* $Q_4Q_5Q_6F_3F_4$.
speak I f] Malone. *speake I.* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_5$. *I speake* Q_5. *speak I.* F_3F_4.

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DUMB SHOW.

Enter, at one door, PERICLES, *talking with* CLEON; *all the train with them. Enter, at another door, a* Gentleman, *with a letter to* PERICLES; PERICLES *shows the letter to* CLEON; *gives the* Messenger *a reward, and knights him. Exit* PERICLES *at one door, and* CLEON *at another.*

Good Helicane, that stay'd at home,
Not to eat honey like a drone
From others' labours; for though he strive
To killen bad, keep good alive;
And to fulfil his prince' desire,
Sends word of all that haps in Tyre:
How Thaliard came full bent with sin
And had intent to murder him;
And that in Tarsus was not best
Longer for him to make his rest.
He, doing so, put forth to seas,
Where when men been, there 's seldom ease;
For now the wind begins to blow;
Thunder above and deeps below

gives...] Pericles gives... QqF_3F_4. Exit.....another.] QqF_3F_4. Exeunt Pericles, Cleon, &c. severally. Malone (1790).

17 *Helicane*] Malone. *Helicon* Q_1. *Hellicon* Q_2. *Hellican* The rest.
that] QqF_3F_4. *hath* Malone (Steevens).

19 *for though*] *forethought* Steevens conj. (withdrawn). *forth* Steevens. *for thy* Singer (ed. 2). *for-though* Nicholson conj., putting *that.....labours* in a parenthesis, and reading *keeps* in line 20. *though* Hudson, (1881). *for through* Kinnear conj.

20 *keep*] F_3F_4. *keepe* Qq. *keeps* Malone (Steevens conj. withdrawn).

21 *And*] *But* Staunton conj.
prince'] Malone. *prince* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *princes* $Q_4Q_5Q_6F_3F_4$. *prince's* Rowe.

22 *Sends word*] Malone (Steevens). *Saw'd one* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_5$. *Saw'd one* $Q_6F_3F_4$. See note (VI).

23 *Thaliard*] *Thaliart* Q_1.
sin] *scheme* Steevens conj., reading *hid* in line 24.

24 *had*] *hid* Q_1 (Bodl.) Q_2Q_3.
intent] *in Tent* Q_1 (Bodl.).
murder] *murdred* Q_1 (Bodl.).

25 *Tarsus*] *Tharsus* F_3F_4. *Tharsis* Qq.

27 *doing*] *knowing* Malone (Steevens). *trowing* Kinnear conj.

28 *been*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *bin* The rest.

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Make such unquiet that the ship
Should house him safe is wreck'd and split;
And he, good prince, having all lost,
By waves from coast to coast is tost:
All perishen of man, of pelf,
Ne aught escapen but himself;
Till fortune, tired with doing bad,
Threw him ashore, to give him glad:
And here he comes. What shall be next,
Pardon old Gower,—this longs the text. [*Exit.*

SCENE I. *Pentapolis. An open place by the sea-side.*

Enter PERICLES, *wet.*

Per. Yet cease your ire, you angry stars of heaven!
Wind, rain, and thunder, remember, earthly man
Is but a substance that must yield to you;
And I, as fits my nature, do obey you:
Alas, the sea hath cast me on the rocks,
Wash'd me from shore to shore, and left me breath

31 *Make*] Rowe (ed. 2). *Makes* QqF$_3$ F$_4$.
ship] *fleet* Steevens conj.
32 *wreck'd*] Malone. *wrackt* QqF$_3$F$_4$.
34 *to coast*] Omitted in Q$_4$Q$_5$Q$_6$.
36 *aught*] Malone (1790). *ought* QqF$_3$ F$_4$.
escapen] Steevens (Percy conj.). *escapend* Q$_1$. *escapen'd* The rest. *escaped* Percy conj.
37 *tired*] *tried* Q$_5$.
38 *give*] *make* Percy conj.
40 *Gower,—*] Dyce. *Gower,* QqF$_3$F$_4$. *Gower;* Rowe.
this longs] *this 'longs* Singer. *this long's* Qq. *thus long's* F$_3$F$_4$.
[Exit.] Malone. om. QqF$_3$F$_4$.
SCENE I.] Malone.
Pentapolis.] Malone.
An...sea-side.] Malone (1790).
wet.] wette. Q$_1$Q$_2$.
1 *you*] *your* Q$_4$Q$_5$. *ye* Malone (1780).
stars] *stores* Steevens conj. (withdrawn).
1, 2 *heaven!...thunder,*] Pointed as by Malone. *heaven,.....thunder,* Q$_1$. *heaven,...thunder:* The rest.
5 *sea hath*] Rowe (ed. 2). *Seas hath* QqF$_3$F$_4$. *seas have* Anon. conj.
6 *me breath*] Malone. *my breath* Qq F$_3$F$_4$. *my breast* Steevens conj. (withdrawn).

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Nothing to think on but ensuing death:
Let it suffice the greatness of your powers
To have bereft a prince of all his fortunes;
And having thrown him from your watery grave,
Here to have death in peace is all he 'll crave.

Enter three Fishermen.

First Fish. What, ho, Pilch!

Sec. Fish. Ha, come and bring away the nets!

First Fish. What, Patchbreech, I say!

Third Fish. What say you, master?

First Fish. Look how thou stirrest now! come away, or I 'll fetch thee with a wanion.

Third Fish. Faith, master, I am thinking of the poor men that were cast away before us even now.

First Fish. Alas, poor souls, it grieved my heart to hear what pitiful cries they made to us to help them, when, well-a-day, we could scarce help ourselves.

Third Fish. Nay, master, said not I as much when I saw the porpus, how he bounced and tumbled? they say they 're half fish, half flesh: a plague on them, they ne'er come but I look to be washed. Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the sea.

First Fish. Why, as men do a-land; the great ones

12, &c. First Fish.] 1. QqF_3F_4.
12 *What, ho, Pilch!*] *What, ho, Pilche!* Malone. *What, Pilche!* Tyrwhitt conj. *What, to pelch?* QqF_3F_4.
13, &c. Sec. Fish.] 2. QqF_3F_4.
13 *Ha,*] *Ho!* Steevens.
15, &c. Third Fish.] 3. QqF_3F_4.
16—47 *Look...honey.*] Prose first by Malone. Irregular lines in QqF_3F_4, except that lines 20—22 are verse, ending *heare,...them...our selues.*
17 *or*] om. Rowe (ed. 2).
fetch thee] *fetch 'th* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$.
wanion] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *wannion* The rest.
22 *scarce*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *scarsely* Q_4Q_5. *scarcely* $Q_6F_3F_4$.
23 *master,*] om. Rowe (ed. 2).
24 *porpus*] Rowe. *Porpas* QqF_3F_4.
25 *they 're*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *they are* The rest.
27 *sea.*] Malone. *Sea?* QqF_3F_4.
28 *a-land*] Q_1. *a land* The rest. *at land* Rowe (ed. 2).

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eat up the little ones: I can compare our rich misers to nothing so fitly as to a whale; a' plays and tumbles, driving the poor fry before him, and at last devours them all at a mouthful: such whales have I heard on o' the land, who never leave gaping till they've swallowed the whole parish, church, steeple, bells, and all.

Per. [*Aside*] A pretty moral.

Third Fish. But, master, if I had been the sexton, I would have been that day in the belfry.

Sec. Fish. Why, man?

Third Fish. Because he should have swallowed me too: and when I had been in his belly, I would have kept such a jangling of the bells, that he should never have left till he cast bells, steeple, church, and parish, up again. But if the good King Simonides were of my mind,—

Per. [*Aside*] Simonides!

Third Fish. We would purge the land of these drones, that rob the bee of her honey.

Per. [*Aside*] How from the finny subject of the sea
These fishers tell the infirmities of men;
And from their watery empire recollect
All that may men approve or men detect!—
Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen.

30 *a'*] *a* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *he* $Q_4Q_5F_3F_4$. om. Q_6.
31 *devours*] F_4. *deuoure* Q_1. *deuoure* $Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_5$. *devoure* Q_6. *devour* F_3.
32 *o' the*] Dyce. *a'th* QqF_3F_4. *a'th'* Rowe (ed. 2). *a' the* Malone. *the* Collier.
33 *they've*] Malone. *they* QqF_3F_4. *they ha'* Edd. conj.
35, 45, 48 [Aside] Dyce.
41 *jangling*] *gangling* Q_2Q_3.
44 *mind,—*] *mind,* $Q_4Q_6F_3F_4$. *minde.* The rest. *mind*— Malone.
46 *We*] *He* Dyce (ed. 2).
48 *finny*] Malone (Steevens), and Wilkins' Novel. *fenny* QqF_3F_4. *subject*] *subjects* Staunton (from Wilkins).
52—55 *Peace...it.*] See note (VII).

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Sec. Fish. Honest! good fellow, what's that? If it be a day fits you, search out of the calendar, and nobody look after it.

Per. May see the sea hath cast upon your coast.

Sec. Fish. What a drunken knave was the sea to cast thee in our way!

Per. A man whom both the waters and the wind,
In that vast tennis-court, have made the ball
For them to play upon, entreats you pity him;
He asks of you, that never used to beg.

First Fish. No, friend, cannot you beg? Here's them in our country of Greece gets more with begging than we can do with working.

Sec. Fish. Canst thou catch any fishes then?

Per. I never practised it.

Sec. Fish. Nay, then thou wilt starve, sure; for here's nothing to be got now-a-days, unless thou canst fish for't.

Per. What I have been I have forgot to know;
But what I am, want teaches me to think on:
A man throng'd up with cold: my veins are chill,

53—55 *Honest!...it.*] Prose first in Malone. Two lines, the first ending *you*, in QqF_3F_4.

53 *Honest!...that?*] Pointed as in Malone (1790). *Honest good.....that*, Q_1. *Honest, good...that*, The rest.

54 *search*] *scratch it* Malone, 1790 (Steevens). *scratch't* Singer (ed. 2). *scratch* Staunton. *steal it* Anon. conj. *steal't* Hudson (1881).

55 *look*] *will look* Malone, 1790 (Steevens). *'ll look* Hudson (1881). *it.*] Malone. *it?* QqF_3F_4.

56 *May...coast.*] $Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6$. *May..... coast:* Q_1Q_2. *Y' may see the sea hath cast me upon your coast.* F_3F_4. *You may see the sea hath cast me on your coast.* Malone (1780). *Nay, see, the sea hath cast upon your coast*— Malone, 1790 (Steevens). *Me, see, ...coast.* Anon. conj. *May see...me on your coast.* Nicholson conj. *You see.....me on your coast* Hudson. (1881).

57, 58 *What...way?*] Prose first in Malone. Two lines in QqF_3F_4.

60 *have*] Dyce. *hath* QqF_3F_4.

63—65 *No,...working.*] Prose first in Malone. Three lines in QqF_3F_4.

73 *throng'd*] *shrunk* Steevens (Malone conj.).

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And have no more of life than may suffice
To give my tongue that heat to ask your help;
Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead,
For that I am a man, pray see me buried.

First Fish. Die quoth-a? Now gods forbid 't! And I have a gown here; come, put it on; keep thee warm. Now, afore me, a handsome fellow! Come, thou shalt go home, and we 'll have flesh for holidays, fish for fasting-days, and moreo'er puddings and flap-jacks, and thou shalt be welcome.

Per. I thank you, sir.

Sec. Fish. Hark you, my friend; you said you could not beg.

Per. I did but crave.

Sec. Fish. But crave! Then I 'll turn craver too, and so I shall 'scape whipping.

Per. Why, are all your beggars whipped then?

Sec. Fish. O, not all, my friend, not all; for if all your beggars were whipped, I would wish no better office than to be beadle. But, master, I 'll go draw up the net.

[*Exit with Third Fisherman.*

Per. [*Aside*] How well this honest mirth becomes their labour!

First Fish. Hark you, sir, do you know where ye are?

Per. Not well.

77 *that*] om. Steevens.
pray] *pray you* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$.
78 *quoth-a?*] Malone. *ke-tha;* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *ke-tha*, The rest. *ko-tha*, Rowe. *forbid 't*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *forbid* The rest. *And*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. The rest omit.
81 *holidays*] *holydays* Malone. *all day* QqF_3F_4. *ale-days* Mason conj. *all days* 'Old copy,' according to Malone.
82 *moreo'er*] Malone (Farmer conj.). *more; or* QqF_3F_4.
86 *beg.*] *beg?* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$.
88, 89 *But...whipping.*] Prose first in Malone. Two lines, the first ending *crave?* in $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. Two, the first ending *too*, in the rest.
90 *all your*] *you* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$.
91 *O,*] *O, no*, Hudson, 1881 (S. Walker conj.).
93 *up*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. The rest omit.
[Exit...] Dyce. Exeunt two of the Fishermen. Malone. om. QqF_3F_4.
95 *ye*] *you* Malone.

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First Fish. Why, I'll tell you: this is called Pentapolis, and our king the good Simonides.

Per. The good Simonides, do you call him?

First Fish. Ay, sir; and he deserves so to be called for his peaceable reign and good government. 101

Per. He is a happy king, since he gains from his subjects the name of good by his government. How far is his court distant from this shore?

First Fish. Marry, sir, half a day's journey: and I'll tell you, he hath a fair daughter, and to-morrow is her birthday; and there are princes and knights come from all parts of the world to just and tourney for her love.

Per. Were my fortunes equal to my desires, I could wish to make one there. 110

First Fish. O, sir, things must be as they may; and what a man cannot get, he may lawfully deal for—his wife's soul. 113

97, 98 *Why...Simonides.*] Prose first in Malone. Two lines in QqF_3F_4.

97 *Why, I'll tell*] *Why Ile tell* Q_1. *Why I tell* Q_2Q_3. *I tell* The rest. *is called*] *is cal'd* Q_2Q_3. *I cald* Q_1.

97, 98 *Pentapolis*] Rowe (ed. 2). *Pantapoles* Qq. *Pantapolis* F_3F_4.

99 *good*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *good King* The rest.

100—104 *Ay,...shore?*] Prose in Malone. Five lines in QqF_3F_4.

102, 103 *he...subjects*] *from his subjects He gains* Steevens, reading as verse.

105, 106 *Marry...you,*] As a line of verse in $Q_1Q_2Q_3$.

109, 110 *Were...there.*] Prose first in Malone. Two lines in QqF_3F_4.

109 *Were...I could*] *Did but my fortunes equal my desires, I'd* Steevens, reading as verse.

111—113 *O, sir,...soul.*] Prose in Qq. Two lines in F_3F_4.

112 *may*] *may not* Malone conj.

112, 113 *deal for...soul.*] *deal for. His wife's soul*—Collier (Steevens conj.). *deal for—as wives are sold*—Jackson conj. *deal for—his wife's sole*—Staunton conj. *steal for his wife's soul.* Williams conj.

112 *for—his*] Malone (1780). *for his* QqF_3F_4. Between these words Grant White marks an omission.

113 *wife's*] Rowe. *wives* QqF_3F_4. *soul*] *son* Kinnear conj.

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Re-enter Second *and* Third Fishermen, *drawing up a net.*

Sec. Fish. Help, master, help! here's a fish hangs in the net, like a poor man's right in the law; 'twill hardly come out. Ha! bots on't, 'tis come at last, and 'tis turned to a rusty armour.

Per. An armour, friends! I pray you, let me see it.
Thanks, fortune, yet, that after all thy crosses
Thou givest me somewhat to repair myself;
And though it was mine own, part of my heritage,
Which my dead father did bequeath to me,
With this strict charge, even as he left his life,
'Keep it, my Pericles; it hath been a shield
Twixt me and death:'—and pointed to this brace—
'For that it saved me, keep it; in like necessity—
The which the gods protect thee from!—may defend thee.'
It kept where I kept, I so dearly loved it;
Till the rough seas, that spare not any man,
Took it in rage, though calm'd have given't again:
I thank thee for't: my shipwreck now's no ill,

114 Re-enter Second and Third.....] • Dyce. Re-enter the two... Malone. Enter the two Fisher-men, drawing vp a Net. QqF_3F_4.
118 *it.*] *it?* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$.
119 *thy*] Delius (from Wilkins). om. QqF_3F_4. *my* Malone.
120 *myself*] *my losses* Elze conj.
121 *And*] *An* S. Walker conj. *own, part*] F_4. *owne, part* Q_5. *owne part* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *own part* Q_6F_3.
122 *to*] $Q_1F_3F_4$. The rest omit.
125 *brace*] Malone. *prayse* Q_5. *brayse* The rest.
126 *it; in*] Malone. *it in* QqF_3F_4.
127 *The which...from!—may*] *From the which...thee! may't* Nicholson conj. *The which the gods*] *Which gods* Steevens. *thee from!—may*] *thee from!*) *may* Dyce (ed. 1). *thee, Fame may* Qq F_3F_4. *thee from! 't may* Malone. *thee from! it may* Steevens. *thee from! may't* Staunton.
129 *spare*] Malone. *spares* QqF_3F_4.
130 *have given't*] Q_1. *hath giuen't* The rest. *they've given't* Malone (1780). *have given it* Malone (1790). *they give't* Steevens.
131 *thee*] *ye* Anon. conj. *shipwreck*] *ship-warke* Q_2.

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Since I have here my father's gift in 's will.

First Fish. What mean you, sir?

Per. To beg of you, kind friends, this coat of worth,
For it was sometime target to a king;
I know it by this mark. He loved me dearly,
And for his sake I wish the having of it;
And that you 'ld guide me to your sovereign's court,
Where with it I may appear a gentleman;
And if that ever my low fortune's better,
I 'll pay your bounties; till then rest your debtor.

First Fish. Why, wilt thou tourney for the lady?

Per. I 'll show the virtue I have borne in arms.

First Fish. Why, do 'e take it, and the gods give thee good on 't!

Sec. Fish. Ay, but hark you, my friend; 'twas we that made up this garment through the rough seams of the waters: there are certain condolements, certain vails. I hope, sir, if you thrive, you 'll remember from whence you had them.

Per. Believe 't, I will.
By your furtherance I am clothed in steel;
And spite of all the rapture of the sea
This jewel holds his building on my arm:

132 *father's gift in 's*] *Father gaue in his* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *father's gift in his* Malone. *father's gift by* Steevens.
133 First Fish.] om. Q_6.
137 *his*] *this* F_4.
139 *with it*] *with 't* Steevens.
140 *fortune's*] QqF_3F_4. *fortunes* Steevens (Mason conj.).
141 *pay your*] *pay you* Q_2Q_3.
144 *do 'e*] Q_1. *di 'e* Q_2Q_3. The rest omit. *do ye* Malone (1790).
145 *on 't*] F_4. *an 't* The rest.
146 *Ay, but*] *I but* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *But* Q_4Q_5 $Q_6F_3F_4$.
150 *them*] QqF_3F_4. *it* Malone. *the means* Anon. conj.
151 *'t*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *it* The rest.
152 *By your furtherance*] *Now, by your furtherance* Steevens. *By your forbearance* Steevens conj. *Since* (or *As*) *by your furtherance* Nicholson conj.
153 *rapture*] Rowe (ed. 2). *rupture* QqF_3F_4. *raptures* Wilkins' Novel.
154 *building*] *buylding* Q_1. *gilding* Malone, 1780 (Steevens conj.). *biding* Malone (1790) and Steevens. *binding* Anon. conj.

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Unto thy value I will mount myself
Upon a courser, whose delightful steps
Shall make the gazer joy to see him tread.
Only, my friend, I yet am unprovided
Of a pair of bases.

Sec. Fish. We 'll sure provide: thou shalt have my best gown to make thee a pair; and I 'll bring thee to the court myself.

Per. Then honour be but a goal to my will,
This day I 'll rise, or else add ill to ill. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. A public way or platform leading to the lists. A pavilion by the side of it for the reception of the King, Princess, Lords, &c.*

Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, Lords, *and* Attendants.

Sim. Are the knights ready to begin the triumph?

First Lord. They are, my liege,
And stay your coming to present themselves.

155 *thy*] *the* Dyce, ed. 2 (S. Walker conj.). *their* Nicholson conj.
I will] *will I* Steevens.
myself] *my selfe* Q_1. *my selfe.* Q_2 $Q_3Q_4Q_5$. *my selfe,* Q_6. *my self.* F_3F_4.
156 *delightful*] F_4. *delightfull* F_3. *delight* Qq. *delighted* Anon. conj.
158, 159 *Only...bases.*] Divided as by Malone. One line in QqF_3F_4.
158 *friend*] *friends* Dyce.
160—162 *We 'll...myself.*] Prose in Malone. Three lines in QqF_3F_4.
160 *provide*] *provide thee* Dyce, ed. 2 (S. Walker conj.). *provide them* Dyce conj.
163 *a goal to*] *equal to* Staunton conj. *goal unto* Hudson, 1881 (Dyce conj.).
164 [Exeunt.) Rowe. om. QqF_3F_4.
SCENE II.] Malone.
The same.....Princess, Lords, &c.] Malone (1790). The same.....and Princess. Malone (1780).
Enter...] Malone. Enter Simonides with attendants, and Thaisa. QqF_3F_4 (Simonydes Q_1Q_2; Symonides F_4. attendaunce, Q_1).
1 Sim.] King. Qq. om. F_3F_4.
2, 3 *They...themselves.*] Divided as by Malone. The first line ends at *comming*, in QqF_3F_4.

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Sim. Return them, we are ready; and our daughter,
In honour of whose birth these triumphs are,
Sits here, like beauty's child, whom nature gat
For men to see and seeing wonder at. [*Exit a Lord.*

Thai. It pleaseth you, my royal father, to express
My commendations great, whose merit's less.

Sim. It's fit it should be so; for princes are
A model which heaven makes like to itself:
As jewels lose their glory if neglected,
So princes their renowns if not respected.
'Tis now your honour, daughter, to entertain
The labour of each knight in his device.

Thai. Which, to preserve mine honour, I'll perform.

Enter a Knight; *he passes over, and his* Squire *presents his shield to the* Princess.

Sim. Who is the first that doth prefer himself?

Thai. A knight of Sparta, my renowned father;
And the device he bears upon his shield
Is a black Ethiope reaching at the sun;
The word, 'Lux tua vita mihi.'

Sim. He loves you well that holds his life of you.
[*The Second Knight passes.*

4, 10, &c. Sim.] King. QqF_3F_4.
4 *daughter*] Malone (1780). *daughter heere* QqF_3F_4 (*here* $Q_6F_3F_4$).
7 [Exit a Lord.] Malone. om. QqF_3F_4.
8 *royal*] om. Steevens.
10 *It's*] *'Tis* Malone (1780).
11 *like to*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *like* $Q_4Q_5Q_6F_3F_4$. *of* Rowe (ed. 2).
12 *lose*] *loose* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *lost* Q_5.
13 *renowns*] *renown* Malone (1780).
14, 15 *honour ... labour*] *office ... labour* Steevens conj. *labour.....honour* Dyce conj.
14 *entertain*] F_3F_4. *entertaine* Qq. *explain* Malone (Steevens). *entreat* Anon. conj. *emblazon* Anon. conj. *interpret* Schmidt conj. (Shakespeare Lexicon, s. v. *entertain*).
16 *preserve*] *prefer* Percy conj. *honour*] *office* Steevens conj.
17 Enter...over...] Enter.....over the stage...Malone. The first Knight passes by. QqF_3F_4.
22 [The Second.....] Malone. The second Knight. QqF_3F_4.

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Who is the second that presents himself?

Thai. A prince of Macedon, my royal father;
And the device he bears upon his shield
Is an arm'd knight that 's conquer'd by a lady;
The motto thus, in Spanish, 'Piu por dulzura que por fuerza.' [*The Third Knight passes.*

Sim. And what 's the third?

Thai. The third of Antioch;
And his device, a wreath of chivalry;
The word, 'Me pompæ provexit apex.' [*The Fourth Knight passes.*

Sim. What is the fourth?

Thai. A burning torch that 's turned upside down;
The word, 'Quod me alit, me extinguit.'

Sim. Which shows that beauty hath his power and will,
Which can as well inflame as it can kill. [*The Fifth Knight passes.*

Thai. The fifth, an hand environed with clouds,
Holding out gold that 's by the touchstone tried;

26 *arm'd*] Rowe. *Armed* QqF_3F_4. *conquer'd*] F_3F_4. *conquered* Qq.

27 *'Piu.....fuerza.'*] Dyce. *Pue Per dolcera kee per forza.* QqF_3F_4. *Pue per dolcera chi por sforza.* Wilkins' Novel. *Pue Por dolcera chi por forza* Rowe (ed. 2). *Piu per dulçura que per fuerça.* Malone. *Mas.....fuerza.* Malone conj.
[The Third...] Malone. 3. Knight. $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. The third Knight. $Q_4Q_5Q_6$ F_3F_4.

28 *what 's*] *with* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$.

28—30 *The third...apex.'*] Divided as by Steevens. Two lines, the first ending *device*, in QqF_3F_4.

29 *chivalry*] *Chiually* Q_1.

30 *pompæ*] Malone (Steevens). *pompae* Wilkins' Novel. *Pompey* QqF_3F_4. *Pompei* Rowe (ed. 2).
[The Fourth...] Malone. 4. Knight. $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. The fourth Knight. $Q_4Q_5Q_6$ F_3F_4.

31 *fourth?*] *fourth.* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$.

32 *turned*] QqF_4. *turn'd* F_3.

33 *Quod*] Malone. *Qui* QqF_3F_4. *Quæ* Nicholson conj.

34 *his*] *her* S. Walker conj.

35 [The Fifth...] Malone. 5. Knight. $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. The fift knight. $Q_4Q_5Q_6$. The fifth Knight. F_3F_4.

36 *fifth*] F_3F_4. *fift* Qq.
an] *a* Collier.

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The motto thus, 'Sic spectanda fides.'

[*The Sixth Knight, Pericles, passes.*

Sim. And what 's
The sixth and last, the which the knight himself
With such a graceful courtesy deliver'd ?

Thai. He seems to be a stranger; but his present is
A wither'd branch, that 's only green at top;
The motto, 'In hac spe vivo.'

Sim. A pretty moral;
From the dejected state wherein he is,
He hopes by you his fortunes yet may flourish.

First Lord. He had need mean better than his outward show
Can any way speak in his just commend;
For by his rusty outside he appears
To have practised more the whipstock than the lance.

Sec. Lord. He well may be a stranger, for he comes
To an honour'd triumph strangely furnished.

Third Lord. And on set purpose let his armour rust
Until this day, to scour it in the dust.

Sim. Opinion 's but a fool, that makes us scan

38 [The Sixth.....] Dyce. 6. Knight. $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. The sixt Knight. $Q_4Q_5Q_6$. The sixth Knight. F_3F_4. The sixth Knight passes. Malone.

39—41 *And what's...deliver'd?*] As in Dyce. Two lines, the first ending *the which*, in Q_1. Prose in the rest.

40 *the which*] *which* Steevens, reading *And...himself* as one line.

41 *With*] *ẃ* Q_3.
deliver'd] F_4. *deliverd* F_3. *deliuered* Qq.

42 *to be*] om. Steevens.
present] *impress* Singer (ed. 2).

42, 43 *is...top ;*] One line in Boswell.

43 *wither'd*] Rowe. *withered* QqF_3F_4.

45—47 *A...flourish.*] As in Rowe. Two lines, the first ending *is*, in Q_1Q_2. Two, the first ending *wherein*, in Q_3. Prose in the rest.

47 *flourish*] *flourist* Q_3.

48—51 *He.....lance.*] As in $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. Prose in the rest.

52, 53 *He...furnished.*] Verse in $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. Prose in the rest.

53 *strangely*] *strangly* Q_1.
furnished] Malone. *furnisht* Qq F_3F_4.

56 *makes*] *make* F_3.

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The outward habit by the inward man.
But stay, the knights are coming: we will withdraw
Into the gallery. [*Exeunt.*

[*Great shouts within, and all cry* 'The mean knight!'

SCENE III. *The same. A hall of state: a banquet prepared.*

Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, Lords, Knights, *and* Attendants.

Sim. Knights,
To say you're welcome were superfluous.
To place upon the volume of your deeds,
As in a title-page, your worth in arms,
Were more than you expect, or more than's fit,
Since every worth in show commends itself.
Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a feast:
You are princes and my guests.
Thai. But you, my knight and guest;
To whom this wreath of victory I give,
And crown you king of this day's happiness.
Per. 'Tis more by fortune, lady, than my merit.

57 *The...by*] *By th' outward habit* Elze conj.
outward...inward] *inward...outward* Steevens conj. and Anon. MS. apud Farmer.
habit by the] *habit by, the* Singer, ed. 2 (Mason conj.). *habit: try the* Jackson conj. *habit, not the* Nicholson conj. (withdrawn). *habit for the* Anon. conj.
58, 59 *But.....gallery.*] Divided as by Malone. The first line ends *comming*, in QqF_3F_4 (*coming*, F_4).
58 *we will*] *we'll* Malone.
59 [Exeunt.] Rowe. om. QqF_3F_4.
shouts within,] Dyce. shuotes, Q_3. shouts, F_3F_4. shoutes, The rest.
SCENE III.] Malone.
The same...] Malone (1790).
Enter.....] Malone (1790). Enter the King and Knights from Tilting. QqF_3F_4.
1, &c. Sim.] King. QqF_3F_4.
1, 2 *Knights...superfluous.*] Divided as in Malone. One line in QqF_3F_4.
2 *you're*] *you'r* $Q_4Q_5Q_6$. *you are* Malone.
3 *To place*] F_4. *I place* QqF_3.
7 *mirth becomes*] Q_1. *m irthecomes* Q_2. *mirth comes at* The rest.
8 *princes and*] om. Steevens.
12 *by fortune*] *my fortune* Anon. conj. *my merit*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *by merit* The rest.

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Sim. Call it by what you will, the day is yours;
And here, I hope, is none that envies it.
In framing an artist, art hath thus decreed,
To make some good, but others to exceed;
And you are her labour'd scholar. Come, queen o' the feast,—
For, daughter, so you are,—here take your place:
Marshal the rest as they deserve their grace.
Knights. We are honour'd much by good Simonides.
Sim. Your presence glads our days: honour we love;
For who hates honour hates the gods above.
Marshal. Sir, yonder is your place.
Per. Some other is more fit.
First Knight. Contend not, sir; for we are gentlemen
That neither in our hearts nor outward eyes
Envy the great nor do the low despise.
Per. You are right courteous knights.
Sim. Sit, sir, sit.
[*Aside*] By Jove, I wonder, that is king of thoughts,
These cates resist me, he not thought upon.

13 *yours*] *your* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$.
15 *an artist*] *artists* Steevens (Malone conj.).
17 *you are*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *you* The rest. *you 're* Malone.
labour'd] $Q_2Q_3F_3F_4$. *labourd* Q_1. *laboured* $Q_4Q_5Q_6$.
o' the] *o' th'* Rowe. *a th'* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *of th'* $Q_4Q_5Q_6$. *oth'* F_3F_4.
19 *Marshal*] Malone. *Martiall* QqF$_3$. *Martial* F_4.
their] *his* Q_5. *thy* Rowe (ed. 2).
20 *honour'd*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *honoured* The rest.
21 *days*] *dais* Anon. conj.
23 *yonder is*] *yond's* Steevens.
25 *That*] *Haue* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$.
26 *Envy*] *Ennies* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$.
do] *shall* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$.
27 *Sit,*] *Sit, sit,* Steevens.
sir] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *sit* The rest.
28, 30, 36, 37 [Aside] Edd.
28, 29 *By...upon.*] Given to Pericles by Malone (Steevens).
that...thoughts] *at this kind of thought* Jackson conj.
29 *resist*] *distaste* Collier conj.
he not] $Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6F_3F_4$. *hee not* Q_1. *she not* Malone. *he now* Malone conj. *be not* Singer (Steevens conj.). *she but* Dyce, ed. 1 (Mason conj.). *he but* Hudson, 1881 (Dyce conj.).

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Thai. [*Aside*] By Juno, that is queen of marriage,
All viands that I eat do seem unsavoury,
Wishing him my meat.—Sure he 's a gallant gentleman.
Sim. He 's but a country gentleman;
Has done no more than other knights have done;
Has broken a staff or so; so let it pass.
Thai. [*Aside*] To me he seems like diamond to glass.
Per. [*Aside*] Yon king 's to me like to my father's picture,
Which tells me in that glory once he was;
Had princes sit, like stars, about his throne,
And he the sun, for them to reverence;
None that beheld him but, like lesser lights,
Did vail their crowns to his supremacy:
Where now his son 's like a glow-worm in the night,
The which hath fire in darkness, none in light:
Whereby I see that Time 's the king of men;
He 's both their parent, and he is their grave,
And gives them what he will, not what they crave.
Sim. What, are you merry, knights?
Knights. Who can be other in this royal presence?

30—32 *By...gentleman.*] Arranged as in QqF_3F_4. Steevens ends the lines *queen...eat...meat!...gentleman.*
31 *viands*] *the viands* Steevens.
33—35 *He's.....pass.*] Divided as by Boswell. The lines end *more..... Staffe,...passe*, in QqF_3F_4. Malone ends the lines *he has...done;...pass.* Steevens ends them *but...gentleman; ...done;...pass.*
33 *He's*] *Daughter, he's* Else conj.
34 *Has*] *ha's* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *has* The rest. *he has* Malone.
35 *Has*] *He has* Malone. om. Steevens. *so let*] Q_1Q_2. *let* The rest.
36 *seems*] *seemed* Q_6.
like] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. om. Q_4Q_6. *a* $Q_5F_3F_4$.
37 *Yon king's*] $Q_2Q_4Q_6F_3F_4$. *You Kings* Q_1. *You king's* Q_3Q_5.
38 *me*] om. $Q_1Q_2Q_3$.
39 *Had princes sit*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *And princes sat* The rest. *Had princes set* Boswell conj.
43 *son's like a*] Malone. *sonne like a* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_5$. *sunne like a* Q_6. *son, like a* F_3F_4. *son's a* Steevens. *son's like* Hudson (1881).
a glow-worm] *glowworms* Nicholson conj.
46 *He's both their parent*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *For hee's their parents* The rest. *For he's their parent* Malone.
49 Knights.] 1. Knight. Malone.
presence?] *presence.* Q_1Q_2. *presence* Q_3.

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Sim. Here, with a cup that's stored unto the brim,—
As you do love, fill to your mistress' lips,—
We drink this health to you.
Knights. We thank your grace.
Sim. Yet pause awhile:
Yon knight doth sit too melancholy,
As if the entertainment in our court
Had not a show might countervail his worth.
Note it not you, Thaisa?
Thai. What is't to me, my father?
Sim. O, attend, my daughter:
Princes, in this, should live like gods above,
Who freely give to every one that comes
To honour them:
And princes not doing so are like to gnats,
Which make a sound, but kill'd are wonder'd at.

50 *stored*] *stor'd* Malone (Steevens). *stur'd* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_6$. *sturd* Q_5. *stirr'd* F_3F_4. *stuff'd* Malone conj. (withdrawn). *stow'd* Mason conj.

51 *you do*] *do you* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$.
mistress' lips] Malone. *Mistris lippes* Q_1. *Mistris lips* Q_5. *Mistresse lips* $Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_6F_3$. *Mistress lips* F_4. *mistresses* Farmer conj.

52—54 *We...knight*] One line, Nicholson conj.

52 *this*] *his* Q_5.
[rising and preparing to quit the tables. Nicholson conj.

53, 54 *Yet...melancholy,*] As in Rowe. One line in QqF_3F_4.

53 *awhile*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *a while* The rest.

54 [to Thaisa. Nicholson conj.
doth sit] *sits* Q_5. *methinks doth sit* Malone.
melancholy,] *melancholy by,* Anon. conj.

57 *Thaisa?*] *Thaisa.* Q_1. *Thaisa;* F_3F_4.

58 *is't*] *is it* Malone, ending line 57 at *it.*

61—64 *Who...at.*] Divided as by Dyce. Three lines, ending *them:...Gnats... at* in QqF_3F_4. Four lines, ending *comes...so,...kill'd...at* in Malone.

61 *give*] *gives* Q_5.
comes] Q_6. *come* The rest.

63, 64 *to gnats...make...are*] *the gnat... makes...is* Steevens conj.

64 *kill'd are*] *still ne'er* Hudson, 1881 (Daniel conj.).
kill'd] *skill'd* Jackson conj. *little* Kinnear conj.
are wonder'd at] *No more are wonder'd at* Malone conj. *are scorned at* Anon. conj.
wonder'd] *wondered* Q_6. *wondred* The rest.

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Therefore to make his entrance more sweet,
Here, say we drink this standing-bowl of wine to him.
Thai. Alas, my father, it befits not me
Unto a stranger knight to be so bold:
He may my proffer take for an offence,
Since men take women's gifts for impudence.
Sim. How!
Do as I bid you, or you 'll move me else.
Thai. [*Aside*] Now, by the gods, he could not please me better.
Sim. And furthermore tell him, we desire to know of him,
Of whence he is, his name and parentage.
Thai. The king my father, sir, has drunk to you.
Per. I thank him.
Thai. Wishing it so much blood unto your life.
Per. I thank both him and you, and pledge him freely.
Thai. And further he desires to know of you
Of whence you are, your name and parentage.
Per. A gentleman of Tyre; my name, Pericles;
My education been in arts and arms;
Who, looking for adventures in the world,

65 *make his*] *make's* Steevens, reading *Therefore...say* as one line.
entrance more] *entertainment* Anon. conj.
entrance] Q_2Q_3. *entraunce* Q_1. *enterance* $Q_4Q_5Q_6$. *entrance now* F_3F_4. *entertain* Dyce, ed. 2 (S. Walker conj.). *intreatance* Bailey conj. (withdrawn).
66 *standing-bowl*] Hyphened by Steevens.
71, 72 *How!.....else.*] As in Steevens. One line in QqF_3F_4.
73 [Aside] Rowe (ed. 2).
74 *And...of him,*] As in QqF_3F_4. Two lines in Rowe. See note (VIII).
74, 75 *furthermore.....whence*] *further tell him, we desire to know, Of whence* Malone (1780).
75 *parentage.*] *Parentage?* Q_1Q_2.
76 *has*] Q_1Q_2. *hath* The rest.
81 *parentage.*] *parentage?* Q_1Q_2.
82 *name,*] *name is* Hudson, 1881 (Anon. conj.).
83 *been*] *being* Q_5 and Malone (1790). *has been* Malone (1780). *'s been* Hudson, 1881 (Singer conj.). *seen* Anon. conj. om. Anon. conj.

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Was by the rough seas reft of ships and men,
And after shipwreck driven upon this shore.

Thai. He thanks your grace; names himself Pericles,
A gentleman of Tyre,
Who only by misfortune of the seas
Bereft of ships and men, cast on this shore.

Sim. Now, by the gods, I pity his misfortune,
And will awake him from his melancholy.
Come, gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles,
And waste the time, which looks for other revels.
Even in your armours, as you are address'd,
Will very well become a soldier's dance.
I will not have excuse, with saying this
Loud music is too harsh for ladies' heads,
Since they love men in arms as well as beds.

[*The Knights dance.*

So, this was well ask'd, 'twas so well perform'd.
Come, sir, here 's a lady that wants breathing too:
And I have heard, you knights of Tyre
Are excellent in making ladies trip,
And that their measures are as excellent.

86 *shipwreck*] Malone. *shipwracke* Q_1Q_6. *ship-wracke* $Q_2Q_4Q_6$. *ship-wrack* F_3 F_4.
87 *names*] *he names* Taylor conj. MS.
88, 89 *A...seas*] Divided as by Collier. One line in QqF_3F_4.
89 *only*] *newly* Elze conj.
seas] *sea* Malone.
90 *Bereft*] *has been bereft* Malone, ending lines 88—90 *by...bereft...shore*. *cast on this shore*] Q_1Q_2 (Mus.). *cast on the shore* Q_3 (Dev.) and the rest. *and cast upon this shore* Malone. *was cast on th' shore* (or *on shore* or *ashore*) Elze conj.
94 *revels.*] *reuels?* Q_2.
95 *in*] om. Anon. conj.
96 *Will very well*] F_3F_4. *Will well* Qq. *Your steps will well* Anon. conj. *You'll very well* Elze conj.
97 *this*] Malone. *this*, Q_1Q_2. *that* The rest.
99 [The Knights dance.] Malone. They dance. QqF_3F_4 (daunce Q_1Q_2).
100 *so well*] Qq. *well* F_3F_4. *as well* Anon. conj.
101 *sir,*] om. Elze conj.
here's] *Here is* Steevens, putting *Come, sir*, in a separate line.
102 *have heard,*] *have often heard*, Malone. *have heard it said*, Anon. conj. *have heard, sir*, Elze conj.
knights] *gallant knights* Anon. conj.

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Per. In those that practise them they are, my lord.
Sim. O, that 's as much as you would be denied
Of your fair courtesy. [*The Knights and Ladies dance.*
Unclasp, unclasp:
Thanks, gentlemen, to all; all have done well,
[*To Pericles*] But you the best. Pages and lights, to conduct
These knights unto their several lodgings! Yours, sir,
We have given order to be next our own.
Per. I am at your grace's pleasure.
Sim. Princes, it is too late to talk of love,
And that 's the mark I know you level at:
Therefore each one betake him to his rest;
To-morrow all for speeding do their best. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Tyre. A room in the Governor's house.*

Enter HELICANUS *and* ESCANES.

Hel. No, Escanes, know this of me,
Antiochus from incest lived not free:
For which, the most high gods not minding longer
To withhold the vengeance that they had in store,
Due to this heinous capital offence,

107 [The Knights and Ladies dance.] Malone. They dance. QqF$_3$F$_4$ (daunce Q$_1$Q$_2$), after the line.
109 [To Pericles] Malone.
to conduct] *conduct* Steevens.
110, 111 *Yours...own.*] Divided as by Malone. One line in QqF$_3$F$_4$.
110 *Yours*] *Your* Q$_2$.
113 Sim.] om. Q$_1$Q$_2$. King. The rest.
114 *And*] *For* Malone.
116 [Exeunt.] Malone. om. QqF$_3$F$_4$.
SCENE IV.] Malone.
Tyre.] Malone.
A room...] Malone (1790).
1 *No,*] *No, no, my* Steevens. *Know,* Malone conj. *Now,* Elze conj.
3—10 *For...stunk,*] In QqF$_3$F$_4$ the lines end *minding,.....that.....heynous... pride.....seated in...daughter...shrieuld...stounke.*
3—6 *For.....glory,*] Arranged as by Malone.
5 *this*] *his* Q$_5$F$_3$F$_4$.

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Even in the height and pride of all his glory,
When he was seated in a chariot
Of an inestimable value, and his daughter with him,
A fire from heaven came, and shrivell'd up
Their bodies, even to loathing; for they so stunk,
That all those eyes adored them ere their fall
Scorn now their hand should give them burial.
Esca. 'Twas very strange.
Hel. And yet but justice; for though
This king were great, his greatness was no guard
To bar heaven's shaft, but sin had his reward.
Esca. 'Tis very true.

Enter two or three Lords.

First Lord. See, not a man in private conference
Or council has respect with him but he.
Sec. Lord. It shall no longer grieve without reproof.
Third Lord. And cursed be he that will not second it.
First Lord. Follow me then. Lord Helicane, a word.
Hel. With me? and welcome: happy day, my lords.

7—9 *When.....up*] Arranged as by Dyce. The lines end *of...daughter ...up* in Malone (1780). Four lines, ending *chariot...value, and...him... up*, in Malone (1790).

7, 8 *in...him,*] *and his daughter with him, In a chariot of inestimable value*, Steevens.

8 *an*] om. Hudson (1881), reading *When...Of* as one line.
and his] *his* or *and's* Anon. conj.

10 *Their*] Steevens, and Wilkins' Novel. *those* QqF_3F_4.

11 *those*] *whose* Anon. conj.

13 *'Twas*] *T' was* Q_1Q_2. *It was* The rest.

13—15 *And...reward.*] Divided as by Malone. The lines end *great,... shaft,.....reward* in QqF_3F_4. Four lines, ending *justice;...great,...shaft, ...reward* in Rowe.

13 *but justice*] *by justice* Q_5. *but just* Steevens, ending the lines as Malone.

14 *no*] *so* Q_5.

15 *shaft, but*] *shaft, But* Q_1. *shaft. By* The rest.

17 Enter two or three...] Enter three... Malone.

18 *has*] *ha's* Q_1Q_2. *hath* The rest.

20 *cursed*] *curs'd* Steevens. *curst* Q_1 F_3F_4.

22 *welcome: happy*] *welcome happy* Q_1. *welcome, happy* The rest.

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First Lord. Know that our griefs are risen to the top,
And now at length they overflow their banks.
Hel. Your griefs! for what? wrong not your prince you love.
First Lord. Wrong not yourself, then, noble Helicane;
But if the prince do live, let us salute him,
Or know what ground's made happy by his breath.
If in the world he live, we'll seek him out;
If in his grave he rest, we'll find him there;
And be resolved he lives to govern us,
Or dead, give's cause to mourn his funeral,
And leave us to our free election.
Sec. Lord. Whose death's indeed the strongest in our censure:
And knowing this kingdom is without a head,—
Like goodly buildings left without a roof
Soon fall to ruin—your noble self,
That best know how to rule and how to reign,
We thus submit unto, our sovereign.
All. Live, noble Helicane!
Hel. For honour's cause, forbear your suffrages:

25 *Your.....love.*] One line in Rowe. Two in QqF_3F_4.
your prince] *the prince* Steevens.
you love] *your love* Q_6.
32 *give's*] $Q_1Q_2Q_4Q_6F_3F_4$. *gives* Q_5, Rowe (ed. 2), and Malone.
33 *leave*] *leaves* Malone.
34 *death's*] Malone. *death* QqF_3F_4.
censure] *sensure* Q_1.
35 *is*] *if* Malone.
36 *Like...roof*] Put in a parenthesis by Malone.
37 *Soon...ruin*] *Will soon to ruin fall* Steevens. *Shall soon* (or *Soon shall*) *fall to ruin* Nicholson conj. (reading *if* in line 35).
fall] *will fall* Malone.
ruin] *ruining* Anon. conj.
your] *your own* Anon. conj.
38 *know*] Q_1Q_2. *knowes* $Q_4Q_5Q_6F_3$. *knows* F_4. *know'st* Malone.
reign,] Pointed as in Q_1Q_2. A full stop in the rest.
40 All.] Malone (1790). Omnes. QqF_3F_4.
41 *For honour's cause,*] Singer, ed. 2 (Dyce). *Try honours cause;* QqF_3F_4. *Try honour's course;* Steevens conj. *Cry, honour's cause!* Jackson conj. *By honour's cause,* Anon. conj.

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If that you love Prince Pericles, forbear.
Take I your wish, I leap into the seas,
Where 's hourly trouble for a minute's ease.
A twelvemonth longer, let me entreat you
To forbear the absence of your king;
If in which time expired he not return,
I shall with aged patience bear your yoke.
But if I cannot win you to this love,
Go search like nobles, like noble subjects,
And in your search spend your adventurous worth;
Whom if you find and win unto return,
You shall like diamonds sit about his crown.

First Lord. To wisdom he 's a fool that will not yield;
And since Lord Helicane enjoineth us,
We with our travels will endeavour it.

Hel. Then you love us, we you, and we 'll clasp hands:
When peers thus knit, a kingdom ever stands. [*Exeunt.*

43 *seas*] *seat* Malone (1790). *sea* Jackson conj.

44 *trouble.....ease*] *trouble: for a minute cease* Jackson conj.

45 *longer*] *longer yet* Anon. conj. *entreat you*] *then entreat you* Steevens. *entreat of you* Anon. conj. *you entreat* Hudson (1881).

46 *To forbear the*] *To forbear choice i' the* Steevens. *to Forbear the* Edd. (Globe ed.), ending line 45 at *to*. *To further bear the* Bailey conj. *Still to forbear the* Hudson, 1881 (Anon. conj.). *Yet to forbear* Nicholson conj.

50 *like nobles*] *like noblemen* Steevens. *like nobles and* Anon. conj. *your noble king* Anon. conj.

51 *your search*] *such search* Q_6.

52 *return*] *renown* Steevens conj.

54 *will*] *would* Rowe (ed. 2).

55 *us*] *it* or *thus* Edd. conj.

56 *endeavour it.*] Malone, 1780 (Steevens). *endeauour.* $Q_1Q_2F_3F_4$. *endevor.* Q_5. *endeavor.* The rest. *endeavour*— Malone (1790). *endeavour so.* Collier conj. *endeavour us.* Edd. (Globe ed.).

58 [Exeunt.] Rowe. Exit. $Q_4Q_5Q_6F_3F_4$. Omitted in Q_1Q_2.

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SCENE V. *Pentapolis. A room in the palace.*

Enter SIMONIDES, *reading a letter, at one door: the* Knights *meet him.*

First Knight. Good morrow to the good Simonides.
Sim. Knights, from my daughter this I let you know,
That for this twelvemonth she 'll not undertake
A married life.
Her reason to herself is only known,
Which from her by no means can I get.
Sec. Knight. May we not get access to her, my lord?
Sim. Faith, by no means; she hath so strictly
Tied her to her chamber, that 'tis impossible.
One twelve moons more she 'll wear Diana's livery;
This by the eye of Cynthia hath she vow'd,
And on her virgin honour will not break it.
Third Knight. Loath to bid farewell, we take our leaves. [*Exeunt Knights.*

SCENE V.] Malone.
Pentapolis.] Malone.
A room...] Malone (1790).
Simonides,] Malone. the King Qq F_3F_4.
a letter,] of a letter QqF_3F_4.
at one door] om. Malone.
the] Q_1Q_2. and the $Q_4Q_5Q_6F_3F_4$.
3 *she 'll*] *she will* Malone.
4—6 *A.....get.*] Divided as by Steevens. Two lines, the first ending *knowne*, in QqF_3F_4. Three, ending *herself...means...get*, in Malone.
6 *from her*] $Q_2Q_4Q_5Q_6$. *from her*, Q_1. *yet from her* F_3F_4. *from herself* Steevens.
7 *get*] *have* S. Walker conj.
8, 9 *Faith...impossible.*] Divided as in QqF_3F_4. The first line ends *ty'd her* in Malone. It ends *tied* in Globe ed.
9 *that 'tis*] *that it is* Malone. *'tis* Anon. conj.
11 *vow'd*] Rowe. *vowed* QqF_3F_4.
12 *break it.*] *breake it.* Q_1Q_2. *breake.* $Q_4Q_5Q_6$. *break.* F_3F_4.
13 *Loath*] *Though loath* Steevens. *Right loath* Anon. conj.
we] *will we* Anon. conj.
[Exeunt Knights.] Dyce. Exeunt. Malone. Exit. $Q_2Q_4Q_6F_3F_4$. om. Q_1Q_5.

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Sim. So,
They are well dispatch'd; now to my daughter's letter:
She tells me here, she 'll wed the stranger knight,
Or never more to view nor day nor light.
'Tis well, mistress; your choice agrees with mine;
I like that well: nay, how absolute she 's in 't,
Not minding whether I dislike or no!
Well, I do commend her choice;
And will no longer have it be delay'd.
Soft! here he comes: I must dissemble it.

Enter PERICLES.

Per. All fortune to the good Simonides!
Sim. To you as much, sir! I am beholding to you
For your sweet music this last night: I do
Protest my ears were never better fed
With such delightful pleasing harmony.
Per. It is your grace's pleasure to commend;
Not my desert.
Sim. Sir, you are music's master.
Per. The worst of all her scholars, my good lord.

14—16 *So,...knight,*] Arranged as by Malone. Three lines, ending *dispatcht:...heere,...Knight*, in QqF_3F_4.
14, 15 *So, They are*] *So They 're* Steevens.
16 *stranger*] *stronger* Q_6.
18 *'Tis well, mistress;*] Collier. *T'is well mistris*, Qq. *'Tis well, mistris*, F_3F_4. *Mistress, 'tis well*, Steevens.
19 *nay,*] om. Seymour conj.
21—23 *Well,...it.*] Divided as by Malone (1790). The lines end *longer ...comes,...it* in QqF_3F_4.
21 *do*] om. Malone (1780), ending the lines *longer...I...it.* Steevens, omitting *do*, divides the lines as in the text.
22 *delay'd*] Rowe. *delayed* QqF_3F_4.
24 *fortune*] *fortunes* Q_6.
25 *much, sir!*] Steevens. *much: Sir*, QqF_3F_4.
beholding] *beholden* Malone (1780).
26, 27 *I do...fed*] Divided as by Malone. One line in QqF_3F_4.
I do...ears] *my ears, I do protest*, Steevens, ending line 26 at *ears*.
27 *better*] om. Rowe.

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Sim. Let me ask you one thing: what do you think of my daughter, sir?

Per. A most virtuous princess.

Sim. And she is fair too, is she not?

Per. As a fair day in summer, wondrous fair.

Sim. Sir, my daughter thinks very well of you; Ay, so well, that you must be her master, And she will be your scholar: therefore look to it.

Per. I am unworthy for her schoolmaster.

Sim. She thinks not so; peruse this writing else.

Per. [*Aside*] What 's here? A letter, that she loves the knight of Tyre! 'Tis the king's subtilty to have my life.— O, seek not to entrap me, gracious lord, A stranger and distressed gentleman, That never aim'd so high to love your daughter, But bent all offices to honour her.

Sim. Thou hast bewitch'd my daughter, and thou art A villain.

32, 33 *Let...sir?*] Prose by Edd. Two lines, the first ending *thing:* in QqF$_3$F$_4$. Two, the first ending *think*, in Malone.

32 *ask you*] *ask* Steevens.
thing: what...daughter, sir?] *thing, sir: What...daughter?* Nicholson conj., reading *What...princess* as one line.
think...sir?] *think, sir, of My daughter?* Steevens, ending the line at *of*.

34 *A*] *As of a* Steevens.

35 *she is*] Q$_1$. *shees* Q$_2$Q$_4$Q$_5$Q$_6$. *she's* F$_3$F$_4$.

36 *wondrous fair.*] See note (VIII).
wondrous] *woondrous* Q$_1$. *wonderous* Q$_2$.

37 *Sir, my daughter*] *My daughter, sir,* Malone.

38 *Ay, so well*] Malone. *I so well* Qq. *I, so well* F$_3$F$_4$. *Ay, so well, sir* Steevens.

39 *she...scholar*] *she'll your scholar be* Steevens.

40 *I...for*] *Unworthy I to be* Steevens.
for] Q$_1$Q$_2$Q$_3$. *to be* The rest.

42 [Aside] First marked by Malone.

42, 43 *What's...Tyre!*] Divided as by Malone. One line in QqF$_3$F$_4$. Two lines, the first ending *letter*, in Rowe.

45 *entrap me, gracious*] *entrap, my gracious* Malone.

47 *aim'd*] F$_3$F$_4$. *aimde* Q$_4$Q$_5$. *aymed* Q$_1$Q$_2$Q$_3$. *aimed* Q$_6$.

49, 50 *Thou...villain.*] Divided as by Malone. The first line ends *daughter*, in QqF$_3$F$_4$.

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Per. By the gods, I have not:
Never did thought of mine levy offence;
Nor never did my actions yet commence
A deed might gain her love or your displeasure.
Sim. Traitor, thou liest.
Per. Traitor!
Sim. Ay, traitor.
Per. Even in his throat—unless it be the king—
That calls me traitor, I return the lie.
Sim. [*Aside*] Now, by the gods, I do applaud his courage.
Per. My actions are as noble as my thoughts,
That never relish'd of a base descent.
I came unto your court for honour's cause,
And not to be a rebel to her state;
And he that otherwise accounts of me,
This sword shall prove he 's honour's enemy.
Sim. No?
Here comes my daughter, she can witness it.

Enter THAISA.

Per. Then, as you are as virtuous as fair,
Resolve your angry father, if my tongue
Did e'er solicit, or my hand subscribe
To any syllable that made love to you.

50—53 *By...displeasure.*] Divided as by Rowe. The lines end *thought... actions...loue,...displeasure* in QqF_3F_4.
50 *not:*] *not, sir.* Steevens.
51 *mine*] *my* Q_6.
levy] *level* Anon. conj.
52, 53 *commence A*] *commence a* Q_1F_4. *commence, a* The rest.
54 *Ay, traitor.*] *Ay, traitor, sir.* Steevens.
55 *the king*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *a king* The rest.
57 [Aside] First marked by Malone.
60 *your court*] Qq. *the court* F_3F_4.
61 *to be*] *be* F_3F_4.
her] *our* Q_5. *your* Hudson, 1881 (S. Walker conj.).
64, 65 *No?...it.*] Divided as by Malone. One line in QqF_3F_4.
64 *No?*] QqF_3F_4. *No!*— Malone. *Now,* Malone conj. *So!*— Jackson conj.
66 Enter Thaisa.] Enter Traisa. Q_1.
69 *you.*] Malone (1790). *you?* QqF_3F_4.

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Thai. Why, sir, say if you had,
Who takes offence at that would make me glad?
Sim. Yea, mistress, are you so peremptory?
[*Aside*] I am glad on 't with all my heart.—
I 'll tame you; I 'll bring you in subjection.
Will you, not having my consent,
Bestow your love and your affections
Upon a stranger? [*Aside*] who, for aught I know,
May be, nor can I think the contrary,
As great in blood as I myself.—
Therefore hear you, mistress; either frame
Your will to mine,—and you, sir, hear you,
Either be ruled by me, or I 'll make you—
Man and wife:

70, 71 *Why,...glad?*] Divided as by Malone. The first line ends *offence* in QqF_3F_4.
70 *say*] Q_1. The rest omit.
71 *offence at*] Malone. *offence? At* Q_1 Q_2Q_3. *offence, At* The rest.
73 [Aside] Opposite *heart* in $Q_4Q_6F_3F_4$. Opposite line 74 in the rest.
73—83 *I am...wife:*] Divided as in QqF_3F_4. Nine lines, ending *tame you;...will you,...love...who...think ...myself...will...be...wife;* in Malone (1780). In Malone (1790) the fourth line ends *stranger?* The lines end *tame you;...subjection.— ...bestow...stranger?...contrary,...I.) ...mine,—...me,...wife.—* in Steevens.
73 *on't*] Q_1. *o'nt* Q_2Q_3. *of it* The rest.
with all] Qq. *withall* F_3. *withal* F_4.
75 *you, not*] $Q_4Q_6F_3F_4$. *you not*, Q_1Q_2 Q_3. *you not* Q_5.
consent] *consent thereto* Elze conj.
77 *Upon*] *on* Malone (1780) and Steevens.
[Aside] Opposite *know* in $Q_4Q_5Q_6F_3$ F_4. Opposite line 78 in $Q_1Q_2Q_3$.
aught] Malone (1790). *ought* QqF_3 F_4.
77—79 *who...myself.*] (*Who, for ought I know to the contrary, Or think, may be as great in blood as I.*) Steevens.
79—83 *As...wife:*] Four lines, ending *Therefore ...mine,—... me, —...wife,* Elze conj.
80 *Therefore hear you,*] *Hear, therefore,* Steevens.
mistress] *young mistress* Anon. conj.
either] om. Steevens.
81 *mine*] *wine* Q_3.
hear you] *hear you too* Anon. conj.
82 *I'll*] *I will* Steevens.
you—] $Q_4Q_5Q_6F_3F_4$. *you,* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$.
83—87 *Man...pleased?*] Arranged as by Knight. Four lines, ending *hands...ioynd,....griefe:....pleased?* in QqF_3F_4.

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Nay, come, your hands and lips must seal it too:
And being join'd, I 'll thus your hopes destroy;
And for a further grief,—God give you joy!
What, are you both pleased?
Thai. Yes, if you love me, sir.
Per. Even as my life my blood that fosters it.
Sim. What, are you both agreed?
Both. Yes, if 't please your majesty.
Sim. It pleaseth me so well, that I will see you wed;
And then, with what haste you can, get you to bed.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Now sleep y-slaked hath the rout;
No din but snores the house about,
Made louder by the o'er-fed breast
Of this most pompous marriage-feast.
The cat, with eyne of burning coal,

84—87 *Nay...pleased?*] Arranged as by Malone.
86 *a further*] Malone. *further* QqF$_3$ F$_4$.
88 *life my*] Q$_2$Q$_3$. *life, my* Q$_1$. *life or* Q$_4$. *life, or* The rest. *life;—the* Mason conj.
90 Both.] Ambo. Q$_1$. Amb. The rest. *if 't please*] Q$_1$Q$_2$Q$_3$. *if it please* The rest. *'please* Steevens, reading *What,...majesty* as one line.
91 *that I will*] *that I'll* Malone. *I'll* Steevens.
92 *And then*] *Then* Malone.

[Exeunt.] Q$_1$Q$_2$Q$_3$Q$_4$. Omitted in the rest.
ACT III.] Malone.
1 *sleep y-slaked*] *sleepe yslacked* Q$_1$. *sleepe yslaked* Q$_2$. *ysleep slaked* F$_3$ F$_4$. *ysleepe slaked* The rest. *rout*] *rouse* Malone conj. (withdrawn).
2 *the house about*] Malone. *about the house* QqF$_3$F$_4$.
3 *o'er-fed*] *orefed* Q$_1$. *ore-fed* Q$_2$Q$_3$. *ore-fe* Q$_4$Q$_5$Q$_6$. *ore-fee* F$_3$F$_4$. *breast*] Q$_1$Q$_2$Q$_3$. *beast* The rest.
4 *this*] *his* Q$_5$.

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Now couches 'fore the mouse's hole;
And crickets sing at the oven's mouth,
E'er the blither for their drouth.
Hymen hath brought the bride to bed,
Where, by the loss of maidenhead,
A babe is moulded. Be attent,
And time that is so briefly spent
With your fine fancies quaintly eche:
What 's dumb in show I 'll plain with speech.

DUMB SHOW.

Enter PERICLES *and* SIMONIDES *at one door, with* Attendants; *a* Messenger *meets them, kneels, and gives* PERICLES *a letter:* PERICLES *shows it* SIMONIDES; *the* Lords *kneel to the former. Then enter* THAISA *with child, with* LYCHORIDA, *a nurse: the* King *shows her the letter; she rejoices: she and* PERICLES *take leave of her father, and depart with* LYCHORIDA *and their* Attendants. *Then exeunt* SIMONIDES *and the rest.*

By many a dern and painful perch
Of Pericles the careful search,
By the four opposing coigns
Which the world together joins,
Is made with all due diligence

6 *'fore*] Steevens (Malone conj.). *from* QqF_3F_4.
7 *crickets*] Rowe (ed. 2). *Cricket* QqF_3F_4.
sing] *singing* Malone conj. (reading *Are*). om. Collier conj.
8 *E'er*] Singer, ed. 2 (Dyce conj.). *Are* QqF_3F_4. *As* Malone (Steevens). *Aye* Dyce. *All* Delius (Taylor conj. MS.).
10 *Where, by*] Rowe. *Whereby* Q_1. *Where by* The rest.
11 *moulded. Be*] *moulded: be* Q_1Q_2. *moulded, by* The rest.
13 *eche*] Malone. *each* QqF_3Q_4.
14 *dumb*] *dark* Daniel conj.
DUMB SHOW.] Q_5. Omitted in the rest.
Enter...depart] QqF_3F_4, substantially.
the former.] Malone. him. QqF_3F_4.
depart...rest.] Dyce. depart. QqF_3F_4. depart.—Then Simonides, &c. retire. Malone (1790). all depart. Collier.
15 *dern*] *dearne* QqF_3. *dearn* F_4.
17 *coigns*] *coignes* Rowe (ed. 2). *Crignes* QqF_3F_4.

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That horse and sail and high expense
Can stead the quest. At last from Tyre,
Fame answering the most strange inquire,
To the court of King Simonides
Are letters brought, the tenour these:
Antiochus and his daughter dead;
The men of Tyrus on the head
Of Helicanus would set on
The crown of Tyre, but he will none:
The mutiny he there hastes t' oppress;
Says to 'em, if King Pericles
Come not home in twice six moons,
He, obedient to their dooms,
Will take the crown. The sum of this,
Brought hither to Pentapolis,
Y-ravished the regions round,
And every one with claps can sound,
'Our heir-apparent is a king!
Who dream'd, who thought of such a thing?'
Brief, he must hence depart to Tyre:
His queen with child makes her desire—
Which who shall cross?—along to go.
Omit we all their dole and woe:

21 *stead*] Malone. *steed* QqF_3F_4.
quest. At] Malone. *quest; at* Rowe (ed. 2). *quest at* QqF_3F_4.
Tyre,] *Tyre:* Q_1.
22 *strange*] *strong* Malone (1790).
25 *daughter*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *daughter's* The rest.
29 *mutiny he there*] *mutiny there he* Steevens. *mutine there he* Staunton. *hastes*] *hatest* Q_2.
oppress] *appease* Steevens.
30 *'em*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *them* The rest.
31, 32 *home...moons,...dooms*] *in twice six moons, home,...doom* Steevens.
34 *Pentapolis*] $Q_6F_3F_4$. *Penlapolis* The rest.
35 *Y-ravished*] Malone (Steevens). *Iranyshed* Q_1. *Irany shed* Q_2. *Irony shed* The rest.
36 *one*] *on* Q_6.
can] *'gan* Malone.
38 *dream'd,*] Malone. *dreampt?* Qq. *dreamt?* F_3F_4.
41 *cross?—*] *cross?*) Malone (1790). *cross,* Rowe. *cross*) Malone (1780). *crosse* QqF_3. *cross* F_4.

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Lychorida, her nurse, she takes,
And so to sea: their vessel shakes
On Neptune's billow; half the flood
Hath their keel cut: but fortune's mood
Varies again; the grisled north
Disgorges such a tempest forth,
That, as a duck for life that dives,
So up and down the poor ship drives:
The lady shrieks and well-a-near
Does fall in travail with her fear:
And what ensues in this fell storm
Shall for itself itself perform.
I nill relate, action may
Conveniently the rest convey;
Which might not what by me is told.
In your imagination hold
This stage the ship, upon whose deck
The sea-tost Pericles appears to speak. [*Exit.*

44 *their*] Q_1. *then* The rest.
46 *fortune's mood*] Malone (Steevens). *fortune mou'd*, Q_1. *fortune moou'd* $Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_5$. *fortune mov'd* The rest.
47 *grisled*] Q_1. *grislee* $Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_5$. *grieslee* Q_6. *grisly* F_3F_4.
49, 50 *dives...drives*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *drives... dives* The rest.
51 *and well-a-near*] *and, well-a-near!* Steevens (Reed). *welladay* Wilkins' Novel.
52 *Does*] *Do's* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *Doth* The rest. *travail*] *trauayle* Q_1. *trauaile* $Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *trauile* Q_5. *travaile* Q_6. *travell* F_3. *travel* F_4.
53 *fell*] Q_1. *selfe* $Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6$. *self* F_3F_4.
54 *itself itself*] *it selfe, if selfe* Q_2Q_3.
55 *action*] *the action* Anon. conj.
57 *not what*] Malone. *not? what* QqF_3F_4.
told.] Malone. *told;* Q_5. *told,* The rest.
58 *hold*] Malone. *hold:* QqF_3F_4.
60 *sea-tost*] Rowe (ed. 2). *seas tost* QqF_3F_4.
Pericles] *prince* Steevens.
[Exit.] Exit Gower. Q_5. Omitted in the rest.

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Scene I.

Enter Pericles, *on shipboard.*

Per. Thou god of this great vast, rebuke these surges,
Which wash both heaven and hell; and thou, that hast
Upon the winds command, bind them in brass,
Having call'd them from the deep! O, still
Thy deafening dreadful thunders; gently quench
Thy nimble sulphurous flashes! O, how, Lychorida,
How does my queen? Thou stormest venomously;
Wilt thou spit all thyself? The seaman's whistle
Is as a whisper in the ears of death,
Unheard. Lychorida!—Lucina, O
Divinest patroness and midwife gentle
To those that cry by night, convey thy deity
Aboard our dancing boat; make swift the pangs

Scene I.] Malone.
on...] $Q_4Q_5Q_6F_3F_4$. a... $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. on a ship at sea. Malone.
1 *Thou*] Rowe. *The* QqF_3F_4.
this] *his* Q_2Q_3.
4—6 *Having...Lychorida,*] Divided as in QqF_3F_4. The lines end *deafning, ...nimble,...Lychorida,* in Malone, Steevens, and Reed.
4 *call'd*] *recall'd* Dyce (ed. 2).
deep] *enchafed deep* Malone conj.
5 *deafening*] *deafning* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *dearning* The rest.
dreadful] *Thy dreadful* Steevens.
gently] Q_1. *dayly* Q_2Q_3. *daily* The rest. *duly* Collier (ed. 1).
6 *sulphurous*] F_4. *sulphirous* Q_1. *sulpherous* The rest. *Thy sulphurous* Steevens. *Sulphureous* Reed.
O, how,] *O,* Anon. conj. MS. *Ho!* Edd. conj.
Lychorida,] Rowe (ed. 2). *Lychorida!* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. A note of interrogation in the rest.
7, 8 *Thou stormest venomously; Wilt*] Dyce. *then storme venomously, Wilt* QqF_3F_4 (*storm* F_3F_4). *Thou storm, venomously, Wilt* Malone. *Thou storm, thou! venomously Wilt* Steevens. *Thou storm, venomously Wilt* Collier.
8 *spit*] F_4. *speat* Qq. *spet* F_3.
9 *Is as a*] Q_1. *Is a* The rest.
ears] *ear* Malone (1780).
10 *Unheard. Lychorida!*] Pointed as by Malone. *Vnheard Lychorida?* QqF_3F_4 (*Lychoria* Q_2).
11 *patroness*] *patrionesse* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$.
midwife] *midwife,* Malone (Steevens).
my wife $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *my wife,* The rest.
12 *that*] *tha* Q_2.
13 *make*] *may* Q_5. *made* Q_6.
pangs] *pangues* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$.

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Of my queen's travails! Now, Lychorida!

Enter LYCHORIDA, *with an Infant.*

Lyc. Here is a thing too young for such a place,
Who, if it had conceit, would die, as I
Am like to do: take in your arms this piece
Of your dead queen.
Per. How, how, Lychorida!
Lyc. Patience, good sir; do not assist the storm.
Here 's all that is left living of your queen,
A little daughter: for the sake of it,
Be manly, and take comfort.
Per. O you gods!
Why do you make us love your goodly gifts,
And snatch them straight away? We here below
Recall not what we give, and therein may
Use honour with you.
Lyc. Patience, good sir,
Even for this charge.
Per. Now, mild may be thy life!
For a more blustrous birth had never babe:
Quiet and gentle thy conditions! for

14 *queen's travails*] *Queens travels* F_3. *Queen travels* F_4. *queen's travail* Dyce.
Lychorida!] *Lychorida*— Malone.
15 Enter.....Infant.] Steevens. Enter Lychorida. QqF_3F_4. Enter...infant. Dyce, after *travail!*
15—18 *Here.....queen.*] Divided as by Malone. Three lines, ending *place, ...does:...Queene,* in QqF_3F_4. Four lines, ending *thing... had... do... queen,* in Steevens.
15 *a thing*] *nothing* Q_6.
18 *How, how,*] *How now* Q_6.
20 *your*] Qq. *our* F_3F_4.
22—26 *O...you.*] Arranged as in Q_1Q_2 Q_3. The lines end *Gods!...gifts,... away?...giue,...you,* in the rest.
25 *and*] *And we* F_3F_4.
26 *Use...you*] *Vie honour with yourselves* Steevens. *Vie honour with you* Singer (Mason conj.).
26, 27 *Patience.....charge.*] Divided as by Malone. One line in QqF_3F_4.
28 *blustrous*] *blusterous* QqF_3F_4.
birth had] *bird hath* Q_6.
29, 30 *for...world*] Divided as in Q_1Q_2 Q_3. One line in the rest.
for Thou art] *For thou 'rt* Steevens.

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Thou art the rudeliest welcome to this world
That ever was prince's. child. Happy what follows!
Thou hast as chiding a nativity
As fire, air, water, earth and heaven can make,
To herald thee from the womb: even at the first
Thy loss is more than can thy portage quit,
With all thou canst find here. Now, the good gods
Throw their best eyes upon 't!

Enter two Sailors.

First Sail. What courage, sir? God save you!

Per. Courage enough: I do not fear the flaw;
It hath done to me the worst. Yet, for the love
Of this poor infant, this fresh-new sea-farer,
I would it would be quiet.

First Sail. Slack the bolins there! Thou wilt not, wilt thou? Blow, and split thyself.

Sec. Sail. But sea-room, an the brine and cloudy billow kiss the moon, I care not.

First Sail. Sir, your queen must overboard: the sea

30 *welcome*] *welcom'd* Malone.
31 *ever*] *e'er* Malone.
what] Qq. *that* F_3F_4.
32 *Thou*] *For thou* Nicholson conj.
34 *herald*] Malone (Steevens). *harould* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *harold* The rest.
womb] *womde* Q_5.
34—37 *To.....upon 't.*] Divided as by Steevens. The lines end *wombe:... can...heere:...upon 't* in QqF_3F_4.
35 *quit*] $Q_1Q_2F_4$. *quite* The rest.
37 *upon 't*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *upon it* The rest.
41 *fresh-new*] Hyphened by Malone. *fresh-mew* Jackson conj.
43—53 *Slack...straight.*] Verse, S. Walker conj., ending the lines *Blow,... brine...not...Sir,...high,...ship...superstition...still...we...her...straight.*
43 *Slack*] *Slake* Q_2Q_3.
43, 44 *Slack.....thyself.*] Prose in F_4. Two lines, the first ending *wilt thou?* in the rest.
not, wilt thou? Blow] *not wilt thou: Blow* Q_1. *not, wilt thou blow* F_4.
out, wilt thou? Blow Nicholson conj.
45, 46 *But...not.*] Prose in $Q_4Q_5Q_6F_3F_4$. Two lines in the rest.
45 *an*] Steevens. *and* QqF_3F_4.
47—49 *Sir...dead.*] Prose in Malone. Three lines, ending *hie,...Ship... dead*, in $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. Three, ending *ouer board,...lowd,...dead*, in $Q_4Q_5Q_6F_3F_4$.

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works high, the wind is loud, and will not lie till the ship be cleared of the dead.

Per. That 's your superstition.

First Sail. Pardon us, sir; with us at sea it hath been still observed; and we are strong in custom. Therefore briefly yield her; for she must overboard straight.

Per. As you think meet. Most wretched queen!

Lyc. Here she lies, sir.

Per. A terrible childbed hast thou had, my dear;
No light, no fire: the unfriendly elements
Forgot thee utterly; nor have I time
To give thee hallow'd to thy grave, but straight
Must cast thee, scarcely coffin'd, in the ooze;
Where, for a monument upon thy bones,
And aye-remaining lamps, the belching whale
And humming water must o'erwhelm thy corpse,
Lying with simple shells. O Lychorida,
Bid Nestor bring me spices, ink and paper,
My casket and my jewels; and bid Nicander
Bring me the satin coffer: lay the babe
Upon the pillow: hie thee, whiles I say

48 *till*] *until* Anon. conj., ending the lines *sea...lie...dead.*
49 *cleared*] *cleard* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$.
of the] *o' th'* S. Walker conj.
50 *That 's*] *That is* S. Walker conj.
51—54 See note (IX).
57 *elements*] *element* W. Bell conj.
59 *give*] Q_1. *bring* The rest.
hallow'd] *hallowd* Qq. *hallowed* F_3 F_4.
60 *in the ooze*] Malone (Steevens). *in oare* QqF_2. *in oar* F_4. *in an oar* Anon. conj. (1814).
61, 62 *bones, And*] Steevens. *bones, The* Qq. *bones. The* F_3F_4.
62 *aye-remaining lamps*] Steevens (Malone conj.). *ayre remayning lampes* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *ayre remaining lampes* Q_4 Q_5Q_6. *ayre remaining lamps* F_2. *air remaining lamps* F_4. *air-remaining lamps* Malone. *area-mansing* Jackson conj. *air-retaining lamps* (i.e. *lampreys*) W. Bell conj.
63 *humming*] *hemming* Bell conj.
64 *O*] om. Steevens.
65 *bring*] *fetch* S. Walker conj.
paper] *Taper* Q_1.
66 *bid*] *bin* Q_5.
67 *coffer*] Malone. *Coffin* QqF_3F_4.

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A priestly farewell to her: suddenly, woman.
[*Exit Lychorida.*

Sec. Sail. Sir, we have a chest beneath the hatches, caulked and bitumed ready.

Per. I thank thee. Mariner, say what coast is this?

Sec. Sail. We are near Tarsus.

Per. Thither, gentle mariner,
Alter thy course for Tyre. When canst thou reach it?

Sec. Sail. By break of day, if the wind cease.

Per. O, make for Tarsus!
There will I visit Cleon, for the babe
Cannot hold out to Tyrus: there I 'll leave it
At careful nursing. Go thy ways, good mariner:
I 'll bring the body presently. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Ephesus. A room in Cerimon's house.*

Enter CERIMON, *a Servant, and some Persons who have been shipwrecked.*

Cer. Philemon, ho!

Enter PHILEMON.

Phil. Doth my lord call?

69 [Exit Lychorida.] Malone (1790). om. QqF_3F_4.

70, 71 *Sir.....ready.*] Prose in Malone. Two lines, the first ending *hatches*, in QqF_3F_4.

70 *we have*] *we 've* S. Walker conj., reading *Sir...caulk'd* as one line. *have a chest beneath*] *haue a Chist beneath* Q_1. *heaue a Chest beneth* Q_2Q_3.

75 *for Tyre*] *from Tyre* Collier conj. (from Wilkins' Novel).

78 *Cleon*] *Cleaon* Q_3.

81 [Exeunt.] Rowe. Exit. QqF_3F_4.
SCENE II.] Malone.
Ephesus...house.] Malone.
Enter.....] Malone. Enter Lord Cerymon with a seruant. QqF_3F_4 (a seruants. Q_1 Capell's copy).

1, &c. *Philemon*] Q_5. *Phylemon* The rest.

1 *ho!*] *oh!* Rowe (ed. 2).

2 Enter Philemon.] $Q_5F_3F_4$. Enter Phylemon. The rest.

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Cer. Get fire and meat for these poor men:
'T has been a turbulent and stormy night.
Serv. I have been in many; but such a night as this,
Till now, I ne'er endured.
Cer. Your master will be dead ere you return;
There 's nothing can be minister'd to nature
That can recover him. [*To Philemon*] Give this to the 'pothecary,
And tell me how it works.

[*Exeunt all but Cerimon.*

Enter two Gentlemen.

First Gent. Good morrow.
Sec. Gent. Good morrow to your lordship.
Cer. Gentlemen,
Why do you stir so early?
First Gent. Sir,
Our lodgings, standing bleak upon the sea
Shook as the earth did quake;
The very principals did seem to rend
And all-to topple: pure surprise and fear
Made me to quit the house.

4 *'T has*] *T' as* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *It hath* The rest. *It has* Steevens.
6 *ne'er*] *ne're* F_3F_4. *neare* Qq.
9 [To Philemon] Malone (1780). om. QqF_3F_4.
10 [Exeunt...] Exeunt Philemon, Servant, and those who have been shipwrecked. Malone (1790). om. Qq F_3F_4.
Good morrow.] *Good morrow, sir.* Steevens.
11, 12 *Gentlemen...early?*] Divided as by Steevens. One line in QqF_3F_4.
13, 14 *Sir,...sea*] As in Steevens. One line in QqF_3F_4.
14 *lodgings*] *lodging* F_4.
15 *as*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *as if* The rest.
16—18 *The very...house.*] Arranged as by Malone. Two lines, the first ending *topple*, in QqF_3F_4.
16 *principals*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *principles* The rest.
17 *all-to topple*] *al-to topple* Singer (ed. 2). *all to topple* QqF_3F_4. *all to-topple* Dyce.
18 *quit*] Steevens. *quite* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *leaue* The rest.

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Sec. Gent. That is the cause we trouble you so early;
'Tis not our husbandry.
Cer. O, you say well.
First Gent. But I much marvel that your lordship, having
Rich tire about you, should at these early hours
Shake off the golden slumber of repose.
'Tis most strange,
Nature should be so conversant with pain,
Being thereto not compell'd.
Cer. I hold it ever,
Virtue and cunning were endowments greater
Than nobleness and riches: careless heirs
May the two latter darken and expend,
But immortality attends the former,
Making a man a god. 'Tis known, I ever
Have studied physic, through which secret art,
By turning o'er authorities, I have,
Together with my practice, made familiar
To me and to my aid the blest infusions
That dwell in vegetives, in metals, stones;
And I can speak of the disturbances

21—24 *But...strange,*] Arranged as by Malone. Three lines, ending *Lordship,...howers,...strange,* in QqF$_3$F$_4$.
22 *Rich tire*] *Such towers* Steevens conj. *tire*] Q$_1$Q$_2$Q$_3$. *attire* The rest. *Tyre* Jackson conj. *'tire* Collier (ed. 2).
24 *'Tis*] *It is* Malone.
26 *compell'd*] Malone. *compelled* Qq F$_3$F$_4$.
26—39 *I...delight*] Arranged as by Malone. Twelve lines, ending *cunning, ...riches;...expend;...former,...god: ...physicke:...authorities,...famyliar, ...dwels...of the...cures;...delight,* in QqF$_3$. In F$_4$ *which...delight,* lines 38, 39, is read as two lines, the first ending *content.*
26 *hold*] *held* Malone.
26, 27 *ever,.....cunning were*] Malone. *euer Vertue and Cunning, Were* Q$_1$ Q$_2$Q$_3$. *euer virtue and cunning. Were* The rest.
27 *endowments*] *endwomens* Q$_5$.
33 *authorities*] Q$_1$Q$_2$. *authoritie* or *authority* The rest.
35 *blest*] Q$_1$Q$_2$Q$_3$. *best* The rest.
36 *dwell*] F$_4$. *dwels* Qq. *dwells* F$_3$.
37, 38 *And...nature*] One line in Collier, reading *can* for *I can.*
37 *I can*] Malone. *can* QqF$_3$F$_4$.

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That nature works, and of her cures; which doth give me
A more content in course of true delight
Than to be thirsty after tottering honour,
Or tie my treasure up in silken bags,
To please the fool and death.

Sec. Gent. Your honour has through Ephesus pour'd forth
Your charity, and hundreds call themselves
Your creatures, who by you have been restored:
And not your knowledge, your personal pain, but even
Your purse, still open, hath built Lord Cerimon
Such strong renown as time shall never ...

Enter two or three Servants *with a chest.*

First Serv. So; lift there.

Cer. What's that?

First Serv. Sir,

38 *doth give*] *gives* Malone (1780). *give* Reed (1803).

40, 41 *Than...Or*] One line in $Q_1Q_2Q_3$.

41 *treasure*] Steevens. *pleasures* Q_6. *pleasure* The rest.

43—48 *Your...never...*] S. Walker, who suspects an omission of one line after *knowledge*, omits *your* before *personal pain*, and would end the lines *has.....charity;.....who... knowledge.....open,.....renown..... never—*.

43, 44 *Your.....themselves*] Divided as by Malone. The first line ends *Ephesus* in QqF_3F_4.

43 *has*] Q_1. *h'as* Q_2Q_3. *hath* The rest.
pour'd] Malone. *Powred* Q_6. *Poured* The rest.

44 *hundreds*] *hundereds* Q_5. *hundred* F_3F_4.

46 *your personal*] *personal* Steevens.

46, 47 *but.....Cerimon*] As in Malone. One line in QqF_3F_4.

48 *time shall never...*] *time shall neuer.* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *neuer shall decay.* $Q_4Q_5Q_6$ F_3F_4. *time shall never*— Malone. *time shall never raze* Dyce. *time shall ne'er decay.* Staunton. *time shall never end.* Anon. conj.

49 Enter...] Enter two or three with a Chest. Qq (Chist Q_1Q_2) F_3F_4. Enter two Servants with a Chest. Malone.

49, 51, 62 First Serv.] Dyce. Serv. or Ser. QqF_3F_4.

50 *What's*] *What is* Steevens.

51—53 *Sir,.....wreck.*] Divided as by Malone. Two lines, the first ending *shore*, in QqF_3F_4. Three, ending *now...chest;.....wreck*, in Steevens.

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Even now did the sea toss up upon our shore
This chest: 'tis of some wreck.

Cer. Set 't down, let 's look upon 't.

Sec. Gent. 'Tis like a coffin, sir.

Cer. Whate'er it be,
'Tis wondrous heavy. Wrench it open straight:
If the sea's stomach be o'ercharged with gold,
'Tis a good constraint of fortune it belches upon us.

Sec. Gent. 'Tis so, my lord.

Cer. How close 'tis caulk'd and bitumed! Did the sea cast it up?

First Serv. I never saw so huge a billow, sir, as toss'd it upon shore.

Cer. Wrench it open: soft! it smells most sweetly in my sense.

Sec. Gent. A delicate odour.

Cer. As ever hit my nostril. So, up with it.
O you most potent gods! what 's here? a corse!

First Gent. Most strange!

Cer. Shrouded in cloth of state; balmed and entrea-

52 *up*] QqF_3F_4. om. Malone (1780) and Steevens.
our shore] *or shoure* Q_5.

53, 54 *This...let's*] *This...let us* Malone, reading as one line.

53 *chest*] *Chist* Q_1Q_2.
wreck] Malone. *wracke* Qq. *wrack* F_3F_4.

54 *Set't...let's...upon't*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *Set it...let us...vpon it* The rest. *Set't ...let's...on it* Steevens. *Set it...let's ...on it* Boswell.

55, 56 *What'er...straight:*] Arranged as by Malone. The first line ends *heauie* in QqF_3F_4.

58 *'Tis*] *It is* Malone, ending the line *fortune, it.*
a] om. Kinnear conj.
it belches] *belches it* Anon. conj. *belch't* Kinnear conj.
it] *that It* Steevens.

60—65 See note (x).

60 *bitumed*] Wilkins' Novel. *bittum'd* Malone. *bottomed* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *bottomd* $Q_4Q_5Q_6$. *bottom'd* F_3F_4.

64 *Wrench*] *Come, wrench* Steevens.
open: soft!] *open soft;* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *open;* $Q_4Q_5Q_6F_3F_4$. *open; Soft, soft*— Malone.

68 *gods*] *god* Boswell.

70—72 *Shrouded...characters.*] Prose in $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. Three lines, ending *entreasured.....Apollo,...characters,* in $Q_4Q_5Q_6F_3F_4$. Three, ending *entreasur'd...too!...characters* in Steevens. Four, ending *state!...spices! ...me...characters,* in Malone.

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sured with full bags of spices! A passport too! Apollo, perfect me in the characters! [*Reads from a scroll.*

'Here I give to understand,
If e'er this coffin drive a-land,
I, King Pericles, have lost
This queen, worth all our mundane cost.
Who finds her, give her burying;
She was the daughter of a king:
Besides this treasure for a fee,
The gods requite his charity!'

If thou livest, Pericles, thou hast a heart
That even cracks for woe! This chanced to-night.
Sec. Gent. Most likely, sir.
Cer. Nay, certainly to-night;
For look how fresh she looks! They were too rough
That threw her in the sea. Make a fire within:
Fetch hither all my boxes in my closet. [*Exit a servant.*
Death may usurp on nature many hours,
And yet the fire of life kindle again
The o'erpress'd spirits. I heard of an Egyptian

71 *full bags of spices*] *bags of spices full* Steevens.
too! Apollo,] Malone. *to Apollo,* QqF_3F_4.
72 *in the*] *i' the* Steevens.
[Reads...] He reads out of a scrowl. Malone. om. QqF_3F_4.
74 *drive*] *driues* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$.
a-land] *aland* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *a land* The rest.
80 *requite*] *requit* Q_1.
82 *even*] *euer* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$.
83—91 *Nay...recovered.*] Divided as by Dyce. Seven lines, ending *looks... sea...Closet,...yet...spirits:...dead,... recouered,* in $Q_1Q_2Q_3$, and in the rest, except that the fourth line ends *houres* in $Q_4Q_5Q_6F_3F_4$, and the first line is divided into two in F_4. Nine lines, ending *to-night;.....rough... within;...closet...hours,...again...of an.....dead,...recovered,* in Malone (1780).
84 *rough*] *rash* Malone conj.
85 *That*] *they* Q_2Q_3.
a fire] *fire* Steevens.
86 *my boxes*] *the boxes* Steevens.
[Exit...] Dyce. om. QqF_3F_4.
89 *o'erpress'd*] *o'er-pressed* Malone, 1790 (ending the line *have heard*). *over-pressed* Steevens.
89—91 *I heard...recovered.*] Spoken by First Gent. Elze conj. *Of an Egyptian I have heard who had by good appliances Recover'd bodies nine hours lying dead* Hudson conj.
89 *I heard*] *I have heard* Malone and Steevens.

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That had nine hours lien dead,
Who was by good appliance recovered.

Re-enter a Servant, *with boxes, napkins, and fire.*

Well said, well said; the fire and cloths.
The rough and woful music that we have,
Cause it to sound, beseech you.
The viol once more: how thou stirr'st, thou block!
The music there! I pray you, give her air.
Gentlemen,
This queen will live: nature awakes; a warmth
Breathes out of her: she hath not been entranced
Above five hours: see how she 'gins to blow
Into life's flower again!

First Gent. The heavens,

90 *That had*] *had* Steevens, reading *Of an...dead* as one line.
lien] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *bene* Q_4Q_5. *beene* Q_6. *been* F_3F_4.
dead] *dead like this* Elze conj., ending the line at *was*.

91 *Who...appliance*] QqF_3F_4. *By good appliance was* Steevens. *Who was by good appliances* Dyce.
recovered] QqF_3F_4. *recover'd* Singer (reading with Steevens) and Dyce.

92 Re-enter...] Dyce. Enter.....Steevens. Enter one with Napkins and Fire. QqF_3F_4.

92—96 *Well...air.*] Divided as in $Q_4Q_5Q_6F_3F_4$. Four lines, ending *rough and.....you:.....blocke?...ayre:* in $Q_1Q_2Q_3$.

92 *cloths*] *the cloths* Malone. *clothes* Q_1. *cloaths* F_4. *cloathes* The rest.

93 *rough*] *slow* Collier conj. *soft* or *low* or *sweet* Elze conj.
[Music behind the scene. Elze conj.

94 *beseech*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *I beseech* The rest.

95 *viol*] *violl* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *viall* $Q_4Q_5Q_6F_3$. *vial* F_4.
stirr'st] Q_1. *stirrest* The rest. *starest* Elze conj.

96 *there*] *their* Q_2Q_3.

97—101 *Gentlemen...again /*] Divided as in Steevens. Four lines, ending *liue,...her;...howers:...againe,* in QqF_3F_4. The lines end *awakes;...been ...'gins.....again /* in Malone. S. Walker would end the lines *awakes; ...been...gins...again.*

98, 99 *awakes...Breathes*] Malone (Steevens). *awakes a warmth breath* Q_1. *awakes a warme breath* The rest.

99 *entranced*] *entranc'd* Q_6F_4. *entranst* F_3. *entranc'st* $Q_1Q_4Q_5$. *entraun,cst* Q_2. *entraunc'st* Q_3.

101—103 *The.....ever.*] As in Malone. Two lines, the first ending *wonder*, in QqF_3F_4.

101 *heavens,*] *heavens, sir,* Steevens. *heavens, my lord,* Elze conj. (withdrawn).

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Through you, increase our wonder, and set up
Your fame for ever.
Cer. She is alive; behold,
Her eyelids, cases to those heavenly jewels
Which Pericles hath lost, begin to part
Their fringes of bright gold: the diamonds
Of a most praised water do appear
To make the world twice rich. Live,
And make us weep to hear your fate, fair creature,
Rare as you seem to be. [*She moves.*
Thai. O dear Diana,
Where am I? Where 's my lord? What world is this?
Sec. Gent. Is not this strange?
First Gent. Most rare.
Cer. Hush, my gentle neighbours!
Lend me your hands; to the next chamber bear her.
Get linen: now this matter must be look'd to,
For her relapse is mortal. Come, come;
And Æsculapius guide us! [*Exeunt, carrying her away.*

102 *set*] Malone. *sets* QqF_3F_4.

103—110 *She.....be.*] Edd. (S. Walker conj.). Six lines, ending *eyelids... lost,...gold,...appeare,...weepe...bee,* in QqF_3F_4. Eight lines, ending *behold,...jewels.....lost,...gold;... water.....live,.....creature,...be,* in Malone.

107 *praised*] *prized* Hudson (1881). *do*] *Do* Malone. *doth* QqF_3F_4. om. Steevens.

108, 109 *To make.....make*] One line, Dyce, ed. 2 (S. Walker conj.), reading *O live.*

108 *Live*] *O live* Malone (1780). *Live again* Elze conj.

109 *weep*] *weepe.* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. A comma in the rest.

110, 111 *O...this?*] Divided as by Malone. The first line ends *lord?* in QqF_3F_4.

114—118 *Hush.....us!*] Divided as by Malone (1780). Four lines, ending *hands,...linnen:.....relapse...ve,* in QqF_3F_4. Four lines, ending *hands: ...now.....relapse...us!* in Malone (1790).

114 *my*] om. Steevens. *neighbours*] Q_1. *neighbour* The rest.

117 *her*] Q_1. *he* Q_2Q_3. *the* The rest. *Come, come;*] *Come, come, come;* Malone (1780). *Come, come, neighbours;* Elze conj.

118 *And Æsculapius*] *and Escelapius* Q_1. *and Esculapius* $Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6$. *and, Esculapius,* F_3F_4. [Exeunt.....] Rowe. They carry her away. Exeunt omnes. QqF_3F_4.

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SCENE III. *Tarsus. A room in the Governor's house.*

Enter PERICLES, CLEON, DIONYZA, *and* LYCHORIDA *with* MARINA *in her arms.*

Per. Most honour'd Cleon, I must needs be gone;
My twelve months are expired, and Tyrus stands
In a litigious peace. You, and your lady,
Take from my heart all thankfulness! The gods
Make up the rest upon you!

Cle. Your shafts of fortune, though they hurt you mortally,
Yet glance full wanderingly on us.

Dion. O your sweet queen!
That the strict fates had pleased you had brought her hither,
To have bless'd mine eyes with her!

SCENE III.] Malone. Actus Tertius. F_3F_4. ACT III. SCENE I. Rowe. Tarsus...] Tharsus. A Room in Cleon's house. Malone. Enter.....] Dyce. Enter Pericles, Cleon, Dionyza, Lychorida, and Marina. Malone. Enter Pericles, Atharsus, with Cleon and Dionisa. $Q_1Q_2Q_3$ (Dioniza. Q_2Q_3). Enter Pericles at Tharsus... The rest.

1—5 *Most.....you!*] Arranged as by Malone. In $Q_1Q_2Q_3$ *Most...peace:* is prose, and *You...you!* two lines, the first ending *thankfulnesse.* Four lines, ending *gone,...stands...heart... you,* in $Q_4Q_5Q_6F_3F_4$.

1 *honour'd*] *honoud* Q_5. *honoured* Q_6 F_3F_4.

2 *Tyrus*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *Tyre* The rest.

3 *litigious*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. Omitted in the rest.

6, 7 *Your...us.*] Divided as in $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. The first line ends *you* in the rest.

6 *shafts*] Steevens. *shakes* QqF_3F_4. *though*] *Although* S. Walker conj., ending the lines *fortune,...glance... queen!*

hurt] Steevens. *hant* Q_1. *haunt* $Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6$. *hate* F_3F_4. *hunt* or *hit* Steevens conj. (withdrawn).

7 *wanderingly*] *wand'ringly* Steevens. *wondringly* QqF_3F_4. *woundingly* Schmidt conj.

7—9 *O...her!*] Divided as by Rowe. Two lines, the first ending *pleas'd,* in QqF_3. Four, ending *Queen!... pleased...hither...her,* in F_4.

8 *you had*] *you'd* Rowe.

9 *with her*] om. Steevens. *withal* Anon. conj.

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Per. We cannot but obey
The powers above us. Could I rage and roar
As doth the sea she lies in, yet the end
Must be as 'tis. My gentle babe Marina, whom,
For she was born at sea, I have named so, here
I charge your charity withal, leaving her
The infant of your care; beseeching you
To give her princely training, that she may be
Manner'd as she is born.
Cle. Fear not, my lord, but think
Your grace, that fed my country with your corn,
For which the people's prayers still fall upon you,
Must in your child be thought on. If neglection
Should therein make me vile, the common body,
By you relieved, would force me to my duty:
But if to that my nature need a spur,
The gods revenge it upon me and mine,
To the end of generation!
Per. I believe you;
Your honour and your goodness teach me to 't,

9—17 *We...born.*] Divided as by Steevens. Seven lines, ending *vs;...in, Marina,...so,...leauing her...giue her ...borne*, in QqF$_3$F$_4$. The lines end *but.....rage.....yet...babe,...sea,... charity...care;...training,...born* in Malone.
12 *gentle*] om. Steevens.
13 *so, here*] *so here*) Malone (1780).
14 *leaving*] *and leave* Steevens.
17—25 *Fear...generation!*] Divided as by Malone. Eight lines, ending *grace,...which,...child...vile,.....relieu'd,...that,...it...generation*; in Qq F$_3$F$_4$.
17 *lord*] *lady* F$_4$.
but think] *but that* Malone conj. om. Steevens.
19 *still*] Q$_1$. *dayly* Q$_2$Q$_3$. *daily* The rest.
20 *on. If*] Malone. *on; if* Rowe (ed. 2). *on, if* QqFf.
neglection] Q$_1$Q$_2$Q$_3$. *neglect* The rest.
22 *By*] *by* Qq. *that 's by* F$_3$F$_4$.
25—29 *I believe...remain,*] Divided as by Malone. Four lines, ending *goodnes,...maried,.....honour,...remayne*, in QqF$_3$F$_4$.
26 *teach*] *witch* Steevens conj. (withdrawn).
to 't] *too 't* Q$_1$Q$_2$Q$_3$. *toot* The rest. *to it* Malone. *credit* Steevens. *it* Mason conj.

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Without your vows. Till she be married, madam,
By bright Diana, whom we honour, all
Unscissar'd shall this hair of mine remain,
Though I show ill in 't. So I take my leave.
Good madam, make me blessed in your care
In bringing up my child.
Dion. I have one myself,
Who shall not be more dear to my respect
Than yours, my lord.
Per. Madam, my thanks and prayers.
Cle. We 'll bring your grace e'en to the edge o' the shore,
Then give you up to the mask'd Neptune and
The gentlest winds of heaven.
Per. I will embrace
Your offer. Come, dearest madam. O, no tears,
Lychorida, no tears:
Look to your little mistress, on whose grace
You may depend hereafter. Come, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

27 *married,*] *maried.* Q_2Q_3.
28 *honour, all*] *honour all,* Malone.
29 *Unscissar'd.....hair*] Steevens. *vnsisterd...heyre* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *unsisterd shall his heyres* Q_5. *unsisterd...heire* Q_6. *unsister'd...heir* F_3F_4.
of mine] *or mine* Q_3.
30 *ill*] Singer, ed. 2 (Malone conj.). *will* QqF_3F_4. *vile* Seymour conj. See note (XI).
32 *I have*] *I've* Rowe.
32—34 *I have.....lord.*] Divided as by Malone. Prose in QqF_3F_4. Two lines, the first ending *dear,* in Rowe.
35—37 *We 'll...heaven.*] Divided as by Malone. Prose in QqF_3F_4.
35 *grace*] *graces* Q_6.
e'en] *ene* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. The rest omit. *even* Malone.
o' the] *ath* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *of the* The rest.
36 *mask'd*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *masked* The rest. *vast* Hudson, 1881 (Dyce conj.). *moist* S. Walker conj. *mighty* Kinnear conj. *calmest* Elze conj.
37—41 *I will.....lord.*] Divided as by Malone (1780). Prose in QqF_3F_4. Four lines, ending *madam...tears: ...grace...lord,* in Malone (1790).
38 *dearest*] *dear'st* Steevens.
39 *Lychorida*] *Licherida* Q_1. *Lichorida* Q_2Q_3.
41 [Exeunt.] Rowe. om. QqF_3F_4.

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SCENE IV. *Ephesus. A room in Cerimon's house.*

Enter CERIMON *and* THAISA.

Cer. Madam, this letter, and some certain jewels,
Lay with you in your coffer: which are
At your command. Know you the character?
Thai. It is my lord's.
That I was shipp'd at sea, I well remember,
Even on my eaning time; but whether there
Delivered, by the holy gods,
I cannot rightly say. But since King Pericles,
My wedded lord, I ne'er shall see again,
A vestal livery will I take me to,
And never more have joy.
Cer. Madam, if this you purpose as ye speak,
Diana's temple is not distant far,
Where you may abide till your date expire.
Moreover, if you please, a niece of mine

SCENE IV.] Malone.
Ephesus. A room...] Malone.
Thaisa.] Tharsa. $Q_1Q_2Q_3$.
2, 3 *Lay...character?*] Divided as by Malone, who reads *are now* for *are*. Two lines, the first ending *command:* in QqF_3. Three, ending *coffer,..... command:...character?* in F_4.
2 *are*] *are now* Malone. *are here* Nicholson conj.
4—11 *It...joy.*] Divided as by Steevens. Prose in QqF_3F_4. Seven lines, ending *sea,...time;...gods,... Pericles,...again,...to,..joy,* in Rowe. Seven lines, ending *sea,...time;... no,...say;.....lord,...livery...joy,* in Malone.
4 *is my*] *is, my* F_3.
4, 5 *lord's. That*] *lord's; that* F_4. *lords, that* QqF_3.
6 *on*] *at* So quoted by Mason.
eaning] F_3F_4. *learning* Qq. *yearning* Malone (Steevens). *yielding* Mason conj. *yeaning* Grant White (Mason conj.). *ailing* Jackson conj. *labouring* Anon. conj.
7 *Delivered...gods*] *Deliver'd of a child, by the holy gods* or *Deliver'd, by the holy gods, of child* Elze conj.
Delivered] *delivered* QqF_3F_4. *delivered or no* Malone and Steevens. *I was deliver'd* Hudson, 1881 (Dyce conj.).
10 *vestal*] F_4. *vestall* F_3. *vastall* Qq.
12 *ye*] *you* Malone.
14 *you...expire*] *till your date expire, you may abide* Hudson, 1881 (Fleay conj.).
abide till] *'bide until* Malone. *'bide till* Elze conj.

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Shall there attend you.

Thai. My recompense is thanks, that's all;
Yet my good will is great, though the gift small. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Imagine Pericles arrived at Tyre,
Welcomed and settled to his own desire.
His woeful queen we leave at Ephesus,
Unto Diana there as a votaress.
Now to Marina bend your mind,
Whom our fast-growing scene must find
At Tarsus, and by Cleon train'd
In music, letters; who hath gain'd
Of education all the grace,
Which makes her both the heart and place
Of general wonder. But, alack,
That monster envy, oft the wrack
Of earned praise, Marina's life
Seeks to take off by treason's knife.
And in this kind hath our Cleon

17 *that's*] *thats* Q_1Q_5. *and that is* Anon conj.
18 *gift*] *gift's* Anon. conj.
[Exeunt.] Rowe. Exit. QqF$_3$F$_4$.
ACT IV.] Malone.
1 *arrived*] om. Steevens.
2 *and settled*] om. Steevens.
3 *we leave at Ephesus*] *leave at Ephess* Steevens.
4 *Unto Diana there as*] *To Dian there* Steevens.
there as] Edd. *ther's* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_5$. *there's* The rest. *there* Malone.
votaress] F$_4$. *Votaresse* F$_3$. *Votarisse* Qq.
8 *music, letters*] Malone. *Musicks letters* $Q_1Q_2Q_3F_3F_4$. *musickes letters* $Q_4Q_5Q_6$.
10 *her...heart*] Malone (Steevens). *hie ...art* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_6$. *high...art* $Q_5F_3F_4$. *her...act* Collier conj.
14 *Seeks*] Rowe. *Seeke* Qq. *Seek* F$_3$F$_4$.
14, 15 *knife. And...Cleon*] *knife, And in this kind: Cleon doth own* Daniel conj. *knife, And in his kind, Cleon doth own* Hudson (1881).
15, 16. *hath our Cleon...a wench full grown*] Malone (Steevens). *our Cleon hath...a full growne wench* QqF$_3$F$_4$.

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One daughter, and a wench full grown,
Even ripe for marriage rite; this maid
Hight Philoten: and it is said
For certain in our story, she
Would ever with Marina be:
Be't when she weaved the sleided silk
With fingers long, small, white as milk;
Or when she would with sharp needle wound
The cambric, which she made more sound
By hurting it; or when to the lute
She sung, and made the night-bird mute,
That still records with moan; or when
She would with rich and constant pen
Vail to her mistress Dian; still
This Philoten contends in skill
With absolute Marina: so
With the dove of Paphos might the crow
Vie feathers white. Marina gets
All praises, which are paid as debts,
And not as given. This so darks
In Philoten all graceful marks,
That Cleon's wife, with envy rare,

16, 17 *and.....Even*] *even...And* Lettsom conj.
17 *ripe*] *right* Q_1.
marriage rite] Singer, ed. 2 (Collier). *marriage rites* Percy conj. *marriage sight* QqF_3F_4. *marriage fight* Malone (Steevens). *marriage night* Steevens conj.
21 *Be't*] F_3F_4. *Beet* Qq.
she] Malone. *they* QqF_3F_4.
sleided] Malone (1790). *sleded* Qq F_3. *sledded* F_4.
23 *she would*] *she 'ld* Daniel conj.
needle] *neeld* Malone.
24 *cambric*] *Chambricke* Q_3.
25 *to the*] Malone. *to th'* F_3F_4. *too'th* Qq.
26 *night-bird*] Malone. *night bed* Qq F_3F_4.
27 *with moan*] *with mone* Q_1Q_2. *within one* The rest.
29 *Vail*] *Wail* Singer, ed. 2 (Malone conj.). *Hail* Steevens conj.
Dian; still] Malone. *Dian still*, Qq. *Dion still*, F_3F_4.
32 *With the dove...the crow*] Steevens (Mason conj.). *The Doue...with the crow* QqF_3F_4.
34 *as debts*] *by debts* Q_6.

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A present murderer does prepare
For good Marina, that her daughter
Might stand peerless by this slaughter.
The sooner her vile thoughts to stead,
Lychorida, our nurse, is dead:
And cursed Dionyza hath
The pregnant instrument of wrath
Prest for this blow. The unborn event
I do commend to your content:
Only I carry winged time
Post on the lame feet of my rhyme;
Which never could I so convey,
Unless your thoughts went on my way.
Dionyza does appear,
With Leonine, a murderer. [*Exit.*

SCENE I. *Tarsus. An open place near the sea-shore.*

Enter DIONYZA *with* LEONINE.

Dion. Thy oath remember; thou hast sworn to do't:
'Tis but a blow, which never shall be known.
Thou canst not do a thing in the world so soon,
To yield thee so much profit. Let not conscience,

38 *murderer*] *murder* S. Walker conj.
40 *stand*] *stand up* Elze conj.
43 *cursed*] *cutsed* Q_2.
44 *wrath*] F_3F_4. *wrath.* Qq.
45 *blow. The*] Malone. *blow, the* Qq F_3F_4.
46 *content*] *consent* Steevens conj. *intent* Daniel conj.
47 *carry*] Steevens. *carried* QqF_3F_4.
48 *on*] *one* Q_1.
51 *does*] Q_1. *doth* The rest.
52 *murderer*] *murtherer* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$.
SCENE I.] Malone.
Tarsus...sea-shore.] Tharsus... Malone.
with Leonine.] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. and Leonine. The rest.
1—8 *Thy...purpose.*] Divided as by Rowe and Malone. Prose in QqF_3F_4.
1 *do't*] *doo't* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *do it* The rest.
3 *in the*] *i' the* Steevens.

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Which is but cold, inflaming love i' thy bosom, 5
Inflame too nicely; nor let pity, which
Even women have cast off, melt thee, but be
A soldier to thy purpose.

Leon. I will do't; but yet she is a goodly creature.

Dion. The fitter then the gods should have her. Here she comes weeping for her only mistress' death. Thou art resolved? 12

Leon. I am resolved.

Enter MARINA, *with a basket of flowers.*

Mar. No, I will rob Tellus of her weed,

5 *but*] *best* Jackson conj. *inflaming love i' thy bosom,*] Knight. *in flaming, thy loue bosome,* Q_1. *in flaming thy loue bosome,* $Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_5$ Q_6. *inflaming thy love bosome,* F_3 F_4. *inflame love in thy bosom,* Malone. *inflame thy loving bosom,* Steevens conj. *in flaming thy live bosom* Jackson conj. *in flaming love, thy bosom* Anon. conj. (1814). *in-flaming love, thy bosom* Singer. *in-fusing love in thy bosom* Collier conj. *enfeeble; nor love thy bosom* Bailey conj. *enforcing law, thy bosom* Hudson (1881).

6 *Inflame too nicely*] om. Malone conj., reading *Nor...purpose* as two lines, the first ending *off*. *Inform too nicely* Collier (ed. 2) and Hudson (1881).

6, 7 *pity, which Even women*] *that pity women* Steevens conj., reading the rest as Malone conj.

7, 8 *Even...purpose.*] Divided as by Malone. Rowe ends line 7 at *thee.*

8—12 *A soldier...resolved?*] S. Walker would end the lines *yet.....then... weeping...resolv'd?*

9 *I will*] *I'll* Malone.

10—12 *The...resolved?*] As prose by Edd. (Globe ed.). Three lines, the first two ending *her...death*, in Qq F_3F_4. Malone (1780) ends lines 10, 11 *her...mistress.* Malone (1790) ends them *here...death.*

10 *gods*] *gods above* Malone.

11 *Here...for*] *Here comes she weeping for* Percy conj. *Here she comes, weeping* Mason conj. *Here Weeping she comes for* Steevens. *Here She comes still weeping* Hudson (1881), dividing the line as Malone (1790). *only mistress' death.*] *onely Mistresse death,* Qq. *onely Mistresse death:* F_3. *only Mistress Death:* F_4. *only mistress. Death*— Malone (1780). *old mistress' death.* Malone (1790). *old nurse's death.* Steevens (Percy conj.) and Hudson (1881). *only nurse's death.* Nicholson conj.

12 *resolved?*] *resolude.* Q_1.

14—21 *No,...friends.*] Divided as by Rowe. Prose in QqF_3F_4.

14 *No,*] *No, no,* Malone, 1780 (Steevens). *Now,* Malone conj. (withdrawn). *So;* Elze conj.
rob] *disrobe* Malone conj. (withdrawn). *go rob* Anon. conj.
Tellus] *gay Tellus* Rowe.

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To strew thy green with flowers: the yellows, blues,
The purple violets, and marigolds,
Shall, as a carpet, hang upon thy grave,
While summer-days do last. Ay me! poor maid,
Born in a tempest, when my mother died,
This world to me is like a lasting storm,
Whirring me from my friends.

Dion. How now, Marina! why do you keep alone?
How chance my daughter is not with you?
Do not consume your blood with sorrowing:
You have a nurse of me. Lord, how your favour's
Changed with this unprofitable woe!
Come, give me your flowers, ere the sea mar it.
Walk with Leonine; the air is quick there,

15 *green*] *greene* Qq. *Grave* F_3F_4.
17 *carpet*] *chaplet* Malone, 1780 (Steevens).
18 *do*] Q_6. *doth* The rest.
Ay] *Aye* QqF_3F_4. *Ah* Malone.
20 *like*] $Q_4Q_5Q_6F_3F_4$. om. $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *as* Edd. conj.
lasting] *blasting* Malone conj.
21 *Whirring*] *whirring* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *hurrying* The rest.
22—30 *How...her.*] Divided as in Qq F_3F_4. Malone (1780) ends the lines *alone?...not...have...chang'd...come, ...sea,...there,...Come,...her.* In Malone (1790) lines 26, 27 end *woe!... mar it.* Steevens ends line 27 *mar it*, the rest as Malone (1780).
22 *do you keep*] *keep you* Hudson (1881).
do you] *doe yow* Q_1. *doe you* Q_2Q_3. *de' ye* The rest.
keep] Q_1. *weepe* $Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6$. *weep* F_3F_4.
23 *chance*] *chances it* Anon. conj.
25 *You have...me.*] $Q_4Q_5Q_6F_3F_4$. *Have you...me?* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *Have you not ...me?* Malone conj. *Have you... me.* Anon. conj.
how] om. Rowe (ed. 2).
favour's] $Q_4Q_5Q_6F_3F_4$. *favours* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$.
26 *Changed*] *Changd* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *Chang'd*, $Q_4F_3F_4$. *Chang'd* Q_5. *Chang,d* Q_6.
26—31 S. Walker would end the lines *come...walk forth...and...Leonine... you.*
27 *Come,*] *Come, come,* Malone (1780).
flowers] *wreath of flowers* Malone (1780) and S. Walker conj.
27, 28 *flowers,... Walk*] *wreath of flowers. Ere...it, Walk forth* Singer (ed. 1).
ere... Walk with] *on the sea-margent walk With* Hudson (1881), arranging 22—26 as Malone (1780), and ending 27—30 at *walk...and...Come,...her.* Elze follows Hudson, but would read *there the sea-margent walk &c.*
27 *mar it*] *mar them* Knight. *mar't* S. Walker conj.
28 *Walk*] *Walk on the shore* Malone conj., reading *Walk...air* as one line. *Walk forth* Steevens.
air is] *air's* Malone (1780).
quick] *quicker* Anon. conj.

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And it pierces and sharpens the stomach.
Come, Leonine, take her by the arm, walk with her.
Mar. No, I pray you; I'll not bereave you of your servant.
Dion. Come, come;
I love the king your father and yourself
With more than foreign heart. We every day
Expect him here: when he shall come, and find
Our paragon to all reports thus blasted,
He will repent the breadth of his great voyage;
Blame both my lord and me, that we have taken
No care to your best courses. Go, I pray you,
Walk, and be cheerful once again; reserve
That excellent complexion, which did steal
The eyes of young and old. Care not for me;
I can go home alone.
Mar. Well, I will go;
But yet I have no desire to it.
Dion. Come, come, I know 'tis good for you.
Walk half an hour, Leonine, at the least:
Remember what I have said.
Leon. I warrant you, madam.
Dion. I'll leave you, my sweet lady, for a while:

29 *And it pierces and sharpens*] *Piercing, and sharpens well* Steevens, ending the line *Come.* *sharpens*] *sharps* S. Walker conj. *will sharp* Hudson (1881). *sharpens well* Elze conj.
31, 32 *No...servant.*] One line in QqF$_3$F$_4$. Two lines, the first ending *pray you;* in Rowe.
32—43 *Come,...old.*] Divided as by Rowe. Prose in QqF$_3$F$_4$.
34 *I love*] *Ile love* Q$_5$.
36 *shall*] *stall* Q$_2$.
39 *taken*] *ta'en* Malone.
40 *to*] *of* Mason conj.
41 *reserve*] *preserve* S. Walker conj.
43, 44 *Care...alone.*] As in Rowe. Prose in Q$_1$Q$_2$Q$_3$. As a separate line in Q$_4$Q$_5$Q$_6$F$_3$F$_4$.
44, 45 *Well...it.*] Divided as by Rowe. One line in QqF$_3$F$_4$.
45 *But*] *And* So quoted by S. Walker. *to it*] *too it* Q$_1$Q$_2$. *to't* S. Walker conj., ending the line *Come, come.*
49—51 *I'll...you.*] Divided as by Rowe. Prose in QqF$_3$F$_4$.

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Pray, walk softly, do not heat your blood:
What! I must have care of you.
Mar. My thanks, sweet madam.
[*Exit Dionyza.*
Is this wind westerly that blows?
Leon. South-west.
Mar. When I was born, the wind was north.
Leon. Was 't so?
Mar. My father, as nurse said, did never fear,
But cried 'Good seamen!' to the sailors, galling
His kingly hands, haling ropes;
And, clasping to the mast, endured a sea
That almost burst the deck.
Leon. When was this?
Mar. When I was born:
Never was waves nor wind more violent;
And from the ladder-tackle washes off
A canvas-climber. 'Ha!' says one, 'wilt out?'
And with a dropping industry they skip
From stem to stern: the boatswain whistles, and
The master calls and trebles their confusion.

50 *Pray,*] *Pray you* Malone.
heat] *hear* Rowe (ed. 2).
51 *care*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *a care* The rest.
51, 52 *My...blows?*] Divided as by Malone. Prose in QqF_3F_4.
51 *My thanks*] *Thanks* Steevens. [Exit Dionyza.] Malone. Exit. Rowe, after *you*. om. QqF_3F_4.
52 *this*] Q_1. *the* The rest.
53 *Was't*] F_3F_4. *Wast* Qq.
54—58 *My...deck.*] Divided as by Malone. Prose in QqF_3F_4.
54 *as nurse said*] Malone. *as nutse ses* Q_1. *as nurse ses* Q_2. *as nurseses* Q_3. *as nurse saith* The rest.
56 *haling ropes*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *hailing ropes* The rest. *with hauling of the ropes* Malone. *with haling of the ropes* Hudson (1881).
58—67 See note (XII).
60—66 *When...confusion.*] Prose in Qq F_3F_4.
60—64 *When...skip*] Divided as by Rowe.
63 *says*] *ses* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *saith* The rest. *wilt out?*] *wolt out?* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$.
64 *dropping*] *dripping* Collier (ed. 2).
65, 66 *From...confusion*] Divided as by Malone. Three lines, ending *stern: ...calls...confusion*, in Rowe.
65 *stem to stern*] Malone. *sterne to sterne* Qq. *stern to stern* F_3F_4. *whistles, and*] *whistles,* Steevens.

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Leon. Come, say your prayers.
Mar. What mean you?
Leon. If you require a little space for prayer,
I grant it: pray; but be not tedious,
For the gods are quick of ear, and I am sworn
To do my work with haste.
Mar. Why will you kill me?
Leon. To satisfy my lady.
Mar. Why would she have me kill'd?
Now, as I can remember, by my troth,
I never did her hurt in all my life:
I never spake bad word, nor did ill turn
To any living creature: believe me, la,
I never kill'd a mouse, nor hurt a fly:
I trod upon a worm against my will,
But I wept for it. How have I offended,
Wherein my death might yield her any profit,
Or my life imply her any danger?
Leon. My commission
Is not to reason of the deed, but do 't.
Mar. You will not do 't for all the world, I hope.

67 *prayers*] *prayers speedily* Steevens.
69—72 *If...haste.*] Divided as by Malone. Prose in QqF_3F_4. Four lines, ending *prayer, ... tedious; ... ear, ... haste* in Rowe.
70, 71 *I grant...For*] One line, S. Walker conj.
72 *Why will*] Q_1. *Why, will* The rest.
74—83 *Why...danger?*] Divided as by Malone. Prose in QqF_3F_4. Nine lines, ending *can...hurt her...word, ...creature;...mouse,...worm once... offended,.....profit,.....danger?* in Rowe.
74, 75 *kill'd? Now*] Malone. *kild now? Qq. kill'd now? F_3F_4.*
78 *la*] Malone. *law* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *now* The rest.
80 *I trod*] *Aye trod* Nicholson conj. *Nor trod* Daniel conj.
worm] *worme* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *worm once* F_4. *worme once* The rest.
82, 83 *her any profit...her any danger*] *her profit...her danger* Steevens, ending line 82 *or. her profit...her any danger* Grant White, arranging as Steevens.
83 *danger?*] *danger.* Boswell.
84, 85 *My.....do 't.*] As in Rowe. Prose in QqF_3F_4.
85 *do 't.*] *do it.* Rowe.
86—92 *You.....weaker.*] Divided as by Rowe. Prose in QqF_3F_4.

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You are well favour'd, and your looks foreshow
You have a gentle heart. I saw you lately,
When you caught hurt in parting two that fought:
Good sooth, it show'd well in you: do so now:
Your lady seeks my life; come you between,
And save poor me, the weaker.
Leon. I am sworn,
And will dispatch. [*He seizes her.*

Enter Pirates.

First Pirate. Hold, villain! [*Leonine runs away.*
Sec. Pirate. A prize! a prize!
Third Pirate. Half-part, mates, half-part. Come let's have her aboard suddenly. [*Exeunt Pirates with Marina.*

Re-enter LEONINE.

Leon. These roguing thieves serve the great pirate Valdes;
And they have seized Marina. Let her go:
There's no hope she will return. I'll swear she's dead,
And thrown into the sea. But I'll see further:
Perhaps they will but please themselves upon her,

87 *favour'd*] Rowe. *favoured* QqF_3F_4.
88 *a gentle*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *a very gentle* The rest.
89 *caught*] *chaught* Q_3.
90 *show'd*] *shewed* F_3F_4.
91 *life; come you*] *life Come, you* Q_1.
92, 93 *I...dispatch.*] Divided as by Malone. One line in QqF_3F_4.
93 [He seizes her.] Edd. (Globe ed.). om. QqF_3F_4.
94 Enter Pirates.] Enter Pirates, whilst she is struggling. Malone (1780). [Leonine runs away.] Malone. om. QqF_3F_4.
97 [Exeunt...Marina.] Malone. Exit. $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_6$. om. Q_5. Exeunt. F_3F_4.
98 Re-enter Leonine.] Enter Leonine. QqF_3F_4. SCENE II. The same. Re-enter Leonine. Malone (1780).
98—103 *These...remain,*] As in Rowe. Prose in QqF_3F_4.
98 *roguing*] *roving* Steevens (Mason conj.).
100 *she will*] *she'll* Malone.
102 *but please*] *not please* Q_5.

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Not carry her aboard. If she remain,
Whom they have ravish'd must by me be slain. *Exit.*

SCENE II. *Mytilene. A room in a brothel.*

Enter PANDAR, Bawd, *and* BOULT.

Pand. Boult!

Boult. Sir?

Pand. Search the market narrowly; Mytilene is full of gallants. We lost too much money this mart by being too wenchless.

Bawd. We were never so much out of creatures. We have but poor three, and they can do no more than they can do; and they with continual action are even as good as rotten.

Pand. Therefore let's have fresh ones, whate'er we pay for them. If there be not a conscience to be used in every trade, we shall never prosper.

Bawd. Thou sayest true: 'tis not our bringing up of poor bastards,—as, I think, I have brought up some eleven—

Boult. Ay, to eleven; and brought them down again. But shall I search the market?

104 *by me*] om. Q_5.
[Exit.] Qq. om. F_3F_4.
SCENE II.] Dyce. SCENE III. Malone.
Mytilene...] Mitylene... Malone.
Enter...Boult.] F_3F_4. Enter the three Bawdes. Qq.
1 *Boult!*] *Boult.* QqF_3F_4. *Boult,*— Dyce.
2 *Sir?*] Edd. *Sir.* QqF_3F_4.
4 *too much*] *too much much* Q_1. *much* Anon. conj.
8 *and they with*] *and with* Malone.
13 *our*] *the* Steevens.
14 *bastards,—*] *bastarts,* Q_3. *bastards,* The rest. *bastards that will do;* Malone conj.
have] om. F_4.
15 *eleven—*] Malone. *eleuen.* QqF_3F_4.
16 *Ay, to eleven*] Malone. *I to eleuen* Qq. *I too eleven* F_3F_4. *Ay, to a leaven* Grant White.

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Bawd. What else, man? The stuff we have, a strong wind will blow it to pieces, they are so pitifully sodden.

Pand. Thou sayest true; they 're too unwholesome, o' conscience. The poor Transylvanian is dead, that lay with the little baggage.

Boult. Ay, she quickly pooped him; she made him roast-meat for worms. But I 'll go search the market. [*Exit.*

Pand. Three or four thousand chequins were as pretty a proportion to live quietly, and so give over.

Bawd. Why to give over, I pray you? is it a shame to get when we are old?

Pand. O, our credit comes not in like the commodity, nor the commodity wages not with the danger: therefore, if in our youths we could pick up some pretty estate, 'twere not amiss to keep our door hatched. Besides, the sore terms we stand upon with the gods will be strong with us for giving o'er.

Bawd. Come, other sorts offend as well as we.

Pand. As well as we! ay, and better too; we offend worse. Neither is our profession any trade; it 's no calling. But here comes Boult.

Re-enter BOULT, *with the* Pirates *and* MARINA.

Boult. [*To Marina*] Come your ways. My masters, you say she 's a virgin?

19 *pitifully*] *pittifull* Q_6.
20 *they 're too*] Malone. *ther's two* Q_1 $Q_2Q_3Q_6$. *there's two* The rest.
21 *o'*] Malone. *a* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *in* The rest.
23 *pooped*] *popp'd* Grant White.
24 [Exit.] om. Q_6.
25 *or four*] *are foure* Q_6.
chequins] Malone. *Checkins* Q_1. *Chickins* Q_2Q_3. *Chickeens* $Q_4Q_5Q_6F_2$. *Chickens* F_4.
34 *o'er*] *over* Malone.
35 *sorts*] *trades* Malone conj.
39 Re-enter...] Dyce. Enter... QqF_2 F_4, substantially. Enter the Pirates, and Boult dragging in Marina. Malone.
the] om. F_3F_4.
Marina.] Mirana. F_3.
[To Marina] Malone.
ways. My] Malone. *wayes my* Qq. *wayes, my* F_3. *ways, my* F_4.
40 *virgin?*] *virgin.* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$.

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First Pirate. O, sir, we doubt it not.

Boult. Master, I have gone through for this piece, you see: if you like her, so; if not, I have lost my earnest.

Bawd. Boult, has she any qualities? 45

Boult. She has a good face, speaks well, and has excellent good clothes: there's no farther necessity of qualities can make her be refused.

Bawd. What's her price, Boult?

Boult. I cannot be bated one doit of a thousand pieces. 51

Pand. Well, follow me, my masters, you shall have your money presently. Wife, take her in; instruct her what she has to do, that she may not be raw in her entertainment. [*Exeunt Pandar and Pirates.* 55

Bawd. Boult, take you the marks of her, the colour of her hair, complexion, height, her age, with warrant of her virginity; and cry 'He that will give most shall have her first.' Such a maidenhead were no cheap thing, if men were as they have been. Get this done as I command you. 61

Boult. Performance shall follow. [*Exit.*

Mar. Alack that Leonine was so slack, so slow!
He should have struck, not spoke; or that these pirates,

41 First Pirate.] Malone. Sayler. Q_1 Q_2Q_3. Sayl. The rest. Pirat. Rowe.
42, 44 *Master,...earnest.*] Prose in F_4. Two lines in the rest.
42 *through*] *thorough* Malone.
43 *so; if*] *so if* Q_3.
46 *and has*] *and hath* F_4.
47 *farther*] *further* Q_6.
50 Boult. *I*] First Pirate. *I* Malone conj. Boult. *It* Hudson, 1881 (Dyce conj.).
55 [Exeunt...] Malone. om. QqF_3F_4.
57 *her age*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *age* The rest.
62 [Exit.] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_6$. After line 63 in Q_5. Omitted in F_3F_4.
63—66 *Alack...mother!*] Arranged as by Malone (1790). Prose in Q_1Q_2 Q_3. Four lines, ending *slow:.....spoke,...barbarous,...mother*, in the rest. The lines end *slow!...pirates, ...over-board...mother!* in Malone (1780).
64 *struck*] F_3F_4. *strooke* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *strucke* $Q_4Q_5Q_6$.

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Not enough barbarous, had not o'erboard thrown me
For to seek my mother!

Bawd. Why lament you, pretty one?

Mar. That I am pretty.

Bawd. Come, the gods have done their part in you.

Mar. I accuse them not.

Bawd. You are light into my hands, where you are like to live.

Mar. The more my fault,
To 'scape his hands where I was like to die.

Bawd. Ay, and you shall live in pleasure.

Mar. No.

Bawd. Yes, indeed shall you, and taste gentlemen of all fashions: you shall fare well; you shall have the difference of all complexions. What! do you stop your ears?

Mar. Are you a woman?

Bawd. What would you have me be, an I be not a woman?

Mar. An honest woman, or not a woman.

Bawd. Marry, whip thee, gosling: I think I shall

65 *Not*] *Now* Jackson conj.
had...thrown] *did...throw* Malone conj.
had not] *Had* Rowe (ed. 2). *had but* Malone (1780).
o'erboard] *over-board* Malone (1780).

66 *For to*] *to* Malone (1780). *forth, to* Jackson conj., arranging as Malone (1780).

67 *lament*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *weepe* or *weep* The rest.

71, 72 *You.....live.*] Prose in $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. Two lines in the rest.

71 *light*] *lit* Malone.

73, 74 *The...die.*] Divided as by Malone (1790). Prose in $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. Two lines, the first ending *hands*, in the rest. Malone (1780) ends the first line *I*.

73 *more my fault,*] *worse my fate,* Collier conj.
more] Qq. *more's* F_3F_4.

74 *like*] om. $Q_1Q_2Q_3$.

79 *do you*] *doe you* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *de' ye* The rest. *d' ye* Rowe (ed. 2).

82 *an*] Malone. *and* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *if* The rest.

85 *thee,*] F_3F_4. *thee* $Q_4Q_5Q_6$. *the* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$.

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have something to do with you. Come, you're a young foolish sapling, and must be bowed as I would have you.

Mar. The gods defend me! 89

Bawd. If it please the gods to defend you by men, then men must comfort you, men must feed you, men must stir you up. Boult's returned.

Re-enter BOULT.

Now, sir, hast thou cried her through the market?

Boult. I have cried her almost to the number of her hairs; I have drawn her picture with my voice. 95

Bawd. And I prithee tell me, how dost thou find the inclination of the people, especially of the younger sort?

Boult. Faith, they listened to me as they would have hearkened to their father's testament. There was a Spaniard's mouth so watered, that he went to bed to her very description. 102

Bawd. We shall have him here to-morrow with his best ruff on.

Boult. To-night, to-night. But, mistress, do you know the French knight that cowers i' the hams? 106

Bawd. Who, Monsieur Veroles?

Boult. Ay, he: he offered to cut a caper at the

86 *have*] om. Q_4Q_6.
you're] *you'r* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *y' are* Q_4Q_5 F_3F_4. *ye' are* Q_6.
88 *you.*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *ye.* The rest.
92 *must stir*] $Q_4Q_5Q_6F_3F_4$. *stir* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$.
93 Re-enter Boult.] Collier. Enter Boult. $Q_4Q_5Q_6F_3F_4$. Omitted in Q_1 Q_2Q_3.
96 *And I prithee*] *And I prethee* Q_1Q_2 Q_3. *And prethee* Q_4Q_6. *I prethy* Q_5. *And prithee* F_3F_4.
101 *so watered, that*] *watred, and* Q_1Q_2 Q_3.
106 *cowers i' the*] *cowres ethe* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *cowres i' th* $Q_4Q_6F_3$. *cowtes! 'th* Q_5. *cowres i' th'* F_4.
107 *Veroles*] Malone. *Verollu* Q_5. *Verollus* The rest.
108 *Ay, he: he*] Edd. (Globe ed.). *I, he, he* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *I, he* $Q_4Q_5Q_6F_3F_4$. *Ay, he* Rowe.

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proclamation; but he made a groan at it, and swore he would see her to-morrow.

Bawd. Well, well; as for him, he brought his disease hither: here he does but repair it. I know he will come in our shadow, to scatter his crowns in the sun.

Boult. Well, if we had of every nation a traveller, we should lodge them with this sign.

Bawd. Pray you, come hither awhile. You have fortunes coming upon you. Mark me: you must seem to do that fearfully which you commit willingly, despise profit where you have most gain. To weep that you live as ye do makes pity in your lovers: seldom but that pity begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a mere profit.

Mar. I understand you not.

Boult. O, take her home, mistress, take her home: these blushes of hers must be quenched with some present practice.

Bawd. Thou sayest true, i' faith, so they must; for your bride goes to that with shame which is her way to go with warrant.

Boult. Faith, some do, and some do not. But, mistress, if I have bargained for the joint,—

Bawd. Thou mayst cut a morsel off the spit.

Boult. I may so.

113 *in...sun*] *in, to scatter his crowns in the shadow of our sun* Steevens conj. (withdrawn).
in our shadow] *on our shadow* Mason conj.
in the sun] *of the sun* S. Walker conj.
116 *awhile*] Q_3. *a while* The rest.
118 *despise*] *to despise* Malone.
120 *as ye*] Q_2Q_3. *as yee* Q_1. *as you* The rest.
lovers: seldom] Malone. *Louers seldome*, $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_6F_3$. *lovers sildome*, Q_4Q_5. *lovers seldom*, F_4.
122 *mere*] *more* Collier conj.
127 Bawd.] F_4. Baud. F_3. Mari. Qq.
131 *joint,—*] Malone. A comma in Q_4 Q_6; a full stop in the rest.
132 *spit.*] *spit?* Anon. conj.

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Bawd. Who should deny it? Come, young one, I like the manner of your garments well.

Boult. Ay, by my faith, they shall not be changed yet.

Bawd. Boult, spend thou that in the town: report what a sojourner we have; you'll lose nothing by custom. When nature framed this piece, she meant thee a good turn; therefore say what a paragon she is, and thou hast the harvest out of thine own report.

Boult. I warrant you, mistress, thunder shall not so awake the beds of eels as my giving out her beauty stir up the lewdly-inclined. I'll bring home some to-night.

Bawd. Come your ways; follow me.

Mar. If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep,
Untied I still my virgin knot will keep.
Diana, aid my purpose!

Bawd. What have we to do with Diana? Pray you, will you go with us? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Tarsus. A room in the Governor's house.*

Enter CLEON *and* DIONYZA.

Dion. Why, are you foolish? Can it be undone?

Cle. O Dionyza, such a piece of slaughter
The sun and moon ne'er look'd upon!

Dion. I think
You'll turn a child again.

134 *Who...it?*] As in Malone. A separate line in QqF_3F_4.
139 *lose*] *loose* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$.
144 *stir*] Malone. *stirs* QqF_3F_4.
150 *Diana?*] *Diana*, $Q_1Q_2Q_3$.
151 *will you go*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *go* The rest.
us?] Q_1. *us.* The rest.
SCENE III.] Dyce. SCENE IV. Malone.
Tarsus...house.] Malone substantially.
1 *Why,*] Malone. *Why* QqF_3F_4.
are] *ere* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$.
foolish?] Malone. *foolish*, QqF_3F_4.
3, 4 *I...again.*] Divided as by Steevens. One line in QqF_3F_4.
4 *child*] *chidle* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$.
again] *agen* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$.

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Cle. Were I chief lord of all this spacious world,
I 'ld give it to undo the deed. O lady,
Much less in blood than virtue, yet a princess
To equal any single crown o' the earth
I' the justice of compare! O villain Leonine!
Whom thou hast poison'd too:
If thou hadst drunk to him, 't had been a kindness
Becoming well thy fact: what canst thou say
When noble Pericles shall demand his child?

Dion. That she is dead. Nurses are not the fates,
To foster it, nor ever to preserve.
She died at night; I 'll say so. Who can cross it?
Unless you play the pious innocent,
And for an honest attribute cry out
'She died by foul play.'

Cle. O, go to. Well, well,
Of all the faults beneath the heavens, the gods
Do like this worst.

Dion. Be one of those that think
The petty wrens of Tarsus will fly hence
And open this to Pericles. I do shame
To think of what a noble strain you are

5—46 *Were...done?*] Arranged as by Malone. Prose in $Q_qF_3F_4$.
5 *Were...world,*] Verse first in Rowe.
this] *the* Boswell.
7 *princess*] *princes* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$.
8 *o' the*] *ath* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *of the* The rest.
8, 9 *earth I' the*] *earth-ith* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *earth, in the* The rest.
10 *poison'd*] *poisned* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *poisoned* The rest.
11 *'t had*] Dyce. *tad* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *it had* The rest.
12 *fact*] Singer, ed. 2 (Dyce). *face* Qq F_3F_4. *feat* Steevens (Mason conj.).
13 *child?*] *child.* Q_2Q_3.
15 *preserve*] *preser* Q_3.
16 *at night*] *by night* Steevens.
16, 17 *it?...innocent,*] Pointed as by Malone. *it...innocent,* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *it, ...innocent,* The rest. *it,...innocent?* Rowe.
17 *you play*] *you pray* Q_3.
pious] Collier (Mason conj. and Wilkins' Novel). *impious* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. The rest omit.
19 *to*] F_4. *too* QqF_3.
21 *think*] Malone. *thinkes* Qq. *thinks* F_3F_4.
22 *petty*] *pettie* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *pretty* The rest.

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And of how coward a spirit.

Cle. To such proceeding
Who ever but his approbation added,
Though not his prime consent, he did not flow
From honourable sources.

Dion. Be it so, then:
Yet none does know, but you, how she came dead,
Nor none can know, Leonine being gone.
She did distain my child, and stood between
Her and her fortunes: none would look on her,
But cast their gazes on Marina's face;
Whilst ours was blurted at, and held a malkin,
Not worth the time of day. It pierced me thorough;
And though you call my course unnatural,
You not your child well loving, yet I find
It greets me as an enterprise of kindness
Perform'd to your sole daughter.

Cle. Heavens forgive it!

Dion. And as for Pericles,
What should he say? We wept after her hearse,
And yet we mourn: her monument
Is almost finish'd, and her epitaphs

25 *coward*] *cow'd* Steevens.
27 *prime consent*] Dyce. *prince consent* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *whole consent* The rest. *pre-consent* Malone (Steevens).
28 *sources*] Dyce. *courses* QqF_3F_4.
29 *does*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *doth* The rest.
30 *know*] *know now* Dyce, ed. 2 (S. Walker conj.).
31 *distain*] Singer (Steevens conj.). *disdaine* Qq. *disdain* F_3F_4.
33 *Marina's*] *Marianas* Q_1.
34 *blurted*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *blurred* $Q_4Q_5F_3F_4$. *blorred* Q_6.
malkin] Malone. *Mowkin* Q_3. *Mawkin* The rest.
38, 39 *It...daughter.*] Malone suspects this passage to be corrupt.
39 *your*] *our* Dyce, ed. 2 (S. Walker conj.).
40—46 *And...done.*] Six lines, ending *say?...mourn:...epitaph...express...us,...done*, in Rowe.
41 *say?*] *say*, $Q_1Q_2Q_3$.
42 *yet*] *even yet* Malone.
mourn] *mourn for her* Elze conj.
43 *Is*] *is* Qq. om. F_3F_4.
finish'd] Malone. *finished* QqF_3F_4.
epitaphs] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *epitaph* The rest.

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In glittering golden characters express
A general praise to her, and care in us
At whose expense 'tis done.
Cle. Thou art like the harpy,
Which, to betray, dost, with thine angel's face,
Seize with thine eagle's talons.
Dion. You are like one that superstitiously
Doth swear to the gods that winter kills the flies:
But yet I know you'll do as I advise. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Enter Gower, *before the monument of Marina at Tarsus.*

Gow. Thus time we waste, and longest leagues make short;
Sail seas in cockles, have and wish but for 't;
Making, to take our imagination,

44 *glittering*] *glitterind* Q_3.
46—48 *Thou.....talons.*] Divided as in $Q_4Q_5Q_6F_3F_4$. *Thou...harpie* as one line, the rest prose, in $Q_1Q_2Q_3$.
47, 48* *dost...Seize*] *dost wear thine angel's face; Seize* Malone conj. *dost with thine angel's face Hang out fair shews of love, that thou may'st surer Seize* Steevens conj. (withdrawn). *doth wear an angel's face, Seize* Steevens. *doth use an angel's face, Then seize* Hudson (1881).
47 *thine*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *thy* The rest.
48 *Seize*] F_4. *cease* The rest. *Allure, and then seize* Elze conj.
thine] *an* Steevens. om. Hudson (1881).
talons] Rowe. *talents* QqF_3F_4.
49 *You are*] *Yere* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$.
superstitiously] *superciliously* Mason conj. (withdrawn).
50, 51 *Doth...advise.*] As in $Q_4Q_5Q_6F_3F_4$. Three lines, ending *kills...youle... advise* in $Q_1Q_2Q_3$.
50 *Doth*] *Doe* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$.
swear to] *swear* Anon. conj.
to the] *to th'* F_3F_4. *too 'th* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *to'th* Q_4Q_5. *to 'he* Q_6.
51 *advise*] *advise you* S. Walker conj., ending the previous lines *one...gods ...know.*
[Exeunt.] Rowe. Exit. $Q_4Q_5Q_6F_3F_4$. om. $Q_1Q_2Q_3$.
Scene iv. Enter Gower...] Malone. Enter Gower. Qq. Actus Quartus. Enter Gower. F_3F_4. Act iv. Scene i. Enter Gower. Rowe.
2 *and*] QqF_3F_4. *an* Dyce.
for 't] F_3F_4. *fort* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_5$. *for* Q_6.
3 *Making,*] Malone (1780). *Making* QqF_3F_4.
to...imagination] Put in a parenthesis by Malone.
take] *task* Malone conj.
our] QqF_3F_4. *your* Malone. *on your* Nicholson conj. om. Hudson (1881).

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From bourn to bourn, region to region.
By you being pardon'd, we commit no crime
To use one language in each several clime
Where our scenes seem to live. I do beseech you
To learn of me, who stand i' the gaps to teach you
The stages of our story. Pericles
Is now again thwarting the wayward seas,
Attended on by many a lord and knight,
To see his daughter, all his life's delight.
Old Helicanus goes along: behind
Is left to govern it, you bear in mind
Old Escanes, whom Helicanus late
Advanced in time to great and high estate.
Well-sailing ships and bounteous winds have brought
This king to Tarsus,—think his pilot thought;
So with his steerage shall your thoughts grow on,—
To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone.

5 *pardon'd*] *pardoned* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *par-d'ned* $Q_4Q_5Q_6$.

7, 8 *Where.....teach you*] Four lines, ending *liue,...you,...gappes...you,* in $Q_1Q_2Q_3$.

7 *seem*] F_3F_4. *seemes* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *seeme* $Q_4Q_5Q_6$.

7, 8 *you.....you*] *ye...ye* So quoted by Steevens.

8 *stand i' the*] Malone (Steevens). *stand with* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *stands in* The rest.

8, 9 *you The*] F_4. *you. The* The rest.

9 *story. Pericles*] Malone. *story, Pericles* F_4. *storie* (or *story*) *Pericles* The rest.

10 *the*] *thy* Q_1.

12 *life's*] Rowe. *liues* QqF_3F_4.

13—16 *Old...estate.*] Hudson (1881). See note (XIII).

13 *Old*] *Good* S. Walker conj.

14 *govern it, you bear*] *gouerne it, you beare* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *gouerne it: you beare* The rest. *govern. Bear you it* Malone. *govern. Bear it you* Steevens conj. *govern it. Bear you* Kinnear conj.

16 *time*] *Tyre* Hudson, 1881 (S. Walker conj.)

17 *have brought*] In a separate line in $Q_1Q_2Q_3$.

18 *his pilot thought*] *his pilot wrought* Steevens conj. *this pilot-thought* Singer (Mason conj.).
his pilot] Malone. *this Pilat* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *this Pilate* The rest.
thought ;] Malone. *thought,* F_4. *thought* QqF_3.

19 *shall your thoughts*] *and your thoughts shall* Steevens conj.
grow on] Malone. *grone* QqF_3F_4. *go on* Malone conj. (withdrawn).

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Like motes and shadows see them move awhile;
Your ears unto your eyes I 'll reconcile.

DUMB SHOW.

Enter PERICLES *at one door, with all his train;* CLEON *and* DIONYZA *at the other.* CLEON *shows* PERICLES *the tomb; whereat* PERICLES *makes lamentation, puts on sackcloth, and in a mighty passion departs. Then exeunt* CLEON, DIONYZA, *and the rest.*

See how belief may suffer by foul show!
This borrow'd passion stands for true old woe;
And Pericles, in sorrow all devour'd,
With sighs shot through and biggest tears o'ershower'd,
Leaves Tarsus and again embarks. He swears
Never to wash his face, nor cut his hairs:
He puts on sackcloth, and to sea. He bears
A tempest, which his mortal vessel tears,
And yet he rides it out. Now please you wit
The epitaph is for Marina writ
By wicked Dionyza.

[*Reads the inscription on Marina's monument.*

'The fairest, sweet'st and best, lies here,
Who wither'd in her spring of year.

21 *motes*] F_4. *moates* Q_6. *moats* The rest.
move awhile] In a separate line in $Q_1Q_2Q_3$.
awhile] Steevens. *a while* QqF_3F_4.
23 DUMB SHOW.] Malone. om. $Qq F_3F_4$.
Enter...departs.] QqF_3F_4.
Then...rest.] Edd. Then Cleon and Dionyza retire. Malone (1790). om. QqF_3F_4.
See] Gowr. *See* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. Gower. *See* The rest.
24 *borrow'd*] Rowe. *borrowed* QqF_3F_4.
true old] *true-told* Steevens conj. *rue-told* Jackson conj. *true-owed* Anon. conj.
29 *puts*] Malone. *put* QqF_3F_4.
sea. He] Malone. *Sea he* QqFf.
31—33 *Now...Dionyza.*] *Now...Dioniza.* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *Now take we our way To the Epitaph for Marina, writ by Dionizia.* $Q_4Q_5Q_6F_3F_4$ (*writ* Q_6).
32, 33 *The...Dionyza.*] As in Malone. One line in $Q_1Q_2Q_3$.
33 [Reads...] Malone. om. QqF_3F_4.
34 *sweet'st and*] *sweet'st, and* Steevens (Malone conj.). *sweetest, and* Qq F_3F_4. *sweetest,* Malone, 1780 (Steevens conj.).
35 *wither'd*] Rowe. *withered* QqF_3F_4.

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She was of Tyrus the king's daughter,
On whom foul death hath made this slaughter;
Marina was she call'd; and at her birth,
Thetis, being proud, swallow'd some part o' the earth:
Therefore the earth, fearing to be o'erflow'd,
Hath Thetis' birth-child on the heavens bestow'd:
Wherefore she does, and swears she 'll never stint,
Make raging battery upon shores of flint.'

No visor does become black villany
So well as soft and tender flattery.
Let Pericles believe his daughter 's dead,
And bear his courses to be ordered
By Lady Fortune; while our scene must play
His daughter's woe and heavy well-a-day
In her unholy service. Patience, then,
And think you now are all in Mytilene. [*Exit.*

SCENE V. *Mytilene. A street before the brothel.*

Enter, from the brothel, two Gentlemen.

First Gent. Did you ever hear the like?

Sec. Gent. No, nor never shall do in such a place as this, she being once gone.

38—43 See note (XIV).
39 *Thetis*] Q_1. *That is* The rest.
swallow'd] F_3F_4. *swallowed* Qq.
o' the] Malone. *œth'* Q_1. *ath* Q_2Q_3. *of th'* The rest.
40, 41 *o'erflow'd...bestow'd*] *oreflowed... bestowed* Qq (*best owed* Q_2).
47 *ordered*] *ordered;* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$.
48 *scene must play*] Malone (1790). *Steare must play* QqF_3F_4 (*stteare* Q_2 Q_3. *stear* F_4). *tears must play* Malone, 1780 (Steevens conj.). *stage must play* Malone conj. *scenes display* Steevens.
49 *daughter's*] *daughters* Q_1. *daughter* The rest.
well-a-day] *well a-day,* F_4. A full stop in the rest.
51 *Mytilene*] *Mittelin* Q_1. *Metaline* The rest. *Mitylen* Steevens.
[Exit.] Qq. om. F_3F_4.
SCENE V.] Malone. SCENE IV. Dyce.
Mytilene...brothel.] Malone.
Enter...] Malone. Enter two Gentlemen. QqF_3F_4.

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First Gent. But to have divinity preached there! did you ever dream of such a thing? 5

Sec. Gent. No, no. Come, I am for no more bawdy-houses: shall 's go hear the vestals sing?

First Gent. I 'll do any thing now that is virtuous; but I am out of the road of rutting for ever. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *The same. A room in the brothel.*

Enter Pandar, Bawd, *and* BOULT.

Pand. Well, I had rather than twice the worth of her she had ne'er come here.

Bawd. Fie, fie upon her! she 's able to freeze the god Priapus, and undo a whole generation. We must either get her ravished or be rid of her. When she should do for clients her fitment and do me the kindness of our profession, she has me her quirks, her reasons, her master reasons, her prayers, her knees; that she would make a puritan of the devil, if he should cheapen a kiss of her. 10

Boult. Faith, I must ravish her, or she 'll disfurnish us of all our cavaliers and make all our swearers priests.

Pand. Now, the pox upon her green-sickness for me!

Bawd. Faith, there 's no way to be rid on 't but by the way to the pox. Here comes the Lord Lysimachus disguised. 16

7 *shall 's*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *shall we* The rest.
9 [Exeunt.] F_3F_4. Exit. Qq.
SCENE VI.] Malone. SCENE V. Dyce.
The same...] Malone.
Enter...] Malone. Enter Bawdes 3. $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. Enter the three Bauds. $Q_4Q_5Q_6$. Enter the three Bawdes. F_2. Enter the three Bawds. F_4.
8 *master reasons*] Q_1. *maisters reasons* Q_2Q_3. Hyphened in $Q_4Q_5Q_6F_2F_4$.
she] *hee* Q_2.
12 *cavaliers*] F_2. *Caualeresa* Q_1. *Caualeres* Q_2. *caualers* Q_3. *Caualeers* Q_4Q_5. *Cavaleers* Q_6F_3. *cavalleria* Anon. conj.
14 *on't*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *of it* The rest.

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Boult. We should have both lord and lown, if the peevish baggage would but give way to customers.

Enter LYSIMACHUS.

Lys. How now! How a dozen of virginities?

Bawd. Now, the gods to-bless your honour!

Boult. I am glad to see your honour in good health.

Lys. You may so; 'tis the better for you that your resorters stand upon sound legs. How now, wholesome iniquity have you that a man may deal withal, and defy the surgeon?

Bawd. We have here one, sir, if she would—but there never came her like in Mytilene.

Lys. If she 'ld do the deed of darkness, thou wouldst say.

Bawd. Your honour knows what 'tis to say well enough.

Lys. Well, call forth, call forth.

Boult. For flesh and blood, sir, white and red, you shall see a rose; and she were a rose indeed, if she had but—

Lys. What, prithee?

Boult. O, sir, I can be modest.

20 *to-bless*] Hyphened by Malone (Tyrwhitt conj.). *blesse* Q_5.

22 *may so;*] *may, so* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *may so,* The rest.

24 *iniquity have you that*] *iniquitie haue you, that* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *impunity have you, that* The rest. *iniquity? Have you that* Malone. See note (XV).
withal] *with all* Q_3.

25 *surgeon*] *chirurgion* Q_6.

26 *here one*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *one heere* Q_4Q_5. *one here* $Q_6F_3F_4$.
would—but] Malone. *would, but* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *would—But* The rest, reading 26, 27 as two lines, the first ending *would.*

28 *deed*] *deede* Q_5Q_6. *deedes* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *deeds* $Q_4F_3F_4$.

32 [Exit Boult. Grant White.

33, 37 Boult] Bawd. Grant White.

35 *but—*] $Q_4Q_5Q_6F_3F_4$. *but.* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$.

36 *prithee*] *prithi* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *prethee* The rest.

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Lys. That dignifies the renown of a bawd, no less than it gives a good report to a number to be chaste.

[*Exit Boult.*

Bawd. Here comes that which grows to the stalk; never plucked yet, I can assure you.

Re-enter BOULT *with* MARINA.

Is she not a fair creature?

Lys. Faith, she would serve after a long voyage at sea. Well, there 's for you: leave us.

Bawd. I beseech your honour, give me leave: a word, and I 'll have done presently.

Lys. I beseech you, do.

Bawd. [*To Marina*] First, I would have you note, this is an honourable man.

Mar. I desire to find him so, that I may worthily note him.

Bawd. Next, he 's the governor of this country, and a man whom I am bound to.

Mar. If he govern the country, you are bound to him indeed; but how honourable he is in that, I know not.

Bawd. Pray you, without any more virginal fencing, will you use him kindly? He will line your apron with gold.

38 *dignifies*] *dignities* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *dignity is* Malone conj.

39 *a number*] Malone supposes this to be corrupt. *a nun here* Jackson conj. *an anchor* Singer. *a murderer* S. Walker conj. *a lecher* Anon. conj. *a maiden* Hudson, 1881 (Anon. conj.) *a pander* Kinnear conj. *a wanton* Anon. conj.
to be chaste] *of the chaste* Collier (ed. 2).

[Exit Boult.] Dyce. om. QqF_3F_4.

40—46 *Here...presently.*] Irregular lines in QqF_3F_4. Prose in Malone.

42 Re-enter...] Dyce. Enter Marina. $Q_4Q_5Q_6F_3F_4$, after *chaste*, line 39. om. $Q_1Q_2Q_3$.

45, 46 *leave: a word,*] Malone. *leave a word,* QqF_3F_4.

48 [To Marina] To Marina, whom she takes aside. Malone. om. QqF_3F_4.

56 *any*] *and* Q_8.

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Mar. What he will do graciously, I will thankfully receive.

Lys. Ha' you done?

Bawd. My lord, she 's not paced yet: you must take some pains to work her to your manage. Come, we will leave his honour and her together. Go thy ways.

[*Exeunt Bawd, Pandar, and Boult.*

Lys. Now, pretty one, how long have you been at this trade?

Mar. What trade, sir?

Lys. Why, I cannot name 't but I shall offend.

Mar. I cannot be offended with my trade. Please you to name it.

Lys. How long have you been of this profession?

Mar. E'er since I can remember.

Lys. Did you go to 't so young? Were you a gamester at five or at seven?

Mar. Earlier too, sir, if now I be one.

Lys. Why, the house you dwell in proclaims you to be a creature of sale.

Mar. Do you know this house to be a place of such resort, and will come into 't? I hear say you are of honourable parts and are the governor of this place.

61 *Ha'*] *Ha* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *Have* The rest.
62 *paced*] *pac'ste* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_6$. *paste* Q_5. *pace't* F_3. *pac't* F_4.
64 *Go thy ways.*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. Omitted in the rest. Given to Lysimachus by Malone.
[Exeunt.....] Malone. Exit Baud $Q_4Q_5Q_6F_3F_4$. om. $Q_1Q_2Q_3$.
66 *trade?*] *trade.* Q_3.
68 *Why, I cannot name't*] *What I cannot name* Malone (Steevens).
name't] F_3F_4. *name* Qq.
69, 70 *I...it.*] Prose in QqF_3F_4. Two lines, the first ending *trade*, in Rowe.
72 *E er*] *Ever* Malone.
73 *to 't*] F_3F_4. *too 't* Qq. *to it* Malone.
76 *Why, the*] Malone. *Why? the* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *Why the* The rest.
79 *into 't*] *intoo 't* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *into it* The rest.
you are] *you 're* Q_1. *you 'r* Q_2Q_3.
80 *are*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. Omitted in the rest.

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Lys. Why, hath your principal made known unto you who I am?

Mar. Who is my principal?

Lys. Why, your herb-woman; she that sets seeds and roots of shame and iniquity. O, you have heard something of my power, and so stand aloof for more serious wooing. But I protest to thee, pretty one, my authority shall not see thee, or else look friendly upon thee. Come, bring me to some private place: come, come.

Mar. If you were born to honour, show it now;
If put upon you, make the judgement good
That thought you worthy of it.

Lys. How's this? how's this? Some more; be sage.

Mar. For me
That am a maid, though most ungentle fortune
Have placed me in this sty, where, since I came,
Diseases have been sold dearer than physic,
O, that the gods
Would set me free from this unhallow'd place,
Though they did change me to the meanest bird
That flies i' the purer air!

81 *Why,*] Qq. *Why?* F_3F_4.
84 *seeds*] *seed* Boswell.
86 *aloof*] Rowe. *aloft* QqF_3F_4.
91—93 *If...of it.*] Verse first by Rowe. Prose in QqF_3F_4.
94 *Some more;*] *No more;* or *Come now;* Daniel conj. *Once more,* Elze conj. *more; be sage.*] *more, beseech.* Collier conj.
sage.] *sage*— Rowe.
94—101 *For.....air!*] Arranged as by Dyce after Collier, who reads *That the gods* in l. 98. Prose in QqF_3F_4. Seven lines, ending *ungentle...stie, ...sold...gods...place,...bird...air,* in Rowe and Malone (1780). Seven, ending *me,.....fortune.....came,... physick...this...to...air,* in Malone (1790). Eight lines in Steevens (1793), ending *me,...fortune...stie,... sold...good gods...place,...bird...air.*
96 *Have.....sty,*] *Hath plac'd me here within this loathsome stie,* Steevens. *sty*] *lothsome stie* Malone (1780).
98 *O, that the gods*] *O that the gods* $Q_4Q_5Q_6F_3F_4$. *that the gods* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *O that the good gods* Malone (1780).
99 *unhallow'd*] F_3F_4. *vnhallowd* Q_4Q_5. *vnhalowed* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *unhallowed* Q_6.

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Lys. I did not think
Thou couldst have spoke so well; ne'er dream'd thou couldst.
Had I brought hither a corrupted mind,
Thy speech had alter'd it. Hold, here 's gold for thee:
Persever in that clear way thou goest,
And the gods strengthen thee!
Mar. The good gods preserve you!
Lys. For me, be you thoughten
That I came with no ill intent; for to me
The very doors and windows savour vilely.
Fare thee well. Thou art a piece of virtue, and
I doubt not but thy training hath been noble.
Hold, here 's more gold for thee.
A curse upon him, die he like a thief,
That robs thee of thy goodness! If thou dost
Hear from me, it shall be for thy good.

Re-enter BOULT.

Boult. I beseech your honour, one piece for me.

101—106 *I did...thee!*] Arranged as by Rowe. Prose in QqF_3F_4.
102 *couldst*] *wouldst* Elze conj.
ne'er] *nere* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *I nere* $Q_4Q_5Q_6$. *I ne're* F_3F_4.
dream'd] F_3F_4. *dremp't* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *dreampt* $Q_4Q_5Q_6$.
104 *alter'd*] Rowe. *altered* QqF_3F_4.
105 *Persever*] *persevere* Q_6F_4. *Persever still* Steevens.
106 *the gods...The good gods*] *The good gods...The gods* Elze conj., ending line 105 at *and*.
good] om. Steevens.
107—115 *For.....good.*] As in Malone, except line 114. Prose in QqF_3F_4. Rowe, reading with F_3F_4, ends the lines *me...vilely...well,...not...noble; ...thee;...thief...me,...good.*
107, 108 *For...That I*] *For me be you thoughten, that I* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *For my part, I* The rest.
110 *Fare thee well!*] *Farewell* Steevens.
114, 115 *If...me,*] As in Dyce. *If thou hear'st From me* Malone (1780), ending the line *hear'st*. The first line ends *goodness* in Malone (1790). Steevens, reading with Malone, ends the line *me*.
114 *dost*] *doest* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$.
116 Re-enter Boult.] Dyce. As Lysimachus is putting up his purse, Boult enters. Malone. om. QqF_3F_4.

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Lys. Avaunt, thou damned door-keeper!
Your house, but for this virgin that doth prop it,
Would sink, and overwhelm you. Away! [*Exit.*

Boult. How 's this? We must take another course with you. If your peevish chastity, which is not worth a breakfast in the cheapest country under the cope, shall undo a whole household, let me be gelded like a spaniel. Come your ways.

Mar. Whither would you have me?

Boult. I must have your maidenhead taken off, or the common hangman shall execute it. Come your ways. We 'll have no more gentlemen driven away. Come your ways, I say.

Re-enter Bawd.

Bawd. How now! what 's the matter?

Boult. Worse and worse, mistress; she has here spoken holy words to the Lord Lysimachus.

Bawd. O abominable!

Boult. She makes our profession as it were to stink afore the face of the gods.

Bawd. Marry, hang her up for ever!

Boult. The nobleman would have dealt with her like

117—119 *Avaunt...Away!*] Verse first in Rowe. In Steevens the lines end *house,...it up,...Away!* In Collier they end *house,...would... Away!* Prose in QqF_3F_4.
117 *Avaunt,*] *Avaunt, avaunt,* Anon. conj.
damned] *damn'd* F_4.
118 *doth*] *doeth* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$.
it] *it up* Steevens.
119 *you. Away!* [Exit.] *you. Away.* [Exit. Rowe. *you. Away.* QqF_3F_4 (*away.* F_3). *you all. Away!* [Exit Lysimachus. Steevens. *you.* [Away. Anon. conj.
121 *you.*] Malone. *you?* QqF_3F_4.
122 *cope*] *coap* $Q_1Q_2F_3F_4$. *coape* $Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6$.
127 *ways*] Dyce. *way* QqF_3F_4.
130 Re-enter...] Malone. Enter Bawd. Rowe. Enter Bawdes. QqF_3F_4.
131 *has*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *hath* The rest.
134 *She*] Rowe. *He* QqF_3F_4.
135 *afore*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *before* The rest.

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a nobleman, and she sent him away as cold as a snow-ball, saying his prayers too.

Bawd. Boult, take her away; use her at thy pleasure: crack the glass of her virginity, and make the rest malleable.

Boult. An if she were a thornier piece of ground than she is, she shall be ploughed.

Mar. Hark, hark, you gods!

Bawd. She conjures: away with her! Would she had never come within my doors! Marry, hang you! She 's born to undo us. Will you not go the way of women-kind? Marry, come up, my dish of chastity with rosemary and bays! [*Exit.*

Boult. Come, mistress; come your ways with me.

Mar. Whither wilt thou have me?

Boult. To take from you the jewel you hold so dear.

Mar. Prithee, tell me one thing first.

Boult. Come now, your one thing.

Mar. What canst thou wish thine enemy to be?

Boult. Why, I could wish him to be my master, or rather, my mistress.

Mar. Neither of these are so bad as thou art,
Since they do better thee in their command.
Thou hold'st a place, for which the pained'st fiend
Of hell would not in reputation change:

142 *malleable*] F_4. *maliable* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *male-able* Q_4Q_5. *male-abse* Q_6. *maleable* F_3.
143 *An if*] Malone (1780). *And if* Qq F_3F_4.
144 *ploughed.*] *plowed.* Q_1Q_2. *blowed* Q_3.
149 *women-kind*] *wemen-kinde* Q_1.
150 *bays*] *baies* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *bayes* The rest.
[Exit.] om. $Q_1Q_2Q_3$.
151 *ways*] F_4. *wayes* F_3. *way* Qq.
152 *wilt thou*] *would you* F_3F_4.
155 *thing.*] *thing?* F_4.
156 *be?*] *be.* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$.
159—162 *Neither...change:*] Arranged as by Rowe. Prose in QqF_3F_4.
159 *are*] *are yet* Rowe.
162 *Of*] *of* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *in* The rest.

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Thou art the damned door-keeper to every
Coistrel that comes inquiring for his Tib;
To the choleric fisting of every rogue
Thy ear is liable; thy food is such
As hath been belch'd on by infected lungs.

Boult. What would you have me do? go to the wars, would you? where a man may serve seven years for the loss of a leg, and have not money enough in the end to buy him a wooden one?

Mar. Do any thing but this thou doest. Empty
Old receptacles, or common shores, of filth;
Serve by indenture to the common hangman:
Any of these ways are yet better than this;
For what thou professest, a baboon, could he speak,

163—167 *Thou...lungs.*] Arranged as by Malone (1780). Prose in QqF$_3$F$_4$. Four lines, ending *comes... rogue...such...lungs*, in Rowe. Five lines, ending *coystrel,...tib;...rogue ...such...lungs*, in Malone (1790). Five lines, ending *coystrel...tib;... ear...such...lungs*, in Steevens.

163 *damned*] *damn'd* Rowe.

164 *Coistrel*] *coyst'rel* Malone. *custerell* Q$_1$Q$_2$Q$_3$. *cusherell* Q$_4$Q$_5$Q$_6$. *cusherel* F$_3$F$_4$.
comes] *hither comes* Steevens.

165 *every*] *each* Steevens.

166 *food*] *very food* Steevens.

167 *infected*] Qq. *infectious* F$_3$F$_4$.

169 *where a man may*] *wher a man may* Q$_1$. *where a m mäay* Q$_2$. *where a mā may* Q$_3$.

172—175 *Do...this;*] Arranged as by Malone. Prose in QqF$_3$F$_4$. Four lines, ending *dost,...filth;...hangman,...this*, in Rowe.

172—177 *Do...dear.*] S. Walker would end the lines *thing...receptacles,... indenture....ways....thou....speak... dear.* Hudson (1881) adopts this arrangement, but ends the first line at *this*.

172 *doest*] Q$_1$Q$_2$Q$_3$. *dost* The rest.

173 *or common*] *common* Steevens.
common shores] Hyphened in F$_3$F$_4$. *common sewers* Malone.

175 *yet better*] *better yet* Malone.

176—179 *For...thee.*] Arranged as by Malone (1790). Prose in QqF$_3$F$_4$. Four lines, ending *he...gods...me! ...thee*, in Malone (1780). Four, ending *baboon,...dear...place...thee*, in Steevens. The lines end *speak, ...gods... me!...thee* in Boswell. Three lines, ending *speak,...safely ...thee*, in Knight.

176—185 *For.....scholars.*] Eight irregular lines in Rowe.

176 *what thou professest*] *that which thou professest here* Hudson, 1881 (S. Walker conj.).
what] *that which* Steevens.
speak] *but speak* Steevens.

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Would own a name too dear. O, that the gods
Would safely deliver me from this place!
Here, here 's gold for thee.
If that thy master would gain by me,
Proclaim that I can sing, weave, sew, and dance,
With other virtues, which I 'll keep from boast;
And I will undertake all these to teach.
I doubt not but this populous city will
Yield many scholars.

Boult. But can you teach all this you speak of?

Mar. Prove that I cannot, take me home again,
And prostitute me to the basest groom
That doth frequent your house.

Boult. Well, I will see what I can do for thee: if I can place thee, I will.

Mar. But amongst honest women.

Boult. Faith, my acquaintance lies little amongst them. But since my master and mistress have bought you, there 's no going but by their consent: therefore I will make them acquainted with your purpose, and I doubt not but I shall find them tractable enough. Come, I 'll do for thee what I can; come your ways. [*Exeunt.*

177 *O, that*] *that* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *That* Malone.
178 *deliver.....place!*] *from this place deliver me!* Malone (1780) Steevens and Boswell.
179 *here 's*] *here is* Steevens.
180—185 *If that...scholars.*] Divided as by Malone. Prose in QqF_3F_4.
180 *gain*] *gain aught* Malone (1780). *get gain* Anon. conj. *make gain* Hudson (1881). *have gain* Kinnear conj.
181 *sew*] Malone. *sow* $Q_1Q_2Q_3F_4$. *sowe* $Q_4Q_5Q_6F_8$.
183 *I will*] Rowe. *will* QqF_3F_4.
186 *of*] *off* F_8.
187—189 *Prove...house.*] As in Rowe. Prose in $Q_4Q_5Q_6F_3F_4$. *Prove..... againe* as one line, *And...house* prose in $Q_1Q_2Q_3$.
192 *women.*] *woman.* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *women?* Malone.
193 *amongst*] Q_1. *among* The rest.
194 *have*] F_4. *hath* The rest.

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ACT V.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Marina thus the brothel 'scapes, and chances
Into an honest house, our story says.
She sings like one immortal, and she dances
As goddess-like to her admired lays;
Deep clerks she dumbs, and with her needle composes
Nature's own shape, of bud, bird, branch, or berry,
That even her art sisters the natural roses;
Her inkle, silk, twin with the rubied cherry:
That pupils lacks she none of noble race,
Who pour their bounty on her, and her gain
She gives the cursed bawd. Here we her place;
And to her father turn our thoughts again,
Where we left him, on the sea. We there him lost:
Whence, driven before the winds, he is arrived
Here where his daughter dwells; and on this coast
Suppose him now at anchor. The city strived
God Neptune's annual feast to keep: from whence

ACT v.] Malone.
2 *honest house*] *Honest-house* (in italics) $Q_1Q_2Q_3$.
5 *dumbs*] *dumb's* Q_1Q_2.
needle] *neele* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *neeld* Malone.
7 *art sisters*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *art, sisters* The rest.
roses;] *Roses* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *Roses*, The rest.
8 *silk,*] *Silke* Q_1.
twin with] Malone. *Twine, with* Qq F_3F_4.
9 *pupils*] F_3F_4. *puples* Qq.
11 *Here we*] *here we* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *Leaue we* The rest.
12 *turn*] *turnd* Q_5.
13 *on the sea. We...lost:*] Malone. *on the Sea, wee there him left,* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *at sea, tumbled and tost,* The rest (*sea tumbled* Q_5). See note (XVI).
14 *Whence,*] Steevens. *Where* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *And* The rest.
winds] *windes* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *winde* Q_4Q_5 Q_6. *wind* F_3F_4.
16 *city strived*] *city's hiv'd* Singer, ed. 2 (Steevens conj.). *city 's stirr'd* Kinnear conj.
17 *Neptune's*] F_4. *Neptunes* $Q_1Q_6F_3$. *Neptune* The rest.

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Lysimachus our Tyrian ship espies,
His banners sable, trimm'd with rich expense;
And to him in his barge with fervour hies.
In your supposing once more put your sight
Of heavy Pericles; think this his bark:
Where what is done in action, more, if might,
Shall be discover'd; please you, sit, and hark. [*Exit.*

SCENE I. *On board Pericles' ship, off Mytilene. A close pavilion on deck, with a curtain before it;* PERICLES *within it, reclined on a couch. A barge lying beside the Tyrian vessel.*

Enter two Sailors, *one belonging to the Tyrian vessel, the other to the barge; to them* HELICANUS.

Tyr. Sail. [*To the Sailor of Mytilene*] Where is Lord Helicanus? he can resolve you.

19 *His*] *Her* Hudson, 1881 (S. Walker conj.).
20 *fervour*] *former* Q_1.
20—22 *hies. In...Pericles;*] *hies, In your supposing.—Once more put your sight On heavy Pericles;* Malone conj.
21, 22 *sight Of heavy Pericles;*] *sight Of heavy Pericles,* $Q_4Q_5Q_6$. *sight, Of heavy Pericles,* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *sight On heavy Pericles,* F_3F_4. *sight Our heavy Pericles,* Rowe. *sight; Of heavy Pericles* Malone.
22 *heavy*] *heaue* Q_3.
his] *the* Malone.
23, 24 *what is...Shall*] *of what's... Should* Steevens conj.
23 *in action, more*] *in action more* Perring conj.
more, if might] *more if might* Qq. *more of might* F_3F_4. (*more, if might*) Spence conj. (N. & Q., 1879).
23, 24 *more...discover'd*] Put in a parenthesis in F_3F_4.
24 *discover'd*] *discouerd* Q_1. *discouered* The rest.
SCENE I.] Malone.
On board...vessel.] Malone.
Enter...Helicanus.] Malone. Enter Helicanus, to him 2. Saylers. Q_1Q_2. Enter 2. Sayler. Q_3. Enter Hellicanus with two Saylers. Q_5. Enter Hellicanus, to him two Saylers. The rest.
1, 11 Tyr. Sail.] Malone. 1. Say. Qq F_3F_4.
1—5 *Where...will?*] As in Steevens. Prose in QqF_3F_4.
1 *Where is Lord*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *Where is the Lord* The rest. *Where's the lord* Steevens.
Helicanus] *Helicane* Staunton (S. Walker conj.).

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O, here he is.
Sir, there is a barge put off from Mytilene,
And in it is Lysimachus the governor,
Who craves to come aboard. What is your will?
Hel. That he have his. Call up some gentlemen.
Tyr. Sail. Ho, gentlemen! my lord calls.

Enter two or three Gentlemen.

First Gent. Doth your lordship call?
Hel. Gentlemen, there is some of worth would come aboard; I pray, greet him fairly.

[*The Gentlemen and the two Sailors descend, and go on board the barge.*

Enter from thence, LYSIMACHUS, *and* Lords; *with the* Gentlemen *and the two* Sailors.

Tyr. Sail. Sir,
This is the man that can, in aught you would,
Resolve you.
Lys. Hail, reverend sir! the gods preserve you!
Hel. And you, sir, to outlive the age I am,

2 [Enter Helicanus. Staunton.
2, 3 *is. Sir,*] Rowe. *is, Sir,* F_3F_4. *is Sir,* Qq.
3 *there is*] *there's* Steevens.
7 Tyr. Sail.] Malone. 2. Say. Q_1Q_2 Q_3. 2. Sayl. The rest.
8 Enter two or three...] Enter two... Malone.
First Gent. *Doth...call?*] Omitted in Ff.
Doth] *Doeth* Q_1.
9, 10 *Gentlemen...fairly.*] Prose in Qq F_3F_4. Verse first by Steevens.
9 *some*] *some one* Malone (1780).
10 *pray, greet*] *pray you greet* Q_6. *pray thee greet* F_3F_4. *pray ye greet* Rowe. *pray you, To greet* Steevens. *him*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *them* The rest.
[The Gentlemen...barge.] Malone. om. QqF_3F_4.
11 Enter.....] Malone, substantially. Enter Lysimachus. QqF_3F_4.
11—13 *Sir...you.*] Divided as by Malone (1790). Prose in QqF_3F_4.
12 *aught*] Malone. *ought* QqF_3F_4.
14 *reverend*] Rowe. *reuerent* QqF_3F_4.
15, 16 *And...do.*] Divided as by Malone (1790). Prose in QqF_3F_4. Malone (1780) ends line 15 *am, and.*
15 *sir,*] Malone (1790). om. QqF_3F_4.

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And die as I would do.
Lys. You wish me well.
Being on shore, honouring of Neptune's triumphs,
Seeing this goodly vessel ride before us,
I made to it, to know of whence you are.
Hel. First, what is your place?
Lys. I am the governor
Of this place you lie before.
Hel. Sir,
Our vessel is of Tyre, in it the king;
A man who for this three months hath not spoken
To any one, nor taken sustenance
But to prorogue his grief.
Lys. Upon what ground is his distemperature?
Hel. 'Twould be too tedious to repeat;
But the main grief springs from the loss
Of a beloved daughter and a wife.
Lys. May we not see him?
Hel. You may;
But bootless is your sight; he will not speak

16—19 *You...are.*] Divided as by Rowe. Prose in QqF_3F_4.
20 *First,*] *First, sir,* Steevens. *First, say* Anon. conj.
20, 21 *I...before.*] Divided as by Dyce. One line in QqF_3F_4. Malone ends line 20 *I am.*
20 *the*] om. Steevens.
22—26 *Sir...grief.*] Divided as by Steevens. Prose in QqF_3F_4. Four lines in Rowe.
23 *vessel is*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *vessel's* The rest.
24 *months*] *moneths* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$.
26 *prorogue*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *prolong* The rest.
27 *his*] $Q_1F_3F_4$. *this* The rest.
distemperature] Q_1Q_2. *distemperance* The rest.
28 *'Twould*] *Twould* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *It would* The rest. *Sir, it would* Malone.
28—30 *'Twould...wife.*] The lines end as in Malone. Prose in QqF_3F_4.
28 *too*] *too too* Collier conj., reading *It would.*
29 *grief*] *grief of all* Malone.
31 *him?*] *him, then?* Steevens.
32—34 *You.....any.*] As in Collier. Prose in QqF_3F_4. Two lines, the first ending *bootless,* in Malone.
32 *may;*] *may indeed, sir,* Steevens.
33 *bootless is*] *bootlesse. Is* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *sight; he will*] *sight see, will* Q_1. *sight, hee will* Q_2. *sight, he will* The rest.

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To any.

Lys. Yet let me obtain my wish.

Hel. Behold him. [*Pericles discovered*] This was a goodly person,

Till the disaster that, one mortal night,
Drove him to this.

Lys. Sir king, all hail! the gods preserve you!
Hail, royal sir!

Hel. It is in vain; he will not speak to you.

First Lord. Sir,
We have a maid in Mytilene, I durst wager,
Would win some words of him.

Lys. 'Tis well bethought.
She, questionless, with her sweet harmony
And other chosen attractions, would allure,
And make a battery through his deafen'd parts,
Which now are midway stopp'd:
She is all happy as the fairest of all,
And with her fellow maids is now upon

34 Lys.] See note (XVII).
Yet let] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *Let* The rest.

35—37 *Behold...this.*] The lines end as in Malone. Prose in QqF_3F_4.

35 *him.*] *him, sir.* Malone.
[Pericles discovered] Malone. om. QqF_3F_4.

36 *that...night*] *that on mortals wait* Jackson conj.
night] Malone. *weight* Q_6. *wight* The rest.

38, 39 *Sir...sir!*] Prose in QqF_3F_4. The first line ends *hail*, in Malone.

39 *Hail,*] *hail, Hail,* Steevens, dividing as Malone.

41 First Lord.] 1. Lord. Steevens. Lord. QqF_3F_4.

41—43 *Sir...him.*] As in Dyce. Two lines in Malone (1790). Prose in QqF_3F_4.

43 *of him*] Qq. *from him* F_3F_4.

43—62 *'Tis...sorrow.*] Divided as by Malone. Prose in QqF_3F_4.

45 *chosen*] *choice* Steevens.

46 *battery*] *battrie* Qq.
deafen'd] Malone. *defend* Q_1. *defended* The rest. *defenc'd* Steevens conj. (withdrawn).
parts] *part* Q_5. *ports* Steevens conj.

48 *She...of all*] *She, all as happy as of all the fairest* Steevens. *She is as hardy as the fairest opal* Jackson conj.

49 *And with her*] Malone. *and her* Qq F_3F_4.
And...upon] *Is, with her fellow maidens, now within* Steevens.
is] Malone. om. QqF_3E_4.
upon] *about* Mason conj.

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The leafy shelter that abuts against
The island's side. [*Whispers a Lord, who goes off in the barge of Lysimachus.*

Hel. Sure, all 's effectless; yet nothing we 'll omit
That bears recovery's name. But, since your kindness
We have stretch'd thus far, let us beseech you
That for our gold we may provision have,
Wherein we are not destitute for want,
But weary for the staleness.

Lys. O, sir, a courtesy
Which if we should deny, the most just gods
For every graff would send a caterpillar,
And so inflict our province. Yet once more
Let me entreat to know at large the cause
Of your king's sorrow.

Hel. Sit, sir, I will recount it to you.
But, see, I am prevented.

Re-enter, from the barge, Lord, *with* MARINA, *and a young* Lady.

Lys. O, here is

50 *The leafy shelter that*] *The levisell that close* Steevens conj. (withdrawn).
leafy] *leavie* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *levie* Q_4Q_6. *levie* The rest.
shelter] *shelver* Malone conj.
51 *island's*] *island* F_3F_4.
[Whispers ..... Lysimachus.] Malone, substantially. om. QqF_3F_4.
52 *all 's*] Malone. *all* QqF_3F_4.
53, 54 *That.....you*] Three lines, ending *name...far,...you*, in Collier.
54 *thus*] *this* Q_6.
you] *you further*, Steevens.
55 *provision have*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *haue prouision* The rest.
58 *gods*] Dyce, and S. Walker conj. *God* QqF_3F_4.
60 *inflict*] *afflict* Singer, ed. 2 (Malone conj.).
62, 63 *Sit...prevented.*] Divided as by Collier. Prose in QqF_3F_4. Malone ends line 62 *see*; Steevens at *it*.
62 *Sit, sir,*] F_3. *Sir, sir,* Q_6F_4. *Sit sir,* The rest.
to you] om. Steevens.
63 Re-enter...] Dyce. Enter... Malone, substantially. Enter Marina. QqF_3F_4.
63—65 *O.....presence?*] Divided as by Steevens. Two lines, the first ending *for*, in QqF_3F_4. Three, ending *lady...not...presence?* in Malone.
63 *here is*] Steevens. *hee 'rs* Q_1. *heer 's* Q_2Q_3. *heere 's* Q_4Q_6. *hee 's* Q_6. *here 's* F_3F_4.

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The lady that I sent for. Welcome, fair one!—
Is't not a goodly presence?
Hel. She's a gallant lady.
Lys. She's such a one, that, were I well assured
Came of a gentle kind and noble stock,
I'ld wish no better choice, and think me rarely wed.
Fair one, all goodness that consists in bounty
Expect even here, where is a kingly patient:
If that thy prosperous and artificial feat
Can draw him but to answer thee in aught,
Thy sacred physic shall receive such pay
As thy desires can wish.
Mar. Sir, I will use
My utmost skill in his recovery, provided
That none but I and my companion maid
Be suffer'd to come near him.
Lys. Come, let us leave her;

64, 65 *one!—Is't*] *one: Is't* F_3F_4. *one, ist* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *one: Ist* $Q_4Q_5Q_6$.
65 *presence*] Malone. *present* QqF_3F_4.
She's a] *A* Steevens.
66—68 *She's...wed.*] Divided as in Q_4 $Q_5Q_6F_3F_4$. The lines end *assurde... wish...wed*, in $Q_1Q_2Q_3$.
66, 67 *such a one...Came*] *such, that... she came* Steevens, ending lines 66, 67 *came...wish.*
67 *Came of a gentle*] *She came of gentle* Hudson (1881), arranging as in the text.
a] om. Steevens.
68 *I'ld*] *Ide* $Q_4Q_5Q_6$. *I'd* F_3F_4. *I do* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$.
wed] *to wed* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$.
69 *Fair one, all*] Malone. *Faire on all* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *Faire & all* Q_4. *Faire and all* Q_5Q_6. *Fair and all* F_3F_4.
bounty] Malone (Steevens). *beautie* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *beauty* The rest.
71 *prosperous...feat*] *prosperous artifice and fate* Mason conj.
prosperous and artificial] *prosperous-artificial* Steevens.
prosperous] *properous* Q_4Q_6.
feat] Steevens (Percy conj.). *fate* QqF_3F_4.
72 *aught*] Malone. *ought* QqF_3F_4.
74—77 *Sir...him.*] Divided as by Malone. Prose in QqF_3F_4.
75 *My*] om. Q_3.
utmost] Q_1Q_2. *vttermost* The rest.
recovery] *recure* Hudson, 1881. (S. Walker conj.).
provided] Put in a separate line by Dyce.
75, 76 *provided...maid*] *Provided none but I and my companion* Steevens.
76 *maid*] *maids* Malone conj.
77 *suffer'd*] Malone. *suffered* QqF_3F_4.
77, 78 *Come...prosperous!*] Divided as by Steevens. Prose in QqF_3F_4.

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And the gods make her prosperous! [*Marina sings.*
Lys. Mark'd he your music?
Mar. No, nor look'd on us.
Lys. See, she will speak to him.
Mar. Hail, sir! my lord, lend ear.
Per. Hum, ha!
Mar. I am a maid,
My lord, that ne'er before invited eyes,
But have been gazed on like a comet: she speaks,
My lord, that, may be, hath endured a grief
Might equal yours, if both were justly weigh'd.
Though wayward fortune did malign my state,
My derivation was from ancestors
Who stood equivalent with mighty kings:
But time hath rooted out my parentage,
And to the world and awkward casualties
Bound me in servitude. [*Aside*] I will desist;
But there is something glows upon my cheek,
And whispers in mine ear 'Go not till he speak.'
Per. My fortunes—parentage—good parentage—
To equal mine!—was it not thus? what say you?

78 [Marina sings.] Malone. The Song. QqFf.
79 *Mark'd*] *Markt* $Q_1Q_6Q_8F_3F_4$. *Marke* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$.
music?] *musick:* F_3F_4.
Mar.] Maid. or Lady. Anon. conj.
nor] *not* Q_5.
82 [Striking her. Anon. conj. from Wilkins' Novel. Pushing her back. Edd. conj.
83—95 *I am...speak.'*] Divided as by Malone. Prose in QqF_3F_4.
85 *like a comet*] *comet-like* Steevens.
87 *weigh'd*] *wayde* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *weighed* The rest.
90 *equivalent*] F_4. *equiuolent* The rest.
92 *awkward*] *augward* Q_1.
93 [Aside] Malone. om. QqF_3F_4. [He suddenly places her at arm's length. Nicholson conj.
95 *in*] om. Steevens.
96—99 *My...violence.*] As in Malone. Prose in QqF_3F_4.
96, 97 *fortunes...To*] Malone. *fortunes, parentage, good parentage, to* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *fortunes, parentage, good parentage to* $Q_4Q_6F_3F_4$. *fortunes parentage, good parentage to* Q_5.
97 *thus?*] Rowe (ed. 1). *thus!* Rowe (ed. 2). *thus,* QqF_3F_4.

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Mar. I said, my lord, if you did know my parentage,
You would not do me violence.

Per. I do think so. Pray you, turn your eyes upon me.
You are like something that—What countrywoman?
Here of these shores?

Mar. No, nor of any shores:
Yet I was mortally brought forth, and am
No other than I appear.

Per. I am great with woe, and shall deliver weeping.
My dearest wife was like this maid, and such a one
My daughter might have been: my queen's square brows;
Her stature to an inch; as wand-like straight,
As silver-voiced; her eyes as jewel-like
And cased as richly; in pace another Juno;
Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes them hungry,
The more she gives them speech. Where do you live?

Mar. Where I am but a stranger: from the deck
You may discern the place.

Per. Where were you bred?
And how achieved you these endowments, which
You make more rich to owe?

98 *said*] *sed* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$.

100—102 *I do...shores?*] As in Dyce. Prose in QqF_3F_4.

100 *I do*] Put in a separate line by Malone.
do] om. Hudson (1881).
Pray...upon] *I pray...again upon* Steevens (Malone conj.), ending the previous line *so*.

101 *You are*] Malone. *your* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *y' are* The rest.

101, 102 *that—What...shores?*] Malone (Charlemont conj.). *that, what Countrey women heare of these shewes?* QqF_3F_4 (*Countrey-woman* Q_6).

102—131 *No...open'd.*] Divided as by Malone. Prose in QqF_3F_4.

102 *shores.....shores*] Malone (Charlemont conj.). *shewes.....shews* Q_5. *shews...shews* F_3F_4. *shewes...shewes* The rest.

106 *dearest wife was*] *dear'st wife Me-thinks was* S. Walker conj., ending the two previous lines *woe...wife*.

108 *wand-like straight*] *wandlike-straight* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$.

110 *cased*] *cas'd* Malone. *caste* Q_1. *cast* The rest.

113 *stranger: from the deck*] *stranger, from the decke* $Q_6F_3F_4$. *straunger from the decke*, The rest.

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Mar. If I should tell my history, it would seem
Like lies disdain'd in the reporting.
Per. Prithee, speak:
Falseness cannot come from thee; for thou look'st
Modest as Justice, and thou seem'st a palace
For the crown'd Truth to dwell in: I will believe thee,
And make my senses credit thy relation
To points that seem impossible; for thou look'st
Like one I loved indeed. What were thy friends?
Didst thou not say, when I did push thee back—
Which was when I perceived thee—that thou camest
From good descending?
Mar. So indeed I did.
Per. Report thy parentage. I think thou said'st
Thou hadst been toss'd from wrong to injury,
And that thou thought'st thy griefs might equal mine,
If both were open'd.
Mar. Some such thing
I said, and said no more but what my thoughts

117, 118 *If I...speak:*] Two lines, the first ending *lies*, Elze conj., reading *'twould*; or, reading *it would*, three lines, ending *tell...disdain'd...speak.*
117 *If I should*] *Should I* Steevens, ending the line *history.*
it would seem] *'Twould seem* Steevens. *'t would seem to you* Dyce conj., ending the lines *tell...lies... reporting.*
119 *look'st*] Malone. *lookest* QqF_3F_4.
120 *seem'st*] *seemest* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$.
palace] Malone. *Pallas* (in italics) QqF_3F_4.
121 *crown'd*] *crownd* Qq. *crowned* F_3F_4.
I will] *I'll* Malone.
122 *my*] om. $Q_1Q_2Q_3$.
123 *look'st*] *lookest* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$.
125 *say*] Malone. *stay* QqF_3F_4.
126 *when*] *ere* Anon. conj.
thee—that] *thee*) *that* Malone. *thee that* QqF_3F_4.
127 *descending?*] Malone. *discending.* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *discent.* $Q_4Q_5Q_6$. *descent.* F_3F_4.
130 *thought'st*] F_3F_4. *thoughts* Qq.
131 *open'd*] Malone. *opened* QqF_3F_4.
131—133 *Some...likely.*] Divided as by Collier. Prose in QqF_3F_4. Two lines, the first ending *more*, in Malone (1780). Three, ending *indeed .....thoughts.....likely*, in Malone (1790).
131 *thing*] *thing indeed* Malone. *thing, my lord*, Anon. conj.
132 *said*] *sed* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$.
and said] *and sed* Q_1. *and fed* Q_2Q_3.

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Did warrant me was likely.
Per. Tell thy story;
If thine consider'd prove the thousandth part
Of my endurance, thou art a man, and I
Have suffer'd like a girl: yet thou dost look
Like Patience gazing on kings' graves and smiling
Extremity out of act. What were thy friends?
How lost thou them? Thy name, my most kind virgin?
Recount, I do beseech thee: come, sit by me.
Mar. My name is Marina.
Per. O, I am mock'd,
And thou by some incensed god sent hither
To make the world to laugh at me.
Mar. Patience, good sir,
Or here I 'll cease.
Per. Nay, I 'll be patient.
Thou little know'st how thou dost startle me,
To call thyself Marina.
Mar. The name
Was given me by one that had some power,
My father, and a king.
Per. How! a king's daughter?
And call'd Marina?

133—143 *Tell.....me.*] Divided as by Malone. Prose in QqF_3F_4.
134 *consider'd*] Malone. *considered* QqF_3F_4.
thousandth] Malone. *thousand* QqF_3F_4.
136 *suffer'd*] Malone. *suffered* QqF_3F_4.
dost] *doest* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$.
139 *thou them? Thy name,*] Malone. *thou thy name,* QqF_3F_4.
141 *name*] *name, sir,* Steevens.
143 *to laugh*] *laugh* Steevens.
at] om. $Q_4Q_5Q_6$.
143, 144 *Patience...cease.*] Divided as by Steevens. One line in QqF_3F_4. *Good sir, Patience, or here I'll cease.* Else conj.
144—149 *Nay,.....Marina?*] Divided, substantially, as by Steevens. Prose in QqF_3F_4. Five lines, ending *knowest...thyself...one...king... Marina?* in Malone.
146, 147 *To call...me*] One line, S. Walker conj.
146 *name*] *name Marina* Steevens.
148 *daughter?*] Steevens. *daughter* Q_6. *daughter,* The rest.
149 *call'd*] F_3F_4. *clad* Q_3. *cald* The rest.

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Mar. You said you would believe me;
But, not to be a troubler of your peace,
I will end here.
Per. But are you flesh and blood?
Have you a working pulse? and are no fairy?
Motion! Well; speak on. Where were you born?
And wherefore call'd Marina?
Mar. Call'd Marina
For I was born at sea.
Per. At sea! what mother?
Mar. My mother was the daughter of a king;
Who died the minute I was born,
As my good nurse Lychorida hath oft
Deliver'd weeping.
Per. O, stop there a little!
[*Aside*] This is the rarest dream that e'er dull sleep
Did mock sad fools withal: this cannot be:

149—151 *You.....here.*] Divided as by Malone (1780). Two lines, the first ending *to be*, in Malone (1790). Prose in QqF_3F_4.
149 *said*] *sed* Q_1. *seed* Q_2Q_3.
150 *troubler*] Q_1Q_2. *trouble* The rest.
152 *pulse?*] Malone. *pulse*, QqF_3F_4.
152, 153 *fairy? Motion! Well; speak*] Dyce. *Fairy? Motion? well, speak* F_3F_4. *Fairie? Motion well, speake* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *Fary? Motion well speake* Q_4Q_5. *Fary? Motion will speake* Q_5. *fairy? No motion?—Well; speak* Steevens. *fairy-motion? Well; speak* Malone, 1790 (Mason conj.). *fairy? Motion well, speak* Jackson conj. *fairy Motion?—Well; speak* Collier. See note (XVIII).
154—159 *Call'd...weeping.*] Divided as by Malone (1780). Prose in Qq F_3F_4.
155 *sea! what*] *sea, what* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *sea! who was thy* Q_4Q_5. *sea who! was thy* Q_5. *sea? who was thy* F_3F_4 and Malone. *sea? thy* Steevens.
157 *Who*] *She* Steevens conj.
minute] *very minute* Malone. *minute after* Anon. conj.
158 *Lychorida*] *Licherida* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$.
159 *Deliver'd*] Malone. *deliuered* Qq F_3F_4.
159—161 *O, stop...withal:*] As in Malone. Two lines, the first ending *dream*, in QqF_3F_4.
160 [Aside] First marked by Malone.
dull] *duld* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$.
161 *withal*] *with all* Q_2Q_3.
161—168 *this...bred?*] Arranged as by Malone. Prose in QqF_3F_4.
161, 162 *be: My daughter's buried.*] *be. My daughter's buried.* Steevens. *be my daughter, buried,* Qq. *be my daughter; buried!* F_3F_4.

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My daughter's buried.—Well: where were you bred?
I'll hear you more, to the bottom of your story,
And never interrupt you.

Mar. You scorn: believe me, 'twere best I did give o'er.

Per. I will believe you by the syllable
Of what you shall deliver. Yet, give me leave:
How came you in these parts? where were you bred?

Mar. The king my father did in Tarsus leave me;
Till cruel Cleon, with his wicked wife,
Did seek to murder me: and having woo'd
A villain to attempt it, who having drawn to do 't,
A crew of pirates came and rescued me;
Brought me to Mytilene. But, good sir,
Whither will you have me? Why do you weep? It may be,
You think me an impostor: no, good faith;
I am the daughter to King Pericles,
If good King Pericles be.

Per. Ho, Helicanus!

Hel. Calls my lord?

Per. Thou art a grave and noble counsellor,

164, 165 *And...me,*] One line, S. Walker conj.

165 *You scorn: believe me,*] *You scorne, beleeve me* Qq. *You scorn, believe me* F_3F_4. *You 'll scarce believe me;* Malone. *You scorn believing me:* Steevens conj. (withdrawn). *You scorn belief;* Jackson conj. *You scorn to believe me;* Staunton.

171, 172 *Did.....do 't,*] Divided as by Malone. Two lines, the first ending *villaine,* in QqF_3F_4.

171 *murder*] Q_5. *murther* The rest.

and having] *and, having,* Perring conj.

woo'd] Malone. *wooed* QqF_3F_4.

172 *who having*] *who being* Malone (1780). *whom having* Malone (1790).

to do 't] om. Steevens.

174—178 *But.....be.*] Arranged as by Steevens. Prose in QqF_3F_4. Malone ends the first line *whither.*

174 *good*] *now good* Steevens.

175 *Whither*] *whither* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *whether* The rest.

176 *impostor*] F_4. *imposture* The rest.

180 *lord?*] *Lord.* Q_1. *gracious lord?* Steevens.

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Most wise in general: tell me, if thou canst,
What this maid is, or what is like to be,
That thus hath made me weep.
Hel. I know not; but
Here is the regent, sir, of Mytilene
Speaks nobly of her.
Lys. She never would tell
Her parentage; being demanded that,
She would sit still and weep.
Per. O Helicanus, strike me, honour'd sir;
Give me a gash, put me to present pain;
Lest this great sea of joys rushing upon me
O'erbear the shores of my mortality,
And drown me with their sweetness. O, come hither,
Thou that beget'st him that did thee beget;
Thou that wast born at sea, buried at Tarsus,
And found at sea again! O Helicanus,
Down on thy knees; thank the holy gods as loud
As thunder threatens us: this is Marina.
What was thy mother's name? tell me but that,
For truth can never be confirm'd enough,
Though doubts did ever sleep.

182—184 *Most.....weep.*] Arranged as by Malone. Prose in $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. Two lines, the first ending *is*, in the rest.
184 *me*] *we* Q_4Q_6.
weep.] *weepe.* Q_1. *weep?* F_3F_4. *weepe?* The rest.
184—186 *I know.....her.*] Arranged as by Malone. Prose in QqF_3F_4.
185 *Here is*] Malone. *here 's* F_3F_4. *heres* Qq.
186—188 *She...weep.*] Arranged as by Malone. Two lines, the first ending *parentage*, in QqF_3F_4.
186 *never would*] *would never* Steevens.
187 *demanded that,*] $Q_4Q_6F_3F_4$. *demanded that* Q_5. *demaunded, that* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$.
189—193 *O.....hither,*] As in Malone. Prose in QqF_3F_4.
189 *honour'd sir*] Malone. *honored* Qq F_3. *honoured, sir* F_4.
193 *sweetness*] *surges* Bailey conj.
196 *again*] *agen* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$.
Helicanus] *Helicane* Staunton.
199 *me but that,*] *me, but that* Q_1. *me, but* Q_2Q_3.
201, 202 *Though...pray,*] One line in Steevens.

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Mar. First, sir, I pray, what is your title?
Per. I
Am Pericles of Tyre: but tell me now
My drown'd queen's name, as in the rest you said
Thou hast been godlike perfect, the heir of kingdoms,
And another like to Pericles thy father.
Mar. Is it no more to be your daughter than
To say my mother's name was Thaisa?
Thaisa was my mother, who did end
The minute I began.
Per. Now, blessing on thee! rise; thou art my child.
Give me fresh garments. Mine own, Helicanus:
She is not dead at Tarsus, as she should have been,
By savage Cleon: she shall tell thee all;
When thou shalt kneel, and justify in knowledge
She is thy very princess. Who is this?
Hel. Sir, 'tis the governor of Mytilene,
Who, hearing of your melancholy state,
Did come to see you.

202—204 *I Am...My*] As in Malone. One line in QqF_3F_4. Steevens reads *I...now* as one line.
203—205 *now...heir*] *now (As in the rest thou hast been godlike perfect) My drown'd queen's name, thou art the heir* Steevens.
205, 206 *Thou hast...father.*] As in Qq F_3F_4. Three lines, ending *perfect, ...like...father*, in Globe ed. See note (XIX).
205 *Thou hast*] *Thou 'st* Dyce.
the] *thou 'rt* Mason conj. *thou 'rt the* Dyce.
207—210 *Is it.....began.*] Arranged as by Malone. Prose in QqF_3F_4.
207 *no*] *not* F_3F_4.
208 *name was Thaisa?*] Q_4Q_6. *name was Thaisa,* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_5$. *name is Thaisa?* F_3F_4. *name? It was Thaisa:* Anon. conj.
208 *was*] Qq. *is* F_3F_4.
211 *thou art*] *th' art* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$.
212—219 *Give...see you.*] Arranged as by Malone. Prose in QqF_3F_4.
212 *own,*] Pointed as by Steevens. No stop in QqF_3F_4.
Helicanus] *Helicane* Staunton.
212, 213 *Helicanus: She is not*] *Helicanus, she is; Not* Knight.
213 *She is not*] *Not* Steevens.
216 *princess*] F_4. *princes* The rest.
217 *the*] *thee* F_3.
218 *state*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. The rest omit.

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Per. I embrace you.
Give me my robes. I am wild in my beholding.
O heavens bless my girl! But, hark, what music?
Tell Helicanus, my Marina, tell him
O'er, point by point, for yet he seems to doubt,
How sure you are my daughter. But, what music?
Hel. My lord, I hear none.
Per. None!
The music of the spheres! List, my Marina.
Lys. It is not good to cross him; give him way.
Per. Rarest sounds! Do ye not hear?
Lys. My lord, I hear.
[*Music.*
Per. Most heavenly music!
It nips me unto listening, and thick slumber
Hangs upon mine eyes: let me rest. [*Sleeps.*
Lys. A pillow for his head:

220—225 *I.....music?*] Divided as by Malone (1790). Five lines, ending *robes ... girle, ... Marina, ... doat ... musicke?* in QqF$_3$F$_4$. Malone (1780) ends line 220 at *Give me.*
220 *you*] *you, sir* Steevens.
222 *heavens*] Q$_1$Q$_2$Q$_3$. *heauen* The rest.
222, 223 *music? Tell*] Steevens. *musick!—Tell* Malone (1790). *Musicke tell*, Q$_1$Q$_2$Q$_3$. *musicks this* Q$_4$Q$_5$Q$_6$. *musick's this* F$_3$. *musicks this*, F$_4$.
223 *Helicanus,*] Q$_2$Q$_3$. *Hellicanus?* Q$_4$Q$_5$F$_3$F$_4$. *Hellicanus* Q$_1$. *Hellicanus*, Q$_6$.
224 *doubt,*] Malone. *doat.* Q$_1$. *doat,* Q$_2$Q$_6$F$_3$F$_4$. *dote,* Q$_4$Q$_5$Q$_6$.
225 *what*] Q$_1$. *where's this* The rest.
227 *None!*] Put in a separate line by Malone.
None!] *None,* Q$_1$Q$_2$Q$_3$. *None?* The rest.
228 *spheres*] *sphere* Rowe (ed. 2).
230 *Rarest*] *Rar'st* S. Walker conj.
My lord, I hear. [Music.] See note (xx).
232 *nips*] *raps* (i.e. *rapts*) Collier conj.
233 *upon mine eyes*] *on mine eyes* Malone (1780). *on mine eye-lids* Steevens.
[Sleeps.] He sleeps. Malone. om. QqF$_3$F$_4$.
234 Lys.] Mar. Singer (ed. 2).
234, 235 *A...all.*] Divided as by Steevens. One line in QqF$_3$F$_4$.
234 *head:*] *head;* [The Curtain before the Pavilion of Pericles is closed. Steevens.

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So, leave him all. Well, my companion friends,
If this but answer to my just belief,
I'll well remember you. [*Exeunt all but Pericles.*

DIANA *appears to Pericles in a vision.*

Dia. My temple stands in Ephesus: hie thee thither,
And do upon mine altar sacrifice.
There, when my maiden priests are met together,
Before the people all,
Reveal how thou at sea didst lose thy wife:
To mourn thy crosses, with thy daughter's, call,
And give them repetition to the life.
Or perform my bidding, or thou livest in woe;
Do it, and happy; by my silver bow!

235 *So, leave*] Steevens. *so leave* Qq F_3F_4.

235—237 *Well.....you.*] Divided as by Steevens. Prose in QqF_3F_4. Malone ends the lines *all...answer to ...you.* Spoken by Marina, Malone conj.

235 *companion friends*] Hyphened by Malone. *companion-friend* Singer, ed. 2 (Malone conj.).

237 [Exeunt.....] Exeunt Lysimachus, Helicanus, Marina, and attendant Lady. Malone. om. QqF_3F_4.

238 Diana...vision.] Edd. (Globe ed.). Diana. Qq. Actus Quintus. Diana. F_3F_4. ACT V. SCENE I. Diana appearing to Pericles asleep. Rowe. SCENE II. The same. Pericles on deck asleep; Diana appearing to him as in a vision. Malone. Scene continued first by Dyce.

My...thither,] As two lines, the first ending *Ephesus*, Nicholson conj.

238—247 *My...dream.*] Divided, substantially, as by Rowe. *My... Ephesus*, as one line, the rest prose in QqF_3F_4. See note (XXI).

241, 242 *Before...Reveal*] As in Malone. One line in Rowe.

241 *the people all*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *all the people* The rest.

242 *lose*] *loose* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$.

243 *daughter's, call*] Malone. *daughters, call* Q_1. *daughters call* The rest.

244 *life*] Malone (Charlemont conj.). *like* QqF_3F_4.

245 *Or perform*] *Perform* Malone.

246 *Do it, and*] Singer, ed. 2 (Dyce). *doo't, and* Qq. *do't, and* F_3F_4. *Do't, and be* Malone.

happy; by...bow!] Dyce. *happy, by...bow.* Steevens. *happie, by... bow,* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *happy by...bow;* Q_4 $Q_6F_3F_4$. *happy by...bow,* Q_5. *happy: by...bow* Malone.

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Awake, and tell thy dream. [*Disappears.*

Per. Celestial Dian, goddess argentine,
I will obey thee. Helicanus!

Re-enter HELICANUS, LYSIMACHUS, *and* MARINA.

Hel. Sir?

Per. My purpose was for Tarsus, there to strike
The inhospitable Cleon; but I am
For other service first: toward Ephesus
Turn our blown sails; eftsoons I'll tell thee why.
[*To Lysimachus*] Shall we refresh us, sir, upon your shore,
And give you gold for such provision
As our intents will need?

Lys. Sir,
With all my heart; and, when you come ashore,
I have another suit.

Per. You shall prevail,
Were it to woo my daughter; for it seems
You have been noble towards her.

Lys. Sir, lend me your arm.

Per. Come, my Marina. [*Exeunt.*

247 [Disappears.] Diana disappears. Malone. om. QqF_3F_4.

249 *thee. Helicanus!*] *thee: Hellicanus:* $Q_4Q_5Q_6F_3F_4$. *thee Hellicanus.* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$.
Re-enter...and Marina.] Re-enter ...Marina, &c. Dyce. Enter Lysimachus, Helicanus, and Marina. Malone. Enter Lysimachus. Rowe. om. QqF_3F_4.
Hel. *Sir!*] Dyce. Hel. *Sir.* Qq. Omitted in F_3F_4.

250—256 *My.....need?*] Divided as by Malone. *My...sails* as three lines, the rest prose in QqF_3F_4.

253 *thee*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. om. the rest.
[To Helicanus. Malone (1780).

254 [To Lysimachus] Malone (1790).

256 *need?*] Rowe (ed. 2). A full stop in QqF_3F_4.

257, 258 *Sir, With...ashore,*] As in Malone. *With all my heart, sir; and ...ashore,* Steevens. One line in QqF_3F_4.

259 *suit*] Malone. *sleight* QqF_3F_4.

260 *it*] om. Q_3.

259—261 *You.....her.*] Divided as by Malone. Prose in QqF_3F_4.

261 *Sir,*] om. Elze conj., or, retaining *Sir,* he would end the line at *me.*
me] om. Steevens.

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Scene II.

Enter Gower, *before the temple of* Diana *at Ephesus.*

Gow. Now our sands are almost run;
More a little, and then dumb.
This, my last boon, give me,
For such kindness must relieve me,
That you aptly will suppose
What pageantry, what feats, what shows,
What minstrelsy and pretty din,
The regent made in Mytilene,
To greet the king. So he thrived,
That he is promised to be wived
To fair Marina; but in no wise
Till he had done his sacrifice,
As Dian bade: whereto being bound,
The interim, pray you, all confound.
In feather'd briefness sails are fill'd,
And wishes fall out as they're will'd.
At Ephesus, the temple see,
Our king and all his company.
That he can hither come so soon,
Is by your fancies' thankful doom. [*Exit.*

Scene II.] Staunton.
Enter...Ephesus.] Malone. Enter Gower. $Q_4Q_5Q_6F_3F_4$. om. $Q_1Q_2Q_3$.
Gow.] Gower. $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. om. $Q_4Q_5Q_6$ F_3F_4.
2 *dumb*] Malone. *dum* QqF_3. *dun* F_4. *done* Rowe.
3 *my*] *as my* Malone (Steevens). *then, as my* Steevens conj.
give] *deign to give* Dyce conj. *freely give* Staunton conj. *pray you, give* Hudson (1881). *please you give* Kinnear conj.
6 *feats*] *feasts* S. Walker conj.
7 *and*] Q_1. *what* The rest.
8 *Mytilene,*] A full stop in $Q_1Q_2Q_3$.
9 *thrived*] QqF_3F_4. *has thriv'd* Malone.
12 *sacrifice,*] A full stop in $Q_1Q_2Q_3$.
14 *pray you,*] Malone. *pray, you* Qq F_3F_4. *pray you* Rowe (ed. 2).
all] *al* Q_3.
16 *they're*] *they'r* Q_1. *thei'r* $Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_5$ Q_6. *their* F_3F_4.
will'd] F_3F_4. *wild* Qq.
20 *fancies'*] Edd. (S. Walker conj.). *fancies* QqF_3F_4. *fancy's* Rowe.
doom] *boon* Steevens.
[Exit.] om. $Q_1Q_2Q_3$.

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SCENE III. *The temple of Diana at Ephesus;* THAISA *standing near the altar, as high priestess; a number of Virgins on each side;* CERIMON *and other Inhabitants of Ephesus attending.*

Enter PERICLES, *with his train;* LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, MARINA, *and a* Lady.

Per. Hail, Dian! to perform thy just command,
I here confess myself the king of Tyre;
Who, frighted from my country, did wed
At Pentapolis the fair Thaisa.
At sea in childbed died she, but brought forth
A maid-child call'd Marina; who, O goddess,
Wears yet thy silver livery. She at Tarsus
Was nursed with Cleon; who at fourteen years
He sought to murder: but her better stars
Brought her to Mytilene; 'gainst whose shore
Riding, her fortunes brought the maid aboard us,
Where, by her own most clear remembrance, she
Made known herself my daughter.
Thai. Voice and favour!
You are, you are—O royal Pericles!— [*Faints.*
Per. What means the nun? she dies! help, gentlemen!

SCENE III.] Malone. SCENE II. Dyce.
The...attending.] Malone.
Enter...Lady.] Malone. Omitted in $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. Enter Pericles, Lysimachus, Hellicanus, Marina, and others. $Q_4Q_5Q_6F_3F_4$. Enter...Marina, Thaisa, Cerymon, and others. Rowe.
3—13 *Who...daughter.*] Divided, except lines 10, 11, as by Rowe. Prose in QqF_3F_4.
4 *At...Thaisa.*] *The fair Thaisa, at Pentapolis.* Malone (1780).
6 *call'd*] Malone (1790). *called* QqF_3F_4.
Marina] *Marnia* Q_5.
who] F_4. *whom* The rest.
8 *who*] *whom* Malone.
9 *He*] *Her* Elze conj.
10, 11 *Brought...Riding*] As in Malone. One line in Rowe.
10 *'gainst*] *against* Malone (1780).
11 *us*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *to us* The rest.
13, 14 *Voice...Pericles!*] Divided as by Malone. Prose in QqF_3F_4.
14 [Faints.] She faints away. Rowe. om. QqF_3F_4.
15 *What.....gentlemen!*] One line in $Q_4Q_5Q_6F_3F_4$. Prose in $Q_1Q_2Q_3$.
the nun?] Collier (ed. 2). *the mum?* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *the woman?* The rest. *she? mum!* or *she? hum!* Dyce conj. See note (XXII).

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Cer. Noble sir,
If you have told Diana's altar true,
This is your wife.
Per. Reverend appearer, no;
I threw her overboard with these very arms.
Cer. Upon this coast, I warrant you.
Per. 'Tis most certain.
Cer. Look to the lady. O, she's but overjoy'd.
Early in blustering morn this lady was
Thrown upon this shore. I oped the coffin,
Found there rich jewels; recover'd her, and placed her
Here in Diana's temple.
Per. May we see them?
Cer. Great sir, they shall be brought you to my house,
Whither I invite you. Look, Thaisa is
Recovered.
Thai. O, let me look!
If he be none of mine, my sanctity
Will to my sense bend no licentious ear,

16—18 *Noble.....wife.*] Divided as by Malone. Prose in QqF_3F_4. Rowe reads *Sir...true,* as one line.
16 *Noble sir,*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *Sir,* The rest.
18, 19 *Reverend...arms.*] Divided as by Malone. Prose in QqF_3F_4.
18 *wife.*] *wife?* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$.
Reverend] *Reuerent* Q_1.
19 *overboard*] *o'erboard* Malone.
21—25 *Look...temple.*] Divided as by Malone (1790). *Looke...overjoyde* as one line, the rest prose in Qq F_3F_4.
21 *Look...lady.*] Continued to Pericles, Malone conj.
overjoy'd] *o'erjoy'd* Malone.
22 *in*] *one* Steevens (Malone conj.).
23 *upon*] *on* Malone (1780).
oped] *op't* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *opened* The rest.
coffin,] *coffin, and* Malone (1780).
24 *there*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *these* The rest.
recover'd] Rowe. *recouered* QqF_3F_4.
placed] *plac'ste* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$.
26—28 *Great...Recovered.*] Divided as by Malone. Prose in QqF_3F_4.
27 *Whither*] *whither* $Q_1Q_2Q_3F_4$. *whether* The rest.
28 *Recovered*] *Recover'd* Steevens.
29—35 *O,...death?*] Divided as by Malone (1790). Prose in QqF_3F_4. Six lines in Rowe.
29, 30 *look! If*] Malone. *look; if* Rowe (ed. 2). *looke if* Qq. *look if* F_3F_4.
29 *look*] *look upon him* Malone (1780).
31 *ear*] *care* Q_2Q_3.

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But curb it, spite of seeing. O, my lord,
Are you not Pericles? Like him you spake,
Like him you are: did you not name a tempest,
A birth, and death?

Per. The voice of dead Thaisa!

Thai. That Thaisa am I, supposed dead
And drown'd.

Per. Immortal Dian!

Thai. Now I know you better.
When we with tears parted Pentapolis,
The king my father gave you such a ring. [*Shows a ring.*

Per. This, this: no more, you gods! your present kindness
Makes my past miseries sports: you shall do well,
That on the touching of her lips I may
Melt, and no more be seen. O, come, be buried
A second time within these arms.

Mar. My heart
Leaps to be gone into my mother's bosom.
[*Kneels to Thaisa.*

Per. Look, who kneels here! Flesh of thy flesh, Thaisa;
Thy burden at the sea, and call'd Marina
For she was yielded there.

33 *spake*] Q_1. *speake* $Q_4Q_5Q_6$. *speak* $Q_2Q_3F_3F_4$.

35—37 *The voice...drown'd*] Two lines, the first ending *That Thaisa*, Elze conj.

36, 37 *That...drown'd.*] Divided as by Malone (1790). One line in QqF_3F_4. *dead And drown'd*] *drown'd And dead* Malone (1780).

36 *That Thaisa*] *That Thasia* Q_2.

37 *Immortal*] *I mortall* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$.

38—40 *Now.....ring.*] Divided as by Rowe. Prose in QqF_3F_4.

40 *you*] *yon* F_3.
[Shows a ring.] Malone.

41—45 *This.....arms.*] Divided as by Malone. Prose in QqF_3F_4. Rowe ends the lines *gods,...sport...lips... seen;...arms.*

41 *This, this: no*] *This no* Q_5.

42 *sports*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *sport* The rest.

45, 46 *My...bosom.*] Divided as by Malone. Prose in QqF_3F_4.

46 [Kneels...] Malone. om. QqF_3F_4.

47—59 *Look...miracle.*] Divided as by Rowe. Prose in QqF_3F_4.

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Thai. Blest, and mine own!
Hel. Hail, madam, and my queen!
Thai. I know you not.
Per. You have heard me say, when I did fly from Tyre,
I left behind an ancient substitute:
Can you remember what I call'd the man?
I have named him oft.
Thai. 'Twas Helicanus then.
Per. Still confirmation:
Embrace him, dear Thaisa; this is he.
Now do I long to hear how you were found;
How possibly preserved; and who to thank,
Besides the gods, for this great miracle.
Thai. Lord Cerimon, my lord; this man,
Through whom the gods have shown their power; that can
From first to last resolve you.
Per. Reverend sir,
The gods can have no mortal officer
More like a god than you. Will you deliver
How this dead queen re-lives?
Cer. I will, my lord.

53 *man?*] Rowe. *man,* QqF_3F_4.
57 *found;*] Rowe. *found?* QqF_3F_4.
58 *preserved;*] Rowe. *preserved?* Qq F_3F_4.
who] *whom* Malone.
59 *miracle.*] Rowe. *myracle?* Q_2Q_3. *miracle?* The rest.
60—62 *Lord.....you.*] Divided as by Steevens. Prose in QqF_3F_4. Rowe ends the lines *whom...first...you.*
60 *this man*] *this is the man* Dyce, ed. 2 (S. Walker conj.).
61 *that*] *'tis he that* Dyce conj., ending line 60 at *whom.*
62 *Reverend*] F_3F_4. *Reuerent* Qq.
62—65 *Reverend...re-lives?*] Divided as by Steevens. Prose in QqF_3F_4. Four lines, ending *Sir...officer...you, ...re-lives?* in Rowe. The lines end *gods...like...how...re-lives?* in Malone.
65 *this*] *his* Q_6.
65—69 *I will...omitted.*] Divided as by Malone. Prose in QqF_3F_4. Five lines, ending *me...all...her;...temple, ...omitted,* in Rowe.
lord.] Malone. *lord;* Rowe (ed. 2). *Lord* Q_3. *Lord,* The rest.

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Beseech you, first go with me to my house,
Where shall be shown you all was found with her;
How she came placed here in the temple;
No needful thing omitted.
Per. Pure Dian, bless thee for thy vision! I
Will offer night-oblations to thee. Thaisa,
This prince, the fair-betrothed of your daughter,
Shall marry her at Pentapolis. And now,
This ornament
Makes me look dismal will I clip to form;
And what this fourteen years no razor touch'd,
To grace thy marriage-day, I'll beautify.
Thai. Lord Cerimon hath letters of good credit, sir,
My father's dead.
Per. Heavens make a star of him! Yet there, my queen,
We'll celebrate their nuptials, and ourselves

66 *to*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *unto* The rest.
68 *placed*] *plac'd* F_4. *plac'ste* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *plac'st* The rest.
in] *within* Steevens.
70—77 *Pure...beautify.*] Arranged as by Dyce. Prose in QqF_3F_4. Eight lines, ending *vision,...thee...daughter,...Pentapolis,...dismal,...form,... touch'd,...beautifie,* in Rowe. Malone ends the lines *Diana!...offer...prince, ...shall ...now,...dismal,...form;... touch'd,...beautify.* Steevens ends the third and fourth lines *Thaisa... daughter,* the rest as Malone. Collier ends the first line *vision,* the rest as Dyce.
70 *Pure*] *Puer* Q_5.
Dian] *Diana* Malone.
bless] *I bless* Malone.
I] F_3F_4. *and* Qq.
71 *night-oblations*] Hyphened by Malone. *My night oblations* Steevens.
thee. Thaisa,] *thee; Thaisa* $Q_4Q_5Q_6$ F_3F_4. *thee Thaisa,* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$.
72 *fair-betrothed*] Hyphened by Malone.
73 *her*] om. F_3F_4.
75 *Makes*] *makes* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *that makes* The rest, followed by Rowe, Malone, and Steevens.
dismal] *so dismal* Malone.
I] *I, my lov'd Marina,* Malone.
76 *touch'd*] *touch* Q_5.
78, 79 *Lord.....dead.*] Divided as by Dyce. Prose in QqFf. The first line ends *credit* in Rowe.
sir, My] *Sir, that my* Malone, ending line 78 at *credit.*
78 *credit, sir,*] *credit. Sir,* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$.
80—83 *Heavens...reign.*] Verse first in Rowe. Prose in QqFf.
80 *Heavens*] See note (XXIII).
there] Qq. *here* F_3F_4.

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Will in that kingdom spend our following days:
Our son and daughter shall in Tyrus reign.
Lord Cerimon, we do our longing stay
To hear the rest untold: sir, lead's the way. [*Exeunt.*

Enter GOWER.

Gow. In Antiochus and his daughter you have heard
Of monstrous lust the due and just reward:
In Pericles, his queen and daughter, seen,
Although assail'd with fortune fierce and keen,
Virtue preserved from fell destruction's blast,
Led on by heaven and crown'd with joy at last:
In Helicanus may you well descry
A figure of truth, of faith, of loyalty:
In reverend Cerimon there well appears
The worth that learned charity aye wears:
For wicked Cleon and his wife, when fame
Had spread their cursed deed and honour'd name
Of Pericles, to rage the city turn,
That him and his they in his palace burn;
The gods for murder seemed so content
To punish, although not done, but meant.
So, on your patience evermore attending,
New joy wait on you! Here our play has ending. [*Exit.*

85 *lead's*] *lead* Malone.
[Exeunt.] Exeunt omnes. $Q_4Q_5Q_6F_3F_4$. om. $Q_1Q_2Q_3$.
Enter Gower.] $Q_4Q_5Q_6F_3F_4$. Finis. Gower. $Q_1Q_2Q_3$.
86 *Antiochus*] *Antioch* Malone (Steevens).
87 *due*] *true* Q_6.
88 *In*] om. Q_5.
89 *Although*] *hough* Q_5.
fortune] *fortunes* F_4.
90 *preserved*] *preserv'd* Malone. *preferd* Qq. *preferred* F_3F_4.
from] *for from* Q_3.
91 *Led*] *Lead* Q_1.
93 *of loyalty*] *and loyaltie* Q_2Q_3.
94 *reverend*] *reverent* Q_2Q_3.
97 *their*] *his* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$.
and] F_3F_4. *the* Qq. *to th'* Collier conj. *and the* Anon. conj.
100 *seemed*] *seemde* Q_1. *seem'd* Q_2Q_3.
so content] *to contend* Q_2Q_3.
101 *punish*] *punish them* Malone. *punish crime* Hudson, 1881 (Anon. conj.).
103 *has*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *hath* The rest.
[Exit.] Exit Gower. Malone. om. QqFf.

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NOTES.

Note I.

No list of Dramatis Personæ is found in any Quarto edition. It is first given after the play in the third Folio and prefixed to it in the fourth. It is called as usual in both 'The Actors names.'

Antiochus is there described as '*a Tyrant of* Greece.' Then follows 'Hesperides *Daughter to* Antiochus.' 'Dionyza' is called Dionysia, and 'Mytilene' 'Metaline.' Another character is introduced, viz. 'Philoten *Daughter to* Cleon.' The errors and omissions were partly corrected by Rowe and partly by Malone in his supplement to Steevens' edition of 1778, published two years afterwards. He also added the words 'Scene *dispersedly in various countries.*'

The list, as given in this and in the Globe edition, is literatim as in Mr Dyce's first edition, except that we have written 'Tarsus' for 'Tharsus.'

Note II.

Act I. The Folios have here *Actus Primus. Scena Prima;* in the rest of the play the Acts are marked, but not the Scenes. There is no indication of either in the Quartos.

Note III.

I. 1. 6. The first, fourth, fifth and sixth Quartos read thus:

'*Ant.* Musicke bring in our daughter, &c.'

The second and third Quartos have the same reading, only putting a comma after 'Musicke.'

The Folios read '*Ant.* Musick bring in our daughter, &c.'

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Malone corrected the error, making *Musick* a stage direction. Mr Dyce first transferred this stage direction to follow line 11.

Note IV.

I. 1. 55—57. The first Quarto, followed substantially by the rest, has here:

'I wayte the sharpest blow (*Antiochus*)
Scorning aduice; read the conclusion then:
Which read &c.'

The Folios:

'I waite the sharpest blow (*Antiochus*)
Scorning advice. Reade the conclusion then.
Ant. Which read &c.'

Malone first made the correction adopted in our text.

Steevens gave the following arrangement:

'I wait the sharpest blow, Antiochus,
Scorning advice.
Ant. Read the conclusion then;
Which read, &c.'

Note V.

I. 2. 74. Steevens (1793) tells us that he once thought a line was wanting to complete the sense of the passage, and that the deficiency might be supplied as follows:

.... 'a glorious beauty,
From whence an issue I might propagate;
For royal progeny are general blessings,
Bring arms to princes, and to subjects joy.'

In Malone's edition of 1780 the last line in Steevens's note stands as it does in our text.

Note VI.

I. 4. 39. We have followed Steevens in adopting Mason's conjecture, on account of its agreement with the following passage from Wilkins'

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Novel: 'The ground of which forced lamentation was, to see the power of change, that this their City, who *not two summers younger*, did so excell in pompe, &c.'

The reading 'Sends word,' II. prol. 22, adopted by Malone and Steevens, and suggested, according to Mr Halliwell, by a MS. note of Theobald's, is also confirmed by the novel. 'Good Helycanus as prouident at home, as his Prince was prosperous abroade, let no occasion slip wherein hee might *send word* to Tharsus of what occurrents soeuer had happened in his absence, &c.' See other instances; II. 1. 48, 119, 153; II. 2. 30; II. 4. 10.

NOTE VII.

II. 1. 52—55. Steevens conjectures that the dialogue originally ran thus:

'*Per.* Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen;
The day is rough and thwarts your occupation.
2. *Fish.* Honest! good fellow, what's that? If it be *not* a day fits you, *scratch it* out of the calendar, and nobody *will* look after it.'

He inserts in his text 'scratch it' and 'will,' but not the former alterations.

Perhaps, as Malone suggested, Pericles had said: 'Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen! good day.' And the fisherman replies 'Honest! Good! Fellow what's that?'

NOTE VIII.

II. 3. 74. Two leaves, signatures D_2 and D_3, are wanting in the unique copy of the Quarto of 1611, which is now in the British Museum. The part omitted extends from II. 3. 74 to II. 5. 36 inclusive.

NOTE IX.

III. 1. 51—54. The first Quarto reads:

'1. Pardon vs, sir; with vs at Sea it hath bin still obserued.
And we are strong in easterne, therefore briefly yeeld 'er,
Per. As you thinke meet; for she must ouer board straight:
Most wretched Queene.'

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The second and third Quartos omit the colon after 'straight,' and the fourth and sixth put a comma. The second and third have 'yeeld'er,' the rest 'yeeld her.' For 'ouer board,' the fourth has 'ore board' and the sixth 'ore boord.' The fifth Quarto has:

'1. Pardon vs sir; this is a lye with vs at Sea it hath bin still obserued And we are strong in easterne, therefore briefly yeeld her.

Per. As you thinke meete, for she must ore board straight,
Most wretched Queene.'

The Folios follow as usual the sixth Quarto, reading however, 'still hath bin' (F_2) and 'still hath been' (F_4) instead of 'hath beene still' (Q_6).

They also read 'Eastern' for 'easterne' ($Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_5$) and 'Easterne' (Q_6).

F_4 reads Pericles' speech as three lines.

Malone was the first who read the whole passage as prose, and transferred the words 'for she must over-board straight' to the Sailor's speech.

For 'eastern' Steevens first adopted Mason's conjecture 'earnest,' and Singer first adopted Boswell's conjecture 'custom.' Steevens himself had guessed 'credence.'

Mr Knight, adopting Jackson's conjecture, reads, 'And we are strong in, astern,' i.e. we are driving strongly in shore astern. Malone, who retained 'Eastern,' supposed the words to mean 'There is a strong Easterly wind.'

Steevens reads '*Be it* as you think meet' for the sake of metre.

[Sir Philip Perring conjectures 'strong in extreme.']

Note X.

III. 2. 60—65. We have left the arrangement of this passage as it stands in the Quartos and Folios. Various attempts have been made to turn it into verse.

Note XI.

III. 3. 30. The conjectures of Steevens and Malone are confirmed by the following from Wilkins' Novel: 'vowing solemnely by othe to himselfe, his head should grow *vnscisserd*, his beard vntrimmed, himselfe in all *vncomely*, since he had lost his Queene, &c.'

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NOTE XII.

IV. 1. 58—67. Steevens makes a violent alteration here, reading:

'That almost burst the deck, and from the ladder-tackle
Wash'd off a canvas-climber . . . . . .
. . . . . confusion.
Leon. And when was this?
Mar. It was when I was born:
Never was waves nor wind more violent.
Leon. Come, say your prayers speedily.'

This transposition was suggested to him by Mr M. Mason's note to lines 61 sqq.: "Malone suspects that some line preceding these has been lost, but that I believe is not the case, this being merely a continuation of Marina's description of the storm which was interrupted by Leonine's asking her, *When was that?* and by her answer, *When I was born, never were waves nor wind more violent.* Put this question and answer in a parenthesis, and the description goes on without difficulty:

. . . . . 'endur'd a sea
That almost burst the deck,
And from the ladder-tackle washes off, &c.'"

The line which Malone supposed to have dropped out between lines 60 and 61 of the text "may," he says, "perhaps have been of this import:

'O'er the good ship the foaming billow breaks.'"

NOTE XIII.

IV. 4. 13—16. The first Quarto, followed substantially by the rest, arranges this passage as follows:

'Old *Helicanus* goes along behind,
Is left to gouerne it, you beare in mind.
Old *Escenes*, whom *Hellicanus* late
Aduanode in time to great and hie estate.'

Dr Nicholson would punctuate thus:

'. . . . . behind.
Is left to govern it (you bear in mind)
Old &c.'

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Mr Daniel, adopting the arrangement of the early copies, punctuates thus:

'Old Helicanus goes along. Behind
Is left to govern it, you bear in mind,
Old Escanes, &c.'

His punctuation is substantially adopted by Hudson (1881), and as it gives a certain kind of sense it seems preferable to the more violent alteration, proposed by Steevens and followed by Malone, which we put in the text of our first edition:

'Old Escanes, whom Helicanus late
Advanc'd in time to great and high estate,
Is left to govern. Bear you it in mind
Old Helicanus goes along behind.'

Note XIV.

IV. 4. 38—43. Steevens proposes to read these lines as follows:

'Marina call'd; and at her birth
Proud Thetis swallow'd part o' the earth:
The earth, fearing to be o'erflow'd,
Hath Thetis' birth on heaven bestow'd:
Wherefore she swears she'll never stint
Make battery upon shores of flint.'

Note XV.

IV. 6. 24. Mr Collier suggests that 'impunity,' the reading of some of the early copies, is a misprint for 'impurity.'

Note XVI.

V. 13. Malone says that the corresponding rhyme, *coast*, shews that *lest*, in the first edition, was only a misprint for *lost*. The three copies of the first edition with which we are acquainted including that at the Bodleian which once belonged to Malone himself, all read 'left' not 'lest.'

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Note XVII.

v. 1. 32. There is a confusion in the distribution of the dialogue in the first three Quartos; the first, followed by the other two, reads:

'*Hell.* You may, but bootlesse. Is your sight see, will not speake to any, yet let me obtaine my wish.
Lys. Behold him, this was a goodly person.
Hell. Till the disaster that one mortall wight droue him to this.'

The necessary correction was made in Q_4.

Note XVIII.

v. 1. 153. Mr Grant White thinks it "more than probable that 'Motion' is a stage direction which has slipped into the text, and that here *Marina* was to beckon or motion to *Pericles* to cease his rhapsody."

Note XIX.

v. 1. 205, 206. The first Quarto, followed substantially by the rest, reads thus:

'Thou hast beene God-like perfit, the heir of kingdomes,
And an other like to *Pericles* thy father.'

Malone suggests, "Perhaps the poet wrote,

'—— As in the rest you said
Thou hast been god-like-perfect, *so go on;*
Proceed and tell me but thy mother's name,
The heir of kingdoms, and *a mother* like
To Pericles thy father.'"

In his edition of 1780 he printed substantially the old text. But in 1790 he reads as follows:

'(as in the rest you said,
Thou hast been god-like-perfect;) the heir of kingdoms,
And a mother like to Pericles, thy father.'

In this reading he is followed substantially by Boswell.

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Steevens says, "I would read,

'I am Pericles of Tyre; but tell me now
My drown'd queen's name: In *all* the rest thou said'st
Thou hast been god-like, *perhaps* the heir of kingdoms,
And another like to Pericles thy father.'"

But in his edition of 1793 he printed the passage thus:

'I am Pericles of Tyre: but tell me now
(As in the rest thou hast been godlike perfect,)
My drown'd queen's name, thou art the heir of kingdoms,
And another life to Pericles thy father.'

Mason proposed,

'Thou 'rt heir of kingdoms,
And another life to Pericles thy father.'

Jackson would read,

'But tell me now
(As in the rest thou hast been god-like perfect,)
My drown'd queen's name, *then thou 'rt* the heir of kingdoms.'

Singer, in his first edition, printed the passage thus:

'I am Pericles of Tyre: but tell me now
My drown'd queen's name (as in the rest thou hast
Been godlike perfect), thou 'rt the heir of kingdoms,
And another life to Pericles thy father.'

In his second edition he reads,

'I am Pericles of Tyre: but tell me now
My drown'd queen's name (as in the rest you said
Thou hast been godlike perfect), the heir of kingdoms,
And another life to Pericles thy father.'

In this reading he is followed by Mr Collier in his second edition, except that in the third line he reads 'thou heir' for 'the heir.' Mr Staunton also adopts the reading of Singer (ed. 2), but prints 'another-life' for 'another life.' He suggests as another emendation,

'And *mother*-like to Pericles thy father.'

Mr Dyce (ed. 1) proposes,

'Thou hast been godlike perfect,—thou art then
The heir of kingdoms, and another life
To Pericles thy father.'

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As the passage is so corrupt that it cannot be corrected with any approach to certainty by conjecture, we have left it as it stands in the Quartos and Folios.

[Sir Philip Perring thinks it may so stand, and that, so standing, it very well admits of being explained. Hudson (1881) reads,

'(as in the rest you've said
Thou hast been godlike perfect,) and thou art
The heir of kingdoms, and another life
To Pericles thy father.']

Note XX.

v. l. 230. The first three Quartos read,

'*Lys.* Musicke my Lord? I heare.'

The fourth and fifth have,

'*Lys.* Musicke my Lord, I heare.'

The sixth,

'*Lys.* Musicke my Lord, I heare?'

The Folios,

'*Lys.* Musick, my Lord, I hear.'

Malone reads,

'*Lys.* Musick? My lord, I hear—'

Steevens, following Malone, arranges *Do ye...hear*— as one line.

Mr Dyce first suggested that 'Music' should be printed as a stage direction, and in this he has been followed by Mr Staunton, Mr Grant White, Dr Delius, and, though with some hesitation, by ourselves in the Globe edition. No music is mentioned in Wilkins' Novel, and any music of earth would be likely to jar with that 'music of the spheres' which was already lulling Pericles to sleep. Perhaps the passage might be arranged thus:

'*Lys.* Music, my lord?
Per. I hear most heavenly music.'

[This arrangement is followed by Hudson (1881). Sir Philip Perring suggests,

Rarest sounds. Do ye not hear music?
Lys. My lord!
Per. I hear
Most heavenly music.]

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Note XXI.

v. l. 238—247. Steevens supposes that Diana's revelation was originally delivered in rhyme, thus:

'My temple stands in Ephesus; hie thither
And do upon mine altar sacrifice.
There, when my maiden priests are met together,
Before the people all, in *solemn wise*
Recount the progress of thy miseries.
Reveal how thou at sea didst lose thy wife;
How mourn thy crosses, with thy daughter's: *go,*
And give them repetition to the *life.*
Perform my bidding, or thou liv'st in woe:
Do't, and be happy, by my silver bow.'

Note XXII.

v. 3. 15. The word 'nun' which Mr Collier had conjectured in a note to his first edition, is given by a MS. corrector in Capell's copy of the first Quarto.

Note XXIII.

v. 3. 80. 'Heavens' is the reading of all the Quartos and Folios in the text, but in the first three Quartos 'Heaven' is the catchword on the previous page.

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POEMS.

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VENUS AND ADONIS.

Vilia miretur vulgus; mihi flavus Apollo
Pocula Castalia plena ministret aqua.

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TO THE

RIGHT HONORABLE HENRIE WRIOTHESLEY,

EARLE OF SOUTHAMPTON, AND BARON OF TITCHFIELD.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

I KNOW not how I shall offend in dedicating my vnpolisht lines to your Lordship, nor how the worlde will censure me for choosing so strong a proppe to support so weake a burthen, onelye if your Honour seeme but pleased, I account my selfe highly praised, and vowe to take aduantage of all idle houres, till I haue honoured you with some grauer labour. But if the first heire of my inuention proue deformed, I shall be sorie it had so noble a god-father: and neuer after eare so barren a land, for fear it yeeld me still so bad a haruest, I leaue it to your Honourable suruey, and your Honor to[1] your hearts content which I wish may alwaies answere your owne wish, and the worlds hopefull expectation.

Your Honors in all dutie,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

[1] The Edinburgh ed. 1627, Q_{10}, has 'in' for 'to'.

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VENUS AND ADONIS.

EVEN as the sun with purple-colour'd face
Had ta'en his last leave of the weeping morn,
Rose-cheek'd Adonis hied him to the chase;
Hunting he loved, but love he laugh'd to scorn:
Sick-thoughted Venus makes amain unto him,
And like a bold-faced suitor 'gins to woo him.

'Thrice fairer than myself,' thus she began,
'The field's chief flower, sweet above compare,
Stain to all nymphs, more lovely than a man,
More white and red than doves or roses are;
Nature that made thee, with herself at strife,
Saith that the world hath ending with thy life.

'Vouchsafe, thou wonder, to alight thy steed,
And rein his proud head to the saddle-bow;
If thou wilt deign this favour, for thy meed
A thousand honey secrets shalt thou know:
Here come and sit, where never serpent hisses,
And being set, I 'll smother thee with kisses;

1 *purple-colour'd*] *purple-colourd* Q_1Q_2 Q_3. *purple-coloured* Q_4. *purple coloured* The rest.
8 *chief*] *sweet* Sewell.
10 *or roses*] *and roses* Farmer conj.
14 *rein*] *reigne* $Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$. *raigne* Q_{10}. *raine* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *reine* The rest.
15 *deign*] *daine* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$.
17 *sit*] *fit* Q_{13}.
never serpent hisses] *serpents never hisses* Q_{13}. *serpent never hisses* Gildon.

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'And yet not cloy thy lips with loathed satiety,
But rather famish them amid their plenty,
Making them red and pale with fresh variety;
Ten kisses short as one, one long as twenty:
A summer's day will seem an hour but short,
Being wasted in such time-beguiling sport.'

With this she seizeth on his sweating palm,
The precedent of pith and livelihood,
And, trembling in her passion, calls it balm,
Earth's sovereign salve to do a goddess good:
Being so enraged, desire doth lend her force
Courageously to pluck him from his horse.

Over one arm the lusty courser's rein,
Under her other was the tender boy,
Who blush'd and pouted in a dull disdain,
With leaden appetite, unapt to toy;
She red and hot as coals of glowing fire,
He red for shame, but frosty in desire.

The studded bridle on a ragged bough
Nimbly she fastens—O, how quick is love!—
The steed is stalled up, and even now
To tie the rider she begins to prove:
Backward she push'd him, as she would be thrust,
And govern'd him in strength, though not in lust.

19 *satiety*] *sacietie* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_{10}$.
24 *time-beguiling*] *time-beguilding* Q_4. *time, beguiling* Q_{10}.
25 *seizeth*] *ceazeth* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *seiseth* Q_6. *seaseth* Q_{10}.
26 *precedent*] Malone (Capell MS.). *president* Qq.
27 *it*] *its* Sewell (ed. 1).
32 *her other*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *the other* The rest.
38 *love!*] *loue!* $Q_{12}Q_{13}$.

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So soon was she along as he was down,
Each leaning on their elbows and their hips:
Now doth she stroke his cheek, now doth he frown,
And 'gins to chide, but soon she stops his lips;
And kissing speaks, with lustful language broken,
'If thou wilt chide, thy lips shall never open.'

He burns with bashful shame; she with her tears
Doth quench the maiden burning of his cheeks;
Then with her windy sighs and golden hairs
To fan and blow them dry again she seeks:
He saith she is immodest, blames her miss;
What follows more she murders with a kiss.

Even as an empty eagle, sharp by fast,
Tires with her beak on feathers, flesh and bone,
Shaking her wings, devouring all in haste,
Till either gorge be stuff'd or prey be gone;
Even so she kiss'd his brow, his cheek, his chin,
And where she ends she doth anew begin.

Forced to content, but never to obey,
Panting he lies and breatheth in her face;
She feedeth on the steam as on a prey,
And calls it heavenly moisture, air of grace;
Wishing her cheeks were gardens full of flowers,
So they were dew'd with such distilling showers.

50 *maiden burning*] Hyphened in Lintott.
51 *haire*] *haires* $Q_{12}Q_{13}$. *heares* The rest.
53 *saith*] *sayes* $Q_{12}Q_{13}$.
miss] *'miss* Malone.
54 *murders*] *murthers* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *smothers* The rest.
56 *feathers*] *feather* $Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_6$.
61 *Forced*] *Forst* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *Forc'd* Q_{10}. *Forc't* The rest.
content] *consent* Gildon.
62 *breatheth*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *breathing* The rest.
63 *prey*] *pray* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$.
66 *such distilling*] *such-distilling* Dyce, ed. 2 (S. Walker conj.).

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Look, how a bird lies tangled in a net,
So fasten'd in her arms Adonis lies;
Pure shame and awed resistance made him fret,
Which bred more beauty in his angry eyes:
Rain added to a river that is rank
Perforce will force it overflow the bank.

Still she entreats, and prettily entreats,
For to a pretty ear she tunes her tale;
Still is he sullen, still he lours and frets,
'Twixt crimson shame, and anger ashy-pale;
Being red, she loves him best; and being white,
Her best is better'd with a more delight.

Look how he can, she cannot choose but love;
And by her fair immortal hand she swears,
From his soft bosom never to remove,
Till he take truce with her contending tears,
Which long have rain'd, making her cheeks all wet;
And one sweet kiss shall pay this countless debt.

Upon this promise did he raise his chin,
Like a dive-dapper peering through a wave,
Who, being look'd on, ducks as quickly in;
So offers he to give what she did crave;

68 *fasten'd*] Gildon. *fastned* Qq.
74 *ear*] *care* Q_{13}. *air* Malone conj.
75 *is he*] *he is* $Q_9Q_{11}Q_{12}Q_{13}$.
sullen] *sullein* Q_1Q_2.
he] *she* Q_3Q_4.
76 *shame, and anger*] *shame and anger*, Malone.
ashy-pale] Hyphened by Malone.
78 *Her best*] *Her brest* $Q_{11}Q_{12}Q_{13}$. *Her breast* Lintott and Gildon.
better'd] *betterd* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *bettered* The rest. *fetter'd* Theobald conj. MS., reading *breast*.
a more delight] *an o'er-delight* Warburton conj.
79 *choose*] Malone. *chuse* Qq.
82 *take*] *takes* Q_4.
84 *countless*] *comptlesse* Q_1Q_2. *comptles* Q_3Q_4.
86 *dive-dapper*] *die-dapper* Q_7Q_{10}.

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But when her lips were ready for his pay,
He winks, and turns his lips another way.

Never did passenger in summer's heat
More thirst for drink than she for this good turn.
Her help she sees, but help she cannot get;
She bathes in water, yet her fire must burn:
'O, pity,' 'gan she cry, 'flint-hearted boy!
'Tis but a kiss I beg; why art thou coy?

'I have been woo'd, as I entreat thee now,
Even by the stern and direful god of war,
Whose sinewy neck in battle ne'er did bow,
Who conquers where he comes in every jar;
Yet hath he been my captive and my slave,
And begg'd for that which thou unask'd shalt have.

'Over my altars hath he hung his lance,
His batter'd shield, his uncontrolled crest,
And for my sake hath learn'd to sport and dance,
To toy, to wanton, dally, smile and jest;
Scorning his churlish drum and ensign red,
Making my arms his field, his tent my bed.

'Thus he that overruled I overswayed,
Leading him prisoner in a red-rose chain:

89 *her lips*] *his lips* $Q_9Q_{11}Q_{12}Q_{13}$.
90 *winks, and turns*] *winkt, and turnde* Q_{10}.
94 *yet her*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *yet in* The rest.
97 *woo'd*] *wooed* $Q_1Q_2Q_{10}$.
99 *sinewy*] *sinewie* Q_{10}. *sinowy* Q_9Q_{11} $Q_{12}Q_{13}$. *sinnowie* Q_4. *sinowie* The rest.
102 *shalt*] *shall* Q_{10}.
103 *hung*] *hong* Q_1Q_2.
104 *batter'd*] *batterd* Q_9. *battered* Q_{10}. *battred* The rest.
106 *toy*] Q_1Q_2. *coy* The rest.
109 *overswayed*] *over-sway'd* Q_{13}.
110 *red-rose*] Hyphened in Q_{10}.

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Strong-temper'd steel his stronger strength obeyed,
Yet was he servile to my coy disdain.
O, be not proud, nor brag not of thy might,
For mastering her that foil'd the god of fight!

'Touch but my lips with those fair lips of thine—
Though mine be not so fair, yet are they red—
The kiss shall be thine own as well as mine:
What see'st thou in the ground? hold up thy head:
Look in mine eyeballs, there thy beauty lies;
Then why not lips on lips, since eyes in eyes?

'Art thou ashamed to kiss? then wink again,
And I will wink; so shall the day seem night;
Love keeps his revels where there are but twain;
Be bold to play, our sport is not in sight:
These blue-vein'd violets whereon we lean
Never can blab, nor know not what we mean.

'The tender spring upon thy tempting lip
Shews thee unripe; yet mayst thou well be tasted:
Make use of time, let not advantage slip;
Beauty within itself should not be wasted:
Fair flowers that are not gather'd in their prime
Rot and consume themselves in little time.

111 *Strong-temper'd*] *Strong-temperd* Q_1 Q_2. *Strong temperd* Q_3. *Strōg tempered* Q_5Q_7. *Strrōg tempred* Q_6. *Strong tempred* The rest.
obeyed] *obey'd* $Q_9Q_{10}Q_{11}Q_{12}Q_{13}$.
114 *mastering*] *maistring* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *mastring* The rest.
that] *who* Q_{10}.
116 *are they*] *they are* Gildon.
118 *in the ground*] *on the ground* Sewell.
119 *there*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *where* The rest.
120 *in eyes*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *on eyes* The rest.
123 *revels*] *rivals* Q_{10}.
there are] Q_1. *they bee* Q_{10}. *there be* The rest.
126 *know not*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *know they* The rest.
130 *should*] *would* Lintott and Gildon.
131 *gather'd*] Gildon. *gathred* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$ $Q_4Q_5Q_6Q_7$. *gathered* $Q_8Q_9Q_{11}Q_{12}Q_{13}$. *gath'red* Q_{10}.

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'Were I hard-favour'd, foul, or wrinkled-old,
Ill-nurtured, crooked, churlish, harsh in voice,
O'erworn, despised, rheumatic and cold,
Thick-sighted, barren, lean, and lacking juice,
Then mightst thou pause, for then I were not for thee;
But having no defects, why dost abhor me?

'Thou canst not see one wrinkle in my brow;
Mine eyes are grey and bright and quick in turning;
My beauty as the spring doth yearly grow,
My flesh is soft and plump, my marrow burning;
My smooth moist hand, were it with thy hand felt,
Would in thy palm dissolve, or seem to melt.

'Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear,
Or, like a fairy, trip upon the green,
Or, like a nymph, with long dishevell'd hair,
Dance on the sands, and yet no footing seen:
Love is a spirit all compact of fire,
Not gross to sink, but light, and will aspire.

'Witness this primrose bank whereon I lie;
These forceless flowers like sturdy trees support me;
Two strengthless doves will draw me through the sky,
From morn till night, even where I list to sport me:
Is love so light, sweet boy, and may it be
That thou shouldst think it heavy unto thee?

133 *hard-favour'd*] *hard fauoured* Q_4 Q_6Q_7. *hard-fauoured* $Q_8Q_9Q_{11}Q_{12}$ Q_{13}.
wrinkled-old] Hyphened by Malone.
134 *Ill-nurtured*] *Ill natur'd* Q_6Q_8. *Ill-natur'd* $Q_9Q_{11}Q_{12}Q_{13}$.
136 *juice*] *iuyce* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *ioyce* The rest.
138 *dost*] *doest* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_{10}$.
142 *is soft*] *as soft* Lintott and Gildon.
plump] Q_9Q_{11}. *plumpe* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_{12}$ Q_{13}. *plumbe* Q_4. *plum* The rest.
143 *smooth moist hand*] Hyphened in Q_{10}.
147 *dishevell'd*] *dishcueled* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_5$ Q_8Q_7. *deshevell'd* Hudson (1881).
hair] *haire* $Q_{11}Q_{12}Q_{13}$. *heare* The rest.
152 *These*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *The* The rest.
154 *till*] *to* Boswell.
156 *shouldst*] *should* Q_1.

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'Is thine own heart to thine own face affected?
Can thy right hand seize love upon thy left?
Then woo thyself, be of thyself rejected,
Steal thine own freedom, and complain on theft.
Narcissus so himself himself forsook,
And died to kiss his shadow in the brook.

'Torches are made to light, jewels to wear,
Dainties to taste, fresh beauty for the use,
Herbs for their smell, and sappy plants to bear;
Things growing to themselves are growth's abuse:
Seeds spring from seeds and beauty breedeth beauty;
Thou wast begot; to get it is thy duty.

'Upon the earth's increase why shouldst thou feed,
Unless the earth with thy increase be fed?
By law of nature thou art bound to breed,
That thine may live when thou thyself art dead;
And so, in spite of death, thou dost survive,
In that thy likeness still is left alive.'

By this, the love-sick queen began to sweat,
For, where they lay, the shadow had forsook them,
And Titan, tired in the mid-day heat,
With burning eye did hotly overlook them,
Wishing Adonis had his team to guide,
So he were like him and by Venus' side.

And now Adonis, with a lazy spright,
And with a heavy, dark, disliking eye,
His louring brows o'erwhelming his fair sight,
Like misty vapours when they blot the sky;

158 *seize*] *ceaze* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$.
160 *on*] Q_1Q_2. *of* The rest.
168 *wast*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *wert* The rest.
177 *tired*] *'tired* (for *attired*) Collier.
181 *spright*] *sprite* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$.

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Souring his cheeks, cries 'Fie, no more of love!
The sun doth burn my face; I must remove.'

'Ay me,' quoth Venus, 'young, and so unkind!
What bare excuses makest thou to be gone!
I'll sigh celestial breath, whose gentle wind
Shall cool the heat of this descending sun:
I'll make a shadow for thee of my hairs;
If they burn too, I'll quench them with my tears.

'The sun that shines from heaven shines but warm,
And, lo, I lie between that sun and thee:
The heat I have from thence doth little harm,
Thine eye darts forth the fire that burneth me;
And were I not immortal, life were done
Between this heavenly and earthly sun.

'Art thou obdurate, flinty, hard as steel?
Nay, more than flint, for stone at rain relenteth:
Art thou a woman's son, and canst not feel
What 'tis to love? how want of love tormenteth?
O, had thy mother borne so hard a mind,
She had not brought forth thee, but died unkind.

'What am I, that thou shouldst contemn me this?
Or what great danger dwells upon my suit?

185 *Souring*] *So wring* Q_1.
186 *face; I*] *face I* Q_1. *face, I* The rest.
187 *Ay*] *Ah* Lintott.
unkind!] *vnkinde*, $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *vnkind*, Q_4. *unkind?* Malone (1790).
188 *gone!*] Pointed as in Q_6. A note of interrogation in the rest.
190 *heat*] *heart* Q_4.
191 *hairs*] *haires* $Q_{12}Q_{13}$. *heares* The rest.
194 *that*] *the* $Q_{12}Q_{13}$.
198 *and*] *and this* Q_7Q_{10}.
199, 200 *steel?...relenteth:*] *steel,...relenteth?* Malone.
200 *Nay, more than*] *Nay more, than* Gildon.
202 *love?*] Malone. *loue*, Qq.
203 *hard*] Q_1. *bad* The rest.
205 *this*] *thus* Q_{10} and Capell MS.

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What were thy lips the worse for one poor kiss?
Speak, fair; but speak fair words, or else be mute:
Give me one kiss, I'll give it thee again,
And one for interest, if thou wilt have twain.

'Fie, lifeless picture, cold and senseless stone,
Well painted idol, image dull and dead,
Statue contenting but the eye alone,
Thing like a man, but of no woman bred!
Thou art no man, though of a man's complexion,
For men will kiss even by their own direction.'

This said, impatience chokes her pleading tongue,
And swelling passion doth provoke a pause;
Red cheeks and fiery eyes blaze forth her wrong;
Being judge in love, she cannot right her cause:
And now she weeps, and now she fain would speak,
And now her sobs do her intendments break.

Sometimes she shakes her head, and then his hand,
Now gazeth she on him, now on the ground;
Sometimes her arms infold him like a band:
She would, he will not in her arms be bound;
And when from thence he struggles to be gone,
She locks her lily fingers one in one.

208 *Speak,*] Pointed as in $Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8Q_9$ Q_{11}. No stop in the rest.
210 *interest*] Q_6. *intrest* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *in-t'rest* The rest.
211 *lifeless*] Sewell. *liueles* Q_4. *liuelesse* The rest.
212 *image*] *image*, Q_4.
213 *Statue*] *Statiie* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *contenting*] *contemning* Q_4.
214 *no woman*] *a woman* Q_{10}. *bred*] *bread* Q_4.
217 *chokes*] *chockes* Q_{10}. *tongue*] *tong* $Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6Q_7$.
221 *would*] *wold* $Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6Q_9$.
222 *intendments*] *intendmens* Q_6.
225 *like a band*] *as aband* Q_{10}.
226 *he will*] *he would* Q_{10}.
228 *her*] *their* Farmer conj.

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'Fondling,' she saith, 'since I have hemm'd thee here
Within the circuit of this ivory pale,
I'll be a park, and thou shalt be my deer;
Feed where thou wilt, on mountain or in dale:
Graze on my lips, and if those hills be dry,
Stray lower, where the pleasant fountains lie.

'Within this limit is relief enough,
Sweet bottom-grass and high delightful plain,
Round rising hillocks, brakes obscure and rough,
To shelter thee from tempest and from rain:
Then be my deer, since I am such a park;
No dog shall rouse thee, though a thousand bark.'

At this Adonis smiles as in disdain,
That in each cheek appears a pretty dimple:
Love made those hollows, if himself were slain,
He might be buried in a tomb so simple;
Foreknowing well, if there he came to lie,
Why, there Love lived, and there he could not die.

These lovely caves, these round enchanting pits,
Open'd their mouths to swallow Venus' liking.
Being mad before, how doth she now for wits?
Struck dead at first, what needs a second striking?
Poor queen of love, in thine own law forlorn,
To love a cheek that smiles at thee in scorn!

229 *she saith*] *saith she* Lintott and Gildon. *said she* Ewing.
231 *a park*] *a parke* Q_1Q_2. *the parke* The rest. *thy park* Malone (1790). *deer*] *deare* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *deere* The rest.
234 *fountains*] *fonutains* Q_4.
235 *Within*] *Witin* Q_1.
236 *Sweet bottom-grass*] Malone. *Sweet-bottome grasse* Q_{10}. No hyphen in the rest.
239 *deer*] *deare* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *deere* The rest.
242, 346 *each*] *ech* Q_1Q_2.
247 *lovely*] *louing* $Q_3Q_9Q_{11}Q_{12}Q_{13}$. *these round*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_{12}$. *those round* The rest.
248 *Open'd*] Q_{10}. *Opend* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_7$. *Opened* The rest.
249 *mad*] *made* Q_{13}.
250 *Struck*] *Strucke* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *Struckt* Q_4. *Strooke* The rest.
252 *in scorn!*] *with scorne!* Q_{13}.

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Now which way shall she turn? what shall she say?
Her words are done, her woes the more increasing;
The time is spent, her object will away
And from her twining arms doth urge releasing.
'Pity,' she cries, 'some favour, some remorse!'
Away he springs, and hasteth to his horse.

But, lo, from forth a copse that neighbours by,
A breeding jennet, lusty, young and proud,
Adonis' trampling courser doth espy,
And forth she rushes, snorts and neighs aloud:
The strong-neck'd steed, being tied unto a tree,
Breaketh his rein and to her straight goes he.

Imperiously he leaps, he neighs, he bounds,
And now his woven girths he breaks asunder;
The bearing earth with his hard hoof he wounds,
Whose hollow womb resounds like heaven's thunder;
The iron bit he crusheth 'tween his teeth,
Controlling what he was controlled with.

His ears up-prick'd; his braided hanging mane
Upon his compass'd crest now stand on end;
His nostrils drink the air, and forth again,
As from a furnace, vapours doth he send:
His eye, which scornfully glisters like fire,
Shows his hot courage and his high desire.

253 *she say*] *we say* Q_4.
258 *springs*] *spring'th* Q_{10}.
259 *from forth*] *from thence* Q_{10}.
261 *doth*] *did* Q_{10}.
264 *rein*] *reigne* $Q_5Q_6Q_7$. *raine* Q_1Q_2 Q_{10}. *reine* The rest.
266 *woven*] *wooven* Q_{10}.
girths] Q_2Q_3. *girthes* Q_1. *girts* The rest.
268 *womb*] Q_2. *wōbe* Q_3. *wōb* $Q_4Q_5Q_6$ Q_7. *wombe* The rest.
269 *crusheth*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *crushes* The rest.
his] *hir* Q_2.
271 *mane*] *maine* Q_2Q_3.
272 *stand*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *stands* The rest.
on end] *an end* $Q_{12}Q_{13}$.
274 *furnace*] *fornace* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_{10}$.
send] *lend* Lintott and Gildon.
275 *scornfully glisters*] *glisters scornfully* Sewell.
like fire] *like the fire* Q_{10}.
276 *hot*] *hote* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_{10}$.
hot...high] *high...hot* Anon. conj.

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Sometime he trots, as if he told the steps,
With gentle majesty and modest pride;
Anon he rears upright, curvets and leaps,
As who should say 'Lo, thus my strength is tried;
And this I do to captivate the eye
Of the fair breeder that is standing by.

What recketh he his rider's angry stir,
His flattering 'Holla' or his 'Stand, I say'?
What cares he now for curb or pricking spur?
For rich caparisons or trappings gay?
He sees his love, and nothing else he sees,
For nothing else with his proud sight agrees.

Look, when a painter would surpass the life,
In limning out a well proportion'd steed,
His art with nature's workmanship at strife,
As if the dead the living should exceed;
So did this horse excel a common one
In shape, in courage, colour, pace and bone.

Round-hoof'd, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and long,
Broad breast, full eye, small head and nostril wide,
High crest, short ears, straight legs and passing strong,
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide:
Look, what a horse should have he did not lack,
Save a proud rider on so proud a back.

277 *Sometime*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *Sometimes* The rest.
281 *this*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *thus* The rest.
283 *stir*] *sturre* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *stur* The rest.
284 *say?*] $Q_9Q_{11}Q_{12}Q_{13}$. *say*, The rest.
285 *spur?*] Gildon. *spurre*, $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *spur*, The rest.
286 *trappings*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *tripping* Q_{10}. *trapping* The rest.
gay?] *gay:* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$.
288 *agrees*] *aggries* Q_{10}.
290 *limning*] Lintott and Gildon. *limming* Qq.
proportion'd] Q_{13}. *proportiond* Q_9 Q_{11}. *proportionde* Q_{10}. *proportioned* The rest.
293 *this*] *his* $Q_9Q_{11}Q_{13}$.
a] *each* Kinnear conj.
294 *pace*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *pase* The rest.
296 *eye*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *eie* Q_4. *eyes* The rest.

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Sometime he scuds far off, and there he stares;
Anon he starts at stirring of a feather;
To bid the wind a base he now prepares,
And whether he run or fly they know not whether;
For through his mane and tail the high wind sings,
Fanning the hairs, who wave like feather'd wings.

He looks upon his love and neighs unto her;
She answers him, as if she knew his mind:
Being proud, as females are, to see him woo her,
She puts on outward strangeness, seems unkind,
Spurns at his love and scorns the heat he feels,
Beating his kind embracements with her heels.

Then, like a melancholy malcontent,
He vails his tail, that, like a falling plume,
Cool shadow to his melting buttock lent:
He stamps, and bites the poor flies in his fume.
His love, perceiving how he was enraged,
Grew kinder, and his fury was assuaged.

His testy master goeth about to take him;
When, lo, the unback'd breeder, full of fear,
Jealous of catching, swiftly doth forsake him,
With her the horse, and left Adonis there:
As they were mad, unto the wood they hie them,
Out-stripping crows that strive to over-fly them.

301 *Sometime*] *Sometimes* $Q_6Q_9Q_{11}Q_{13}$.
302 *starts*] *stares* $Q_9Q_{10}Q_{11}Q_{12}Q_{13}$.
303 *a base*] *a bace* $Q_6Q_8Q_9Q_{11}Q_{12}Q_{13}$. *abase* Q_{10}.
304 *And whether*] *And where* Qq. *And whêr* Malone (1780). *And whe'r* Malone, 1790 (Capell MS.). *not whether*] *not whither* Sewell.
305 *through*] *though* Q_4.
306 *who wave*] *which wave* Q_2. *who have* Lintott. *which heave* Gildon. *feather'd*] $Q_{12}Q_{13}$. *feathred* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_5$. *fethred* Q_4. *feath'red* $Q_{10}Q_{11}$. *featherd* Q_7. *feathered* $Q_6Q_8Q_9$.
311 *and*] om. Lintott.
313 *malcontent*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *male content* Q_4. *malecontent* The rest.
314 *vails*] *vales* $Q_5Q_7Q_8Q_9$. *veils* Sewell.
315 *buttock*] *buttocke* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *buttocks* The rest.
317 *was*] Q_1Q_2. *is* The rest.
319 *testy*] *testie* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *teastie* $Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8Q_{10}Q_{13}$. *teasty* $Q_9Q_{11}Q_{12}$. *goeth*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *goes* The rest.

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All swoln with chafing, down Adonis sits,
Banning his boisterous and unruly beast:
And now the happy season once more fits,
That love-sick Love by pleading may be blest;
For lovers say, the heart hath treble wrong
When it is barr'd the aidance of the tongue.

An oven that is stopp'd, or river stay'd,
Burneth more hotly, swelleth with more rage:
So of concealed sorrow may be said;
Free vent of words love's fire doth assuage;
But when the heart's attorney once is mute,
The client breaks, as desperate in his suit.

He sees her coming, and begins to glow,
Even as a dying coal revives with wind,
And with his bonnet hides his angry brow,
Looks on the dull earth with disturbed mind,
Taking no notice that she is so nigh,
For all askance he holds her in his eye.

O, what a sight it was, wistly to view
How she came stealing to the wayward boy!
To note the fighting conflict of her hue,
How white and red each other did destroy!
But now her cheek was pale, and by and by
It flash'd forth fire, as lightning from the sky.

Now was she just before him as he sat,
And like a lowly lover down she kneels;

325 *chafing*] *chasing* $Q_4Q_5Q_7Q_{10}$.
328 *Love*] In capitals in Q_{10}; italics in the rest, except Q_1Q_2.
334 *fire*] *fier* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$.
doth] *doth oft* Sewell.
341 *notice*] *notich* Q_4.
343 *view*] *view?* Q_4.
345 *hue*] Gildon. *hew* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_{10}$. *hiew* The rest.
348 *as*] *and* $Q_6Q_8Q_9Q_{11}Q_{12}Q_{13}$.
350 *lowly*] *slowly* Q_4.

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With one fair hand she heaveth up his hat,
Her other tender hand his fair cheek feels:
His tenderer cheek receives her soft hand's print,
As apt as new-fall'n snow takes any dint.

O, what a war of looks was then between them!
Her eyes petitioners to his eyes suing;
His eyes saw her eyes as they had not seen them;
Her eyes woo'd still, his eyes disdain'd the wooing:
And all this dumb play had his acts made plain
With tears, which chorus-like her eyes did rain.

Full gently now she takes him by the hand,
A lily prison'd in a gaol of snow,
Or ivory in an alabaster band;
So white a friend engirts so white a foe:
This beauteous combat, wilful and unwilling,
Show'd like two silver doves that sit a-billing.

Once more the engine of her thoughts began:
'O fairest mover on this mortal round,
Would thou wert as I am, and I a man,
My heart all whole as thine, thy heart my wound;
For one sweet look thy help I would assure thee,
Though nothing but my body's bane would cure thee.'

352 *cheek*] *cheeke* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *cheekes* The rest.
353 *tenderer*] *tendrer* Q_1. *tender* The rest.
cheek receives] *cheeke, receiues* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *cheeks reuiues* Q_4. *cheekes reuiues* $Q_5Q_7Q_{10}$. *cheeks receiue* Q_6. *cheekes receiue* $Q_8Q_9Q_{11}Q_{12}Q_{13}$.
354 *new-fall'n*] *new falne* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *new fallen* $Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8Q_{10}$. *new-falne* $Q_9Q_{11}Q_{12}Q_{13}$.
358 *woo'd*] *wooed* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *wood* Q_5Q_7.
360 *chorus-like*] No hyphen in Q_{10}.
362 *gaol*] *gaile* or *Iaile* Qq.
363 *alabaster*] $Q_8Q_9Q_{10}Q_{11}Q_{12}Q_{13}$. *allablaster* Q_1. *alablaster* The rest.
365 *unwilling*] *willing* Q_4.
366 *Show'd*] *Showed* Q_1.
like two] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_6Q_6$. *like to* The rest.
371 *thy*] *my* $Q_8Q_9Q_{11}Q_{13}$.
372 *body's*] Gildon. *bodies* Qq.

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'Give me my hand,' saith he; 'why dost thou feel it?'
'Give me my heart,' saith she, 'and thou shalt have it;
O, give it me, lest thy hard heart do steel it,
And being steel'd, soft sighs can never grave it:
Then love's deep groans I never shall regard,
Because Adonis' heart hath made mine hard.'

'For shame,' he cries, 'let go, and let me go;
My day's delight is past, my horse is gone,
And 'tis your fault I am bereft him so:
I pray you hence, and leave me here alone;
For all my mind, my thought, my busy care,
Is how to get my palfrey from the mare.'

Thus she replies: 'Thy palfrey, as he should,
Welcomes the warm approach of sweet desire:
Affection is a coal that must be cool'd;
Else, suffer'd, it will set the heart on fire:
The sea hath bounds, but deep desire hath none;
Therefore no marvel though thy horse be gone.

'How like a jade he stood, tied to the tree,
Servilely master'd with a leathern rein!
But when he saw his love, his youth's fair fee,
He held such petty bondage in disdain;
Throwing the base thong from his bending crest,
Enfranchising his mouth, his back, his breast.

373, 374 *saith...saith*] *said...said* Q_{10}.
374 *my heart*] *thy heart* Gildon.
380 *day's*] *daies* $Q_4Q_5Q_6Q_7$. *dayes* The rest.
384 *from the mare*] *for the mare* Q_{10}.
385 *replies:*] *replies?* Q_9.
he] *she* $Q_6Q_8Q_9Q_{11}Q_{12}Q_{13}$.
should] *shold* Q_6.
388 *suffer'd*] *sufferd* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *suffered* $Q_{10}Q_{12}Q_{13}$. *suffred* The rest.
391 *the tree*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *a tree* The rest.
392 *Servilely*] *Seruilly* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *Seruily* Q_4.
master'd] *maisterd* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *maistred* $Q_4Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_{10}$. *mastred* $Q_8Q_9Q_{11}Q_{12}Q_{13}$.
leathern] Q_5Q_7. *leatherne* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_{10}$. *letherne* Q_4. *lethren* The rest.
rein] *reine* $Q_{11}Q_{12}Q_{13}$. *raine* The rest. *reign* Gildon.

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'Who sees his true-love in her naked bed,
Teaching the sheets a whiter hue than white,
But, when his glutton eye so full hath fed,
His other agents aim at like delight?
Who is so faint, that dares not be so bold
To touch the fire, the weather being cold?

'Let me excuse thy courser, gentle boy;
And learn of him, I heartily beseech thee,
To take advantage on presented joy;
Though I were dumb, yet his proceedings teach thee:
O, learn to love; the lesson is but plain,
And once made perfect, never lost again.'

'I know not love,' quoth he, 'nor will not know it,
Unless it be a boar, and then I chase it;
'Tis much to borrow, and I will not owe it;
My love to love is love but to disgrace it;
For I have heard it is a life in death,
That laughs, and weeps, and all but with a breath.

'Who wears a garment shapeless and unfinish'd?
Who plucks the bud before one leaf put forth?
If springing things be any jot diminish'd,
They wither in their prime, prove nothing worth:
The colt that 's back'd and burthen'd being young
Loseth his pride, and never waxeth strong.

397 *sees*] *seekes* $Q_2Q_3Q_4$.
true-love] Hyphened in $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_9$.
401 *is so*] *so is* Q_{10}.
dares] *dare* $Q_{12}Q_{13}$.
402 *fire*] *fier* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$.
409 *will not*] *will I* Lintott and Gildon.
413 *in death*] *of death* Q_{10}.
414 *with*] *in* Sewell.
419 *burthen'd*] *burden'd* Sewell.
420 *Loseth*] *Looseth* $Q_4Q_6Q_7Q_{10}$.
waxeth] *wexeth* Q_6.

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'You hurt my hand with wringing; let us part,
And leave this idle theme, this bootless chat:
Remove your siege from my unyielding heart;
To love's alarms it will not ope the gate:
Dismiss your vows, your feigned tears, your flattery;
For where a heart is hard they make no battery.'

'What! canst thou talk?' quoth she, 'hast thou a tongue?
O, would thou hadst not, or I had no hearing!
Thy mermaid's voice hath done me double wrong;
I had my load before, now press'd with bearing:
Melodious discord, heavenly tune harsh-sounding,
Ear's deep-sweet music, and heart's deep-sore wounding.

'Had I no eyes but ears, my ears would love
That inward beauty and invisible;
Or were I deaf, thy outward parts would move
Each part in me that were but sensible:
Though neither eyes nor ears, to hear nor see,
Yet should I be in love by touching thee.

'Say, that the sense of feeling were bereft me,
And that I could not see, nor hear, nor touch,
And nothing but the very smell were left me,
Yet would my love to thee be still as much;

424 *alarms*] *allarmes* Q_1. *alarmes* Q_2 Q_3. *alarum* Q_4. *alarme* The rest.
427 *talk?' quoth she,*] *talke* (*quoth she*) or *talk* (*quoth she*) Q_6.
tongue?] *tong*, Q_4. *tõg* Q_7.
429 *mermaid's*] *marmaides* Q_1Q_2. *marmaide* Q_3.
432 *Ear's*] *Eares* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *Earths* The rest.
deep-sweet.....deep-sore] Hyphened by Malone.
deep-sweet music] *deep sweet-musick* Capell MS.
deep-sore wounding] *deep sore-wounding* Gildon and Capell MS.
434 *invisible*] *invincible* Steevens conj.
436 *in me*] *of me* Gildon.
439 *feeling*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *reason* The rest.

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For from the stillitory of thy face excelling
Comes breath perfumed, that breedeth love by smelling.

'But, O, what banquet wert thou to the taste,
Being nurse and feeder of the other four!
Would they not wish the feast might ever last,
And bid Suspicion double-lock the door,
Lest Jealousy, that sour unwelcome guest,
Should by his stealing in disturb the feast?'

Once more the ruby-colour'd portal open'd,
Which to his speech did honey passage yield;
Like a red morn, that ever yet betoken'd
Wreck to the seaman, tempest to the field,
Sorrow to shepherds, woe unto the birds,
Gusts and foul flaws to herdmen and to herds.

This ill presage advisedly she marketh:
Even as the wind is hush'd before it raineth,
Or as the wolf doth grin before he barketh,
Or as the berry breaks before it staineth,
Or like the deadly bullet of a gun,
His meaning struck her ere his words begun.

443 *stillitory*] $Q_6Q_{11}Q_{12}Q_{13}$. *stillatorie* Q_7Q_{10}. *stillitorie* The rest. *still'tory* Malone.
excelling] *exhaling* Staunton conj. withdrawn (Athen., 1874).
447 *might*] Q_1Q_2. *should* The rest.
448 *double-lock*] Hyphened by Sewell.
door,] *doore?* Q_4Q_{10}.
450 *stealing in,*] *stealing; in* Q_{10}.
feast?] *feast.* Q_4Q_{10}.
451 *ruby-colour'd*] *rubi-coloured* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *ruby-coloured* $Q_4Q_5Q_6$. *ruby-coloured* Q_{10}.
454 *Wreck*] *Wrack* Q_9Q_{10}. *Wracke* The rest.
seaman] *Sea-men* Q_{10}.
455 *shepherds*] *the shepheards* Q_4.
456 *Gusts*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *Gust* The rest.
herdmen] *beardmen* Q_6. *beard-men* Q_{10}.
460 *staineth*] *straineth* Q_4. *staine* Q_{10}.
462 *struck*] *strucke* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *stroake* Q_{10}. *stroke* $Q_{12}Q_{13}$. *strooke* The rest.

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And at his look she flatly falleth down,
For looks kill love, and love by looks reviveth:
A smile recures the wounding of a frown;
But blessed bankrupt, that by love so thriveth!
The silly boy, believing she is dead,
Claps her pale cheek, till clapping makes it red;

And all amazed brake off his late intent,
For sharply he did think to reprehend her,
Which cunning love did wittily prevent:
Fair fall the wit that can so well defend her!
For on the grass she lies as she were slain,
Till his breath breatheth life in her again.

He wrings her nose, he strikes her on the cheeks,
He bends her fingers, holds her pulses hard,
He chafes her lips; a thousand ways he seeks
To mend the hurt that his unkindness marr'd:
He kisses her; and she, by her good will,
Will never rise, so he will kiss her still.

The night of sorrow now is turn'd to day:
Her two blue windows faintly she up-heaveth,
Like the fair sun, when in his fresh array
He cheers the morn, and all the earth relieveth:
And as the bright sun glorifies the sky,
So is her face illumined with her eye;

464 *kill*] *kils* Q_4.
466 *But*] *And* Malone conj. (withdrawn).
bankrupt] *bankrout* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *banckrout* $Q_{12}Q_{13}$. *banquerout* The rest.
love] *loss* Hudson, 1881 (S. Walker conj.). *looks* Kinnear conj.
469 *all amazed*] *all amaz'd* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *all in a maze* Q_4. *in amaze* Q_{10}. *in a maze* The rest. *all-amaz'd* Boswell.
472 *Fair fall*] Hyphened in $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
474 *breatheth*] *breathed* Q_{10}.
480 *Will*] *Would* Gildon.
484 *earth*] Q_1. *world* The rest.
relieveth] *relieue the* Q_{10}.

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Whose beams upon his hairless face are fix'd,
As if from thence they borrowed all their shine.
Were never four such lamps together mix'd,
Had not his clouded with his brow's repine;
But hers, which through the crystal tears gave light,
Shone like the moon in water seen by night.

'O, where am I?' quoth she; 'in earth or heaven,
Or in the ocean drench'd, or in the fire?
What hour is this? or morn or weary even?
Do I delight to die, or life desire?
But now I lived, and life was death's annoy;
But now I died, and death was lively joy.

'O, thou didst kill me: kill me once again:
Thy eyes' shrewd tutor, that hard heart of thine,
Hath taught them scornful tricks, and such disdain,
That they have murder'd this poor heart of mine;
And these mine eyes, true leaders to their queen,
But for thy piteous lips no more had seen.

'Long may they kiss each other, for this cure!
O, never let their crimson liveries wear!
And as they last, their verdure still endure,
To drive infection from the dangerous year!
That the star-gazers, having writ on death,
May say, the plague is banish'd by thy breath.

488 *borrowed*] *borrow'd* $Q_9Q_{11}Q_{12}Q_{13}$.
490 *clouded with*] *clouded, with* Qq.
493 *If' quoth she;*] *I (quoth she,)* Q_1Q_2. *I (quoth she)* The rest. *If (quoth she)* Gildon. *I, quoth she?* Malone.
494 *fire?*] *fire:* $Q_1Q_2Q_{10}$.
495 *this?*] Gildon. *this,* Qq.
even?] *euen,* Q_1Q_2.
500 *Thy*] *The* Q_4.
eyes' shrewd] Malone. *eyes shrowd* Q_1Q_2. *eyes shrewd* $Q_3Q_6Q_8Q_8$. *eies shrewd* Q_4. *eyes, shrewd* $Q_7Q_9Q_{11}$. *eyes, shrewde* Q_{10}. *eyes, shrew'd* Q_{12} Q_{13}. *eyes,—shrewd* Capell MS.
501 *Hath*] *Have* Gildon. *Has* Sewell.
502 *murder'd*] *murderd* Q_3. *murdred* The rest.
503 *mine eyes*] *my eyes* Q_{10}.
506 *never*] *neither* Q_4.
liveries] *liverie* Q_{10}.
507 *verdure*] *verdour* $Q_1Q_2Q_6$. *virtue* Staunton conj. (Athen., 1874).
509 *star-gazers*] *stars-gazers* Q_4.

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'Pure lips, sweet seals in my soft lips imprinted,
What bargains may I make, still to be sealing?
To sell myself I can be well contented,
So thou wilt buy, and pay, and use good dealing;
Which purchase if thou make, for fear of slips
Set thy seal-manual on my wax-red lips.

'A thousand kisses buys my heart from me;
And pay them at thy leisure, one by one.
What is ten hundred touches unto thee?
Are they not quickly told and quickly gone?
Say, for non-payment that the debt should double,
Is twenty hundred kisses such a trouble?'

'Fair queen,' quoth he, 'if any love you owe me,
Measure my strangeness with my unripe years:
Before I know myself, seek not to know me;
No fisher but the ungrown fry forbears:
The mellow plum doth fall, the green sticks fast,
Or being early pluck'd is sour to taste.

'Look, the world's comforter, with weary gait,
His day's hot task hath ended in the west;
The owl, night's herald, shrieks, 'tis very late;
The sheep are gone to fold, birds to their nest;
And coal-black clouds that shadow heaven's light
Do summon us to part, and bid good night.

511 *sweet seals...soft lips*] *soft seales... sweet lips* Q_{10}.
516 *seal-manual*] Hyphened by Malone.
518 *leisure*] Q_1. *leysure* $Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *leasure* The rest.
519, 522 *hundred*] *hundreth* Q_{10}.
519 *touches*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *kisses* The rest.
thee?] *thee*, Q_1Q_2.
521 *non-payment*] *none-paimēt* Q_2.
522 *hundred*] *thousand* Q_3Q_4.
524 *my unripe*] *mine unripe* Q_{10}. *vnripe* Q_{12}.
528 *early*] *yerly* Q_6.
529 *gait*] Malone. *gate* Qq.
531 *shrieks*] *screeks* Q_{10}.
533 *And*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *The* The rest.

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'Now let me say 'Good night,' and so say you;
If you will say so, you shall have a kiss.'
'Good night,' quoth she; and, ere he says 'Adieu,'
The honey fee of parting tender'd is:
Her arms do lend his neck a sweet embrace;
Incorporate then they seem; face grows to face.

Till breathless he disjoin'd, and backward drew
The heavenly moisture, that sweet coral mouth,
Whose precious taste her thirsty lips well knew,
Whereon they surfeit, yet complain on drouth:
He with her plenty press'd, she faint with dearth,
Their lips together glued, fall to the earth.

Now quick desire hath caught the yielding prey,
And glutton-like she feeds, yet never filleth;
Her lips are conquerors, his lips obey,
Paying what ransom the insulter willeth;
Whose vulture thought doth pitch the price so high,
That she will draw his lips' rich treasure dry.

And having felt the sweetness of the spoil,
With blindfold fury she begins to forage;
Her face doth reek and smoke, her blood doth boil,
And careless lust stirs up a desperate courage,
Planting oblivion, beating reason back,
Forgetting shame's pure blush and honour's wrack.

537 *quoth she*] *quoth hee* Q_{10}.
ere he] *ere she* Q_{10}.
538 *tender'd*] *rendred* Q_{10}. *tendred* The rest.
541 *disjoin'd*] *disioyne* Q_7Q_{10}.
544 *drouth*] *drough* Q_4. *drought* Malone.
546 *together*] *togither* Q_4.
glued] *glewed* Q_1Q_2. *glewd* Q_7. *glew'd* The rest.
fall] *fell* Q_{10}.
547 *the*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *his* Q_4. *her* The rest.
prey] *pray* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_8$.
551 *vulture*] Q_{10}. *vultur* The rest.
552 *That she*] *That he* Q_{10}.
553 *felt*] *found* Q_{10}.

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Hot, faint and weary, with her hard embracing,
Like a wild bird being tamed with too much handling,
Or as the fleet-foot roe that 's tired with chasing,
Or like the froward infant still'd with dandling,
He now obeys, and now no more resisteth,
While she takes all she can, not all she listeth.

What wax so frozen but dissolves with tempering,
And yields at last to every light impression?
Things out of hope are compass'd oft with venturing,
Chiefly in love, whose leave exceeds commission:
Affection faints not like a pale-faced coward,
But then woos best when most his choice is froward.

When he did frown, O, had she then gave over,
Such nectar from his lips she had not suck'd.
Foul words and frowns must not repel a lover;
What though the rose have prickles, yet 'tis pluck'd:
Were beauty under twenty locks kept fast,
Yet love breaks through, and picks them all at last.

For pity now she can no more detain him;
The poor fool prays her that he may depart:
She is resolved no longer to restrain him;
Bids him farewell, and look well to her heart,
The which, by Cupid's bow she doth protest,
He carries thence incaged in his breast.

560 *with*] *by* Q_7Q_{10}.
too] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_{10}Q_{12}Q_{13}$. *to* The rest.
565 *tempering*] *tempring* Qq. *temp'ring* Sewell.
567 *venturing*] *ventring* Qq. *vent'ring* Sewell.
574 *prickles*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *pricks* The rest. ..
'tis] *tis* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *is it* The rest. *it is* Lintott and Gildon.
pluck'd:] *pluckt?* Q_1Q_2.
582 *incaged*] *engaged* Lintott. *ingaged* Gildon. See note (I).

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'Sweet boy,' she says, 'this night I'll waste in sorrow,
For my sick heart commands mine eyes to watch.
Tell me, love's master, shall we meet to-morrow?
Say, shall we? shall we? wilt thou make the match?'
He tells her, no; to-morrow he intends
To hunt the boar with certain of his friends.

'The boar!' quoth she; whereat a sudden pale,
Like lawn being spread upon the blushing rose,
Usurps her cheek; she trembles at his tale,
And on his neck her yoking arms she throws:
She sinketh down, still hanging by his neck,
He on her belly falls, she on her back.

Now is she in the very lists of love,
Her champion mounted for the hot encounter:
All is imaginary she doth prove,
He will not manage her, although he mount her;
That worse than Tantalus' is her annoy,
To clip Elysium, and to lack her joy.

Even so poor birds, deceived with painted grapes,
Do surfeit by the eye and pine the maw,
Even so she languisheth in her mishaps
As those poor birds that helpless berries saw.
The warm effects which she in him finds missing
She seeks to kindle with continual kissing.

585 *to-morrow?*] *to morrow*, Q_1.
586 *we?...we?*] Malone. *we,...we*, Qq.
587 *intends*] *entends* Q_{10}.
589 *she;*] *she?* Q_9.
591 *cheek*] *cheeke* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *cheekes* $Q_4Q_8Q_9Q_{11}$. *cheeks* The rest.
593 *hanging by*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *hanging on* The rest.
598 *manage her*] *manage he* Q_4.
599 *Tantalus'*] Malone. *Tantalus* Qq.
601 *so*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_{10}$. *as* $Q_8Q_9Q_{11}Q_{12}Q_{13}$.
602 *the maw*] *i' the maw* Anon. conj.
603, 604 *mishaps As...saw.*] *mishaps; As...saw*, S. Walker conj.
605 *effects*] *affects* Steevens conj.

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But all in vain; good queen, it will not be:
She hath assay'd as much as may be proved;
Her pleading hath deserved a greater fee;
She's Love, she loves, and yet she is not loved.
'Fie, fie,' he says, 'you crush me; let me go;
You have no reason to withhold me so.'

'Thou hadst been gone,' quoth she, 'sweet boy, ere this,
But that thou told'st me thou wouldst hunt the boar.
O, be advised: thou know'st not what it is
With javelin's point a churlish swine to gore,
Whose tushes never sheathed he whetteth still,
Like to a mortal butcher, bent to kill.

'On his bow-back he hath a battle set
Of bristly pikes, that ever threat his foes;
His eyes, like glow-worms, shine when he doth fret;
His snout digs sepulchres where'er he goes;
Being moved, he strikes whate'er is in his way,
And whom he strikes his crooked tushes slay.

'His brawny sides, with hairy bristles armed,
Are better proof than thy spear's point can enter;
His short thick neck cannot be easily harmed;
Being ireful, on the lion he will venture:
The thorny brambles and embracing bushes,
As fearful of him, part; through whom he rushes.

613 *been*] Lintott and Gildon. *bene* Q_{10}. *bin* The rest.
614 *wouldst*] *woldst* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$.
615 *know'st*] *knowest* $Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$. *not*] *nor* Q_1.
616 *javelin's*] *iauelings* $Q_1Q_2Q_6$.
619 *bow-back*] Hyphened in Q_1Q_2.
624 *crooked*] Qq. *cruel* Boswell. *tushes slay*] *tusks doth slay* Q_{10}.
625—627 *armed...harmed*] Qq. *arm'd ...harm'd* Malone (1790).
628 *venture*] Gildon. *venter* Qq.

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'Alas, he nought esteems that face of thine,
To which Love's eyes pay tributary gazes;
Nor thy soft hands, sweet lips and crystal eyne,
Whose full perfection all the world amazes;
But having thee at vantage—wondrous dread!—
Would root these beauties as he roots the mead.

'O, let him keep his loathsome cabin still;
Beauty hath nought to do with such foul fiends:
Come not within his danger by thy will;
They that thrive well take counsel of their friends.
When thou didst name the boar, not to dissemble,
I fear'd thy fortune, and my joints did tremble.

'Didst thou not mark my face? was it not white?
Saw'st thou not signs of fear lurk in mine eye?
Grew I not faint? and fell I not downright?
Within my bosom, whereon thou dost lie,
My boding heart pants, beats, and takes no rest,
But, like an earthquake, shakes thee on my breast.

'For where Love reigns, disturbing Jealousy
Doth call himself Affection's sentinel;
Gives false alarms, suggesteth mutiny,
And in a peaceful hour doth cry 'Kill, kill!'
Distempering gentle Love in his desire,
As air and water do abate the fire.

631 *nought*] *naught* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_{12}$.
632 *Love's eyes*] *Loves-eye* Q_{10}.
eyes pay] Malone (1790). *eyes paies* Q_1Q_2. *eyes payes* Q_3. *eies paies* Q_4. *eie paies* $Q_5Q_7Q_8$. *eye payes* $Q_6Q_9Q_{10}Q_{11}Q_{12}Q_{13}$.
633 *hands*] *hand* Lintott and Gildon.
636 *Would*] *Wold* $Q_1Q_2Q_5Q_6Q_7$.
638 *nought*] $Q_5Q_8Q_9Q_{10}Q_{11}$. *naught* The rest.
641 *dissemble*] *deslēble* Q_5. *dessēble* Q_7.
643 *my face*] *his face* Q_7. *this face* Anon. conj. MS.
644 *Saw'st*] $Q_9Q_{10}Q_{11}Q_{12}Q_{13}$. *Sawest* The rest.
eye f] *eies* Q_4.
645 *downright*] Lintott. *downe right* Qq.
651 *Gives*] *Giue* Q_6.
653 *in*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *with* The rest.
654 *do*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *doth* The rest.

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'This sour informer, this bate-breeding spy,
This canker that eats up Love's tender spring,
This carry-tale, dissentious Jealousy,
That sometime true news, sometime false doth bring,
Knocks at my heart, and whispers in mine ear,
That if I love thee, I thy death should fear:

'And more than so, presenteth to mine eye
The picture of an angry-chafing boar,
Under whose sharp fangs on his back doth lie
An image like thyself, all stain'd with gore;
Whose blood upon the fresh flowers being shed
Doth make them droop with grief and hang the head.

'What should I do, seeing thee so indeed,
That tremble at the imagination?
The thought of it doth make my faint heart bleed,
And fear doth teach it divination:
I prophesy thy death, my living sorrow,
If thou encounter with the boar to-morrow.

'But if thou needs wilt hunt, be ruled by me;
Uncouple at the timorous flying hare,
Or at the fox which lives by subtlety,
Or at the roe which no encounter dare:

655 *bate-breeding*] Hyphened in all but Q_2. *bare-breeding* Q_4.
657 *carry-tale*] Hyphened in all but $Q_{12}Q_{13}$.
dissentious] *dissensions* Q_2. *dissentions* $Q_{11}Q_{12}Q_{13}$.
658 *That sometime*] *That somtimes* Q_3 Q_4Q_6. *That sõtims* Q_5Q_7. *That sometimes* Q_{10}.
sometime false] *somtimes false* Q_{10}.
660 *should*] *shall* Q_{10}.
662 *angry-chafing*] Hyphened by Malone. *angry chasing* Q_4. *angrie chasing* Q_{10}. *angry-chafed* So quoted by S. Walker.
666 *them*] *'em* Gildon.
droop] Qq. *drop* Lintott and Gildon. See note (1).
667 *indeed,*] *indeed?* Q_1Q_2.
668 *tremble*] Q_1Q_2. *trembling* The rest.
imagination?] $Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *imagination*, The rest.
673 *wilt*] *will* Gildon.

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Pursue these fearful creatures o'er the downs,
And on thy well-breath'd horse keep with thy hounds.

'And when thou hast on foot the purblind hare,
Mark the poor wretch, to overshoot his troubles,
How he outruns the wind, and with what care
He cranks and crosses with a thousand doubles:
The many musits through the which he goes
Are like a labyrinth to amaze his foes.

'Sometime he runs among a flock of sheep,
To make the cunning hounds mistake their smell,
And sometime where earth-delving conies keep,
To stop the loud pursuers in their yell;
And sometime sorteth with a herd of deer:
Danger deviseth shifts; wit waits on fear:

'For there his smell with others being mingled,
The hot scent-snuffing hounds are driven to doubt,
Ceasing their clamorous cry till they have singled
With much ado the cold fault cleanly out;
Then do they spend their mouths: Echo replies,
As if another chase were in the skies.

'By this, poor Wat, far off upon a hill,
Stands on his hinder legs with listening ear,

677 *o'er*] *ou'r* Q_{10}.
678 *well-breath'd*] *well-breathed* Hudson (1881).
680 *Mark*] *Make* Q_4.
overshoot] Dyce (Steevens conj.). *ouer-shut* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *ouershut* The rest.
683 *musits*] *umfits* Lintott. *Umsits* Gildon. *musets* Hudson (1881).
684 *amaze*] *maze* Capell MS.
685 *among a*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *among the* The rest.
a flock] *the flocks* Q_{10}.
687 *sometime*] *sometimes* Q_{10}.
689 *herd*] *heard* Qq.
deer] *deare* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_6Q_{10}$. *deere* The rest.
692 *hot scent-snuffing*] *hot sent snuffing* Q_4. *hot-sent snuffing* Q_{10}. *hot sent-snuffing* The rest. *hot-scent-snuffing* Lintott.
695 *mouths*] *mouth's* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$.

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To hearken if his foes pursue him still:
Anon their loud alarums he doth hear;
And now his grief may be compared well
To one sore sick that hears the passing-bell.

'Then shalt thou see the dew-bedabbled wretch
Turn, and return, indenting with the way;
Each envious brier his weary legs doth scratch,
Each shadow makes him stop, each murmur stay:
For misery is trodden on by many,
And being low never relieved by any.

'Lie quietly, and hear a little more;
Nay, do not struggle, for thou shalt not rise:
To make thee hate the hunting of the boar,
Unlike myself thou hear'st me moralize,
Applying this to that, and so to so;
For love can comment upon every woe.

'Where did I leave?' 'No matter where,' quoth he;
'Leave me, and then the story aptly ends:
The night is spent.' 'Why, what of that?' quoth she.
'I am,' quoth he, 'expected of my friends;
And now 'tis dark, and going I shall fall.'
'In night,' quoth she, 'desire sees best of all.

'But if thou fall, O, then imagine this,
The earth, in love with thee, thy footing trips,
And all is but to rob thee of a kiss.
Rich preys make true men thieves; so do thy lips

700 *their*] *with* Q_3Q_4.
703 *dew-bedabbled*] Hyphened in all but Q_{10}.
704 *indenting*] *intending* Q_4.
705 *doth*] *do* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$.
707 *trodden*] *troden* $Q_4Q_6Q_7Q_{10}$.
712 *myself*] *thy selfe* $Q_3Q_4Q_6Q_7Q_{10}$.
717 *that?' quoth she.*] *that* (*quoth she*) Q_3Q_{10}. *that* (*quoth shee?*) $Q_4Q_5Q_7Q_8$. *that* (*quoth she?*) The rest.
724 *preys*] *prayes* Q_1Q_2. *true men thieves*] *true-men theeues* Q_1Q_2. *rich-men theeue* Q_3. *rich men theeues* The rest.

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Make modest Dian cloudy and forlorn,
Lest she should steal a kiss, and die forsworn.

'Now of this dark night I perceive the reason:
Cynthia for shame obscures her silver shine,
Till forging Nature be condemn'd of treason,
For stealing moulds from heaven that were divine;
Wherein she framed thee, in high heaven's despite,
To shame the sun by day and her by night.

'And therefore hath she bribed the Destinies
To cross the curious workmanship of nature,
To mingle beauty with infirmities
And pure perfection with impure defeature;
Making it subject to the tyranny
Of mad mischances and much misery;

'As burning fevers, agues pale and faint,
Life-poisoning pestilence and frenzies wood,
The marrow-eating sickness, whose attaint
Disorder breeds by heating of the blood:
Surfeits, imposthumes, grief and damn'd despair,
Swear Nature's death for framing thee so fair.

'And not the least of all these maladies
But in one minute's fight brings beauty under:
Both favour, savour, hue and qualities,
Whereat the impartial gazer late did wonder,

725 *Dian*] *Diana* Gildon.
728 *shine*] *shrine* Sewell.
738 *mad*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *sad* The rest.
739 *fevers*] *fever* Sewell.
agues pale] *agues, pale* $Q_4Q_5Q_6Q_7$ Q_8.
740 *Life-poisoning*] Hyphen omitted in Q_6Q_7.
frenzies] *frendzies* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *frensies* Q_{10}.
742 *heating*] *beating* Lintott and Gildon.
743 *imposthumes*] Sewell. *impostumes* Qq.
744 *Swear*] *Sweares* Q_{10}.
746 *fight*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *sight* The rest.
748 *impartial*] *impartiall* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *imperiall* The rest.

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Are on the sudden wasted, thaw'd and done,
As mountain snow melts with the midday sun.

'Therefore, despite of fruitless chastity,
Love-lacking vestals and self-loving nuns,
That on the earth would breed a scarcity
And barren dearth of daughters and of sons,
Be prodigal: the lamp that burns by night
Dries up his oil to lend the world his light.

'What is thy body but a swallowing grave,
Seeming to bury that posterity
Which by the rights of time thou needs must have,
If thou destroy them not in dark obscurity?
If so, the world will hold thee in disdain,
Sith in thy pride so fair a hope is slain.

'So in thyself thyself art made away;
A mischief worse than civil home-bred strife,
Or theirs whose desperate hands themselves do slay,
Or butcher-sire that reaves his son of life.
Foul cankering rust the hidden treasure frets,
But gold that 's put to use more gold begets.'

'Nay, then,' quoth Adon, 'you will fall again
Into your idle over-handled theme:
The kiss I gave you is bestow'd in vain,
And all in vain you strive against the stream;
For, by this black-faced night, desire's foul nurse,
Your treatise makes me like you worse and worse.

749 *thaw'd*] *thawed* Q_1Q_2.
753 *That*] *Thus* Sewell (ed. 1).
754 *dearth*] *death* Q_4.
760 *dark*] *darke* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *their* The rest.
765 *do*] *to* Q_4.
766 *butcher-sire*] *butcher sire* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *boutchers fire* Q_{10}. *butchers sire* The rest.
767 *Foul cankering*] Hyphened in Dyce (1857).
774 *like*] *liks* Q_7.
you worse] *you, worse* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$.

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'If love have lent you twenty thousand tongues,
And every tongue more moving than your own,
Bewitching like the wanton mermaid's songs,
Yet from mine ear the tempting tune is blown;
For know, my heart stands armed in mine ear,
And will not let a false sound enter there;

'Lest the deceiving harmony should run
Into the quiet closure of my breast;
And then my little heart were quite undone,
In his bedchamber to be barr'd of rest.
No, lady, no; my heart longs not to groan,
But soundly sleeps, while now it sleeps alone.

'What have you urged that I cannot reprove?
The path is smooth that leadeth on to danger:
I hate not love, but your device in love
That lends embracements unto every stranger.
You do it for increase: O strange excuse,
When reason is the bawd to lust's abuse!

'Call it not love, for Love to heaven is fled
Since sweating Lust on earth usurp'd his name;
Under whose simple semblance he hath fed
Upon fresh beauty, blotting it with blame;
Which the hot tyrant stains and soon bereaves,
As caterpillars do the tender leaves.

775 *have*] *hath* $Q_{10}Q_{12}Q_{13}$.
777 *mermaid's*] *Marmaids* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *mirmaides* Q_4.
779 *in mine*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_{10}$. *in my* The rest.
781 *run*] *ronne* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$.
784 *bedchamber*] *bed-chalmer* Q_{10}.
788 *on to*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *vnto* The rest.
789 *device*] $Q_2Q_9Q_{11}Q_{12}Q_{13}$. *deuise* The rest.
794 *usurp'd*] *vsurpe* Q_4. *usurps* Lintott and Gildon.

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'Love comforteth like sunshine after rain,
But Lust's effect is tempest after sun;
Love's gentle spring doth always fresh remain,
Lust's winter comes ere summer half be done;
Love surfeits not, Lust like a glutton dies;
Love is all truth, Lust full of forged lies.

'More I could tell, but more I dare not say;
The text is old, the orator too green.
Therefore, in sadness, now I will away;
My face is full of shame, my heart of teen:
Mine ears, that to your wanton talk attended,
Do burn themselves for having so offended.'

With this, he breaketh from the sweet embrace
Of those fair arms which bound him to her breast,
And homeward through the dark lawnd runs apace;
Leaves Love upon her back deeply distress'd.
Look, how a bright star shooteth from the sky,
So glides he in the night from Venus' eye:

Which after him she darts, as one on shore
Gazing upon a late-embarked friend,
Till the wild waves will have him seen no more,
Whose ridges with the meeting clouds contend:
So did the merciless and pitchy night
Fold in the object that did feed her sight.

801 *always*] *alway* Q_{10}.
803 *Lust*] *lusts* Q_{12}.
804 *truth*] *trueth* Q_{10}.
809 *talk*] *calls* Lintott and Gildon. See note (1).
813 *lawnd*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *lawnes* The rest. *lanes* Lintott and Gildon.
815 *Look, how*] *Looke how* Qq.
sky,] *skye;* Q_1Q_2. A comma in the rest.
818 *Gazing*] *Gazeth* Capell MS.
late-embarked] Hyphened by Malone (Capell MS.).
822 *Fold in*] Hyphened in $Q_6Q_8Q_{11}Q_{12}$ Q_{13}.

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Whereat amazed, as one that unaware
Hath dropp'd a precious jewel in the flood,
Or 'stonish'd as night-wanderers often are,
Their light blown out in some mistrustful wood;
Even so confounded in the dark she lay,
Having lost the fair discovery of her way.

And now she beats her heart, whereat it groans,
That all the neighbour caves, as seeming troubled,
Make verbal repetition of her moans;
Passion on passion deeply is redoubled:
'Ay me!' she cries, and twenty times, 'Woe, woe!'
And twenty echoes twenty times cry so.

She, marking them, begins a wailing note,
And sings extemporally a woeful ditty;
How love makes young men thrall, and old men dote;
How love is wise in folly, foolish-witty:
Her heavy anthem still concludes in woe,
And still the choir of echoes answer so.

Her song was tedious, and outwore the night,
For lovers' hours are long, though seeming short:
If pleased themselves, others, they think, delight
In such-like circumstance, with such-like sport:
Their copious stories, oftentimes begun,
End without audience, and are never done.

823 *amazed*] *amas'd* Q_1Q_2.
825 *night-wanderers*] Q_{13}. *night-wandrers* $Q_9Q_{10}Q_{11}Q_{12}$. *night wandrers* The rest.
828 *discovery*] *discoverer* Steevens conj.
830 *neighbour caves*] Hyphened in Lintott.
832 *deeply*] *doubly* S. Walker conj.
833 *Ay*] *Ah* Malone.
836 *extemporally*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *extemprally* Q_4. *extemp'rally* The rest.
838 *foolish-witty*] Hyphened by Malone.
840 *choir*] *quier* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *quire* The rest.
answer] *answere* $Q_4Q_7Q_{10}$. *answers* Q_{13}.
843 *If*] *It* Lintott.
others] *other* Q_{10}.

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For who hath she to spend the night withal,
But idle sounds resembling parasites;
Like shrill-tongued tapsters answering every call,
Soothing the humour of fantastic wits?
She says 'Tis so:' they answer all 'Tis so;'
And would say after her, if she said 'No.'

Lo, here the gentle lark, weary of rest,
From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,
And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast
The sun ariseth in his majesty;
Who doth the world so gloriously behold,
That cedar-tops and hills seem burnish'd gold.

Venus salutes him with this fair good-morrow:
'O thou clear god, and patron of all light,
From whom each lamp and shining star doth borrow
The beauteous influence that makes him bright,
There lives a son, that suck'd an earthly mother,
May lend thee light, as thou dost lend to other.'

This said, she hasteth to a myrtle grove,
Musing the morning is so much o'erworn,
And yet she hears no tidings of her love:
She hearkens for his hounds and for his horn:
Anon she hears them chant it lustily,
And all in haste she coasteth to the cry.

848 *idle sounds resembling*] *idle, sounds-resembling*, Staunton. *parasites;*] *parasits?* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$.
850 *wits?*] $Q_6Q_9Q_{11}Q_{12}Q_{13}$. *wits*, $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *wits:* $Q_5Q_8Q_7Q_{10}$. *wights.* Theobald conj.
851 *says*] *sayes* Q_1Q_2. *saies* Q_3. *said* The rest.
858 *That*] *The* Lintott and Gildon. *cedar-tops*] Hyphened by Sewell. *Ceader tops* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *Cedar tops* The rest.
859 *this*] *his* Q_{10}.
862 *beauteous*] *beauties* Lintott.
863 *There*] *Their* Q_4.
864 *dost*] *doest* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$.
866 *morning...o'erworn*] *morne...over-worne* Q_{10}.
867 *tidings*] *tithings* Q_{10}.
868 *his hounds*] *houndes* Q_4.
870 *coasteth*] *posteth* Q_{10}.

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And as she runs, the bushes in the way
Some catch her by the neck, some kiss her face,
Some twine about her thigh to make her stay:
She wildly breaketh from their strict embrace,
Like a milch doe, whose swelling dugs do ache,
Hasting to feed her fawn hid in some brake.

By this she hears the hounds are at a bay;
Whereat she starts, like one that spies an adder
Wreathed up in fatal folds just in his way,
The fear whereof doth make him shake and shudder;
Even so the timorous yelping of the hounds
Appals her senses and her spirit confounds.

For now she knows it is no gentle chase,
But the blunt boar, rough bear, or lion proud,
Because the cry remaineth in one place,
Where fearfully the dogs exclaim aloud:
Finding their enemy to be so curst,
They all strain courtesy who shall cope him first.

This dismal cry rings sadly in her ear,
Through which it enters to surprise her heart;
Who, overcome by doubt and bloodless fear,
With cold-pale weakness numbs each feeling part:
Like soldiers, when their captain once doth yield,
They basely fly, and dare not stay the field.

872 *her by...kiss*] *her neck, and some doe kisse* Q_{10}.
873 *twine*] *twin'd* Q_1Q_2. *twind* Q_3. *twinde* Q_4.
879 *folds*] *fold* Q_{10}.
882 *Appals*] *Appales* Q_4.
spirit] *spirits* Q_{10}.
888 *courtesy*] *court'sie* Q_{10}. *curt'sie* The rest.
892 *cold-pale*] Hyphened in all but Q_{13}.
numbs] Q_{10}. *nums* The rest.
894 *They*] *Tey* Q_3.

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Thus stands she in a trembling ecstasy;
Till, cheering up her senses all dismay'd,
She tells them 'tis a causeless fantasy,
And childish error, that they are afraid;
Bids them leave quaking, bids them fear no more:
And with that word she spied the hunted boar;

Whose frothy mouth, bepainted all with red,
Like milk and blood being mingled both together,
A second fear through all her sinews spread,
Which madly hurries her she knows not whither:
This way she runs, and now she will no further,
But back retires to rate the boar for murther.

A thousand spleens bear her a thousand ways;
She treads the path that she untreads again;
Her more than haste is mated with delays,
Like the proceedings of a drunken brain,
Full of respects, yet nought at all respecting:
In hand with all things, nought at all effecting.

Here kennell'd in a brake she finds a hound,
And asks the weary caitiff for his master;
And there another licking of his wound,
'Gainst venom'd sores the only sovereign plaster;
And here she meets another sadly scowling,
To whom she speaks, and he replies with howling.

896 *all*] Q_1Q_2. *sore* The rest.
899 *bids*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_7Q_{10}$. *will's* Q_6 $Q_8Q_9Q_{11}Q_{12}Q_{13}$.
902 *together*] *togither* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6Q_7$.
906 *retires*] *retiers* Q_{10}.
murther] *murder* $Q_{12}Q_{13}$.
908 *path*] *paths* $Q_{12}Q_{13}$.
909 *mated*] *marred* $Q_9Q_{11}Q_{12}Q_{13}$.
911 *respects*] Q_1Q_2. *respect* The rest.
911, 912 *nought*] *naught* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *not* Gildon.
912 *In hand*] *In hands* Q_{10}.
effecting] *affecting* Q_{13}.
913 *a hound*] *an hound* $Q_{10}Q_{12}Q_{13}$.
914 *the*] *rhe* Q_2.
916 *venom'd*] $Q_{10}Q_{12}Q_{13}$. *venimd* Q_1Q_2 Q_3Q_4. *venim'd* The rest.
917 *scowling*] *scolding* Lintott and Gildon.

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When he hath ceased his ill-resounding noise,
Another flap-mouth'd mourner, black and grim,
Against the welkin volleys out his voice;
Another and another answer him,
Clapping their proud tails to the ground below,
Shaking their scratch'd ears, bleeding as they go.

Look, how the world's poor people are amazed
At apparitions, signs and prodigies,
Whereon with fearful eyes they long have gazed,
Infusing them with dreadful prophecies;
So she at these sad signs draws up her breath,
And, sighing it again, exclaims on Death.

'Hard-favour'd tyrant, ugly, meagre, lean,
Hateful divorce of love,'—thus chides she Death,—
'Grim-grinning ghost, earth's worm, what dost thou mean
To stifle beauty and to steal his breath,
Who when he lived, his breath and beauty set
Gloss on the rose, smell to the violet?

'If he be dead,—O no, it cannot be,
Seeing his beauty, thou shouldst strike at it;—
O yes, it may; thou hast no eyes to see,
But hatefully at random dost thou hit.
Thy mark is feeble age; but thy false dart
Mistakes that aim, and cleaves an infant's heart.

919 *hath*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *had* The rest.
ill-resounding] Hyphened in Q_{10}.
921 *volleys*] *volies* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *vollies* The rest.
924 *scratch'd ears*] *scratcht-eares* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$.
925 *Look, how the*] *Looke how, the* Q_1Q_2. *Looke how the* The rest.
amazed] *amaz'd* Sewell (ed. 2).
927 *gazed*] *gaz'd* Sewell (ed. 2).
929 *these*] *the* Q_{10}.
931 *Hard-favour'd*] *Hard fauourd* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *Hard fauoured* $Q_4Q_5Q_6Q_7$. *Hard-fauoured* $Q_8Q_9Q_{11}Q_{12}$. *Hard favour'd* Q_{10}. *Hard-favoured* Q_{13}.
ugly] *ougly* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$.
933 *Grim-grinning*] Hyphened in all but $Q_{10}Q_{12}$.
earth's worm] Hyphened in Q_1Q_2.
mean] *meane?* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$.
934, 936 *breath,.....violet?*] Malone. *breath?...violet.* Qq.
935 *set*] *set,* Q_{10}.
940 *random*] *randon* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$.

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'Hadst thou but bid beware, then he had spoke,
And, hearing him, thy power had lost his power.
The Destinies will curse thee for this stroke;
They bid thee crop a weed, thou pluck'st a flower:
Love's golden arrow at him should have fled,
And not Death's ebon dart, to strike him dead.

'Dost thou drink tears, that thou provokest such weeping?
What may a heavy groan advantage thee?
Why hast thou cast into eternal sleeping
Those eyes that taught all other eyes to see?
Now Nature cares not for thy mortal vigour,
Since her best work is ruin'd with thy rigour.'

Here overcome, as one full of despair,
She vail'd her eyelids, who, like sluices, stopp'd
The crystal tide that from her two cheeks fair
In the sweet channel of her bosom dropp'd;
But through the flood-gates breaks the silver rain,
And with his strong course opens them again.

O, how her eyes and tears did lend and borrow!
Her eye seen in the tears, tears in her eye;
Both crystals, where they view'd each other's sorrow,
Sorrow that friendly sighs sought still to dry;
But like a stormy day, now wind, now rain,
Sighs dry her cheeks, tears make them wet again.

943 *he had*] *had he* Q_{10}.
946 *pluck'st*] *pluckst* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_{10}$. *plucktst* The rest. *pluckest* Lintott.
947 *fled*] *sped* Anon. conj.
948 *ebon dart*] Hyphened by Sewell (ed. 1).
949 *Dost*] *Doest* $Q_2Q_5Q_7$. *Doost* $Q_6Q_8Q_9$.
weeping?] *weeping*, Q_1Q_2.
954 *rigour.'*] *rigour?* Q_4.
956 *vail'd*] *veil'd* Lintott and Gildon.
who] *which* Gildon.
962 *Her eye*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *Her eie* Q_4. *Her eies* Q_8. *Her eyes* The rest.
the tears] *the teares* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *her teares* The rest.

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Variable passions throng her constant woe,
As striving who should best become her grief;
All entertain'd, each passion labours so
That every present sorrow seemeth chief,
But none is best: then join they all together,
Like many clouds consulting for foul weather.

By this, far off she hears some huntsman holloa;
A nurse's song ne'er pleased her babe so well:
The dire imagination she did follow
This sound of hope doth labour to expel;
For now reviving joy bids her rejoice,
And flatters her it is Adonis' voice.

Whereat her tears began to turn their tide,
Being prison'd in her eye like pearls in glass:
Yet sometimes falls an orient drop beside,
Which her cheek melts, as scorning it should pass
To wash the foul face of the sluttish ground,
Who is but drunken when she seemeth drown'd.

O hard-believing love, how strange it seems
Not to believe, and yet too credulous!
Thy weal and woe are both of them extremes;
Despair, and hope, makes thee ridiculous:

967 *throng*] *through* Q_{10}.
968 *who*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *which* The rest.
969 *passion labours*] *passions labour* Q_4.
970 *present*] *ptesent* Q_{10}.
971 *all together*] *altogither* Q_4. *altogether* Q_{10}.
973 *this, far off*] Malone. *this farre off*, $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *this far off*, Q_4Q_{10}. *this, far off*, The rest.
holloa] *hallow* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *hollow* The rest.
975 *dire*] $Q_3Q_6Q_8Q_9Q_{11}Q_{12}Q_{13}$. *dyre* Q_1 Q_2. *dry* Q_5Q_7. *drie* Q_4Q_{10}.
978 *Adonis'*] Sewell. *Adonis* Qq.
980 *eye like...glasse:*] *eye: like...glasse*, $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *eie like...glasse*, Q_4. *eye, like...glasse:* The rest.
981 *sometimes*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *sometime* The rest.
982 *pass*] *passe*, Q_3Q_4. *passe:* Q_{10}. No stop in the rest.
984 *drunken*] *dronken* Q_1Q_2.
985 *hard-believing*] Hyphened in Q_6Q_8 Q_9.
seems] *seems*,— Capell MS.
988 *makes*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *make* The rest.

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The one doth flatter thee in thoughts unlikely,
In likely thoughts the other kills thee quickly.

Now she unweaves the web that she hath wrought;
Adonis lives, and Death is not to blame;
It was not she that call'd him all to nought:
Now she adds honours to his hateful name;
She clepes him king of graves, and grave for kings,
Imperious supreme of all mortal things.

'No, no,' quoth she, 'sweet Death, I did but jest;
Yet pardon me, I felt a kind of fear
When as I met the boar, that bloody beast,
Which knows no pity, but is still severe;
Then, gentle shadow,—truth I must confess,—
I rail'd on thee, fearing my love's decease.

''Tis not my fault: the boar provoked my tongue;
Be wreak'd on him, invisible commander;
'Tis he, foul creature, that hath done thee wrong;
I did but act, he's author of thy slander:
Grief hath two tongues; and never woman yet
Could rule them both without ten women's wit.'

Thus hoping that Adonis is alive,
Her rash suspect she doth extenuate;
And that his beauty may the better thrive,
With Death she humbly doth insinuate;

989 *in thoughts*] *in thought* Q_{10}.
990 *In likely*] Q_1Q_2. *The likely* Q_3Q_4. *With likely* The rest.
991 *hath*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *had* The rest.
992 *to blame*] $Q_1Q_{10}Q_{12}Q_{13}$. *too blame* The rest.
993 *all to nought*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_{13}$. *all to naught* $Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8Q_9Q_{10}Q_{11}$. *all-to naught* Dyce (1832). *all to-naught* Dyce (1857). *all-to-naught* Delius.
994 *honours*] Q_1. *honors* $Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *honour* The rest.
996 *Imperious*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *Imperial* Q_5Q_7. *Imperiall* The rest.
999 *When as*] Qq. *Whenas* Dyce.
1002 *my*] *thy* Q_3Q_4.
decease] $Q_6Q_8Q_9Q_{11}Q_{12}Q_{13}$. *decesse* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *deceass* Q_5Q_7. *decеasse* Q_{10}.
1003 *fault: the*] *fault the* Q_{10}.

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Tells him of trophies, statues, tombs, and stories
His victories, his triumphs and his glories.

'O Jove,' quoth she, 'how much a fool was I
To be of such a weak and silly mind
To wail his death who lives and must not die
Till mutual overthrow of mortal kind!
For he being dead, with him is beauty slain,
And, beauty dead, black chaos comes again.

'Fie, fie, fond love, thou art so full of fear
As one with treasure laden, hemm'd with thieves;
Trifles unwitnessed with eye or ear
Thy coward heart with false bethinking grieves.'
Even at this word she hears a merry horn,
Whereat she leaps that was but late forlorn.

As falcons to the lure, away she flies;
The grass stoops not, she treads on it so light;
And in her haste unfortunately spies
The foul boar's conquest on her fair delight;
Which seen, her eyes, as murder'd with the view,
Like stars ashamed of day, themselves withdrew;

Or, as the snail, whose tender horns being hit,
Shrinks backward in his shelly cave with pain,
And there all smother'd up in shade doth sit,
Long after fearing to creep forth again;

1013 *statues*] *statiies* Q_3Q_4.
tombs] *domes* Theobald conj.
1013, 1014 *stories His*] Malone (Theobald conj.). *stories, His* Qq.
1019 *with him*] *with hith him* Q_3.
1027 *falcons*] *Faulcons* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *Falcon* $Q_{10}Q_{12}Q_{13}$. *Faulcon* The rest.
1031 *as murder'd*] *as murdred* $Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8Q_9Q_{11}Q_{12}Q_{13}$. *are murdred* $Q_1Q_2Q_{10}$.
1033 *the snail*] *a snaile* Q_{10}.
1035 *smother'd*] *smothred* Q_{10}. *smoothred* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *smothered* The rest.
up in shade] *up, in shade* Lintott and Gildon.

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So, at his bloody view, her eyes are fled
Into the deep-dark cabins of her head:

Where they resign their office and their light
To the disposing of her troubled brain;
Who bids them still consort with ugly night,
And never wound the heart with looks again;
Who, like a king perplexed in his throne,
By their suggestion gives a deadly groan,

Whereat each tributary subject quakes;
As when the wind, imprison'd in the ground,
Struggling for passage, earth's foundation shakes,
Which with cold terror doth men's minds confound.
This mutiny each part doth so surprise,
That from their dark beds once more leap her eyes;

And being open'd threw unwilling light
Upon the wide wound that the boar had trench'd
In his soft flank; whose wonted lily white
With purple tears, that his wound wept, was drench'd:
No flower was nigh, no grass, herb, leaf or weed,
But stole his blood and seem'd with him to bleed.

This solemn sympathy poor Venus noteth;
Over one shoulder doth she hang her head;

1037 *his*] *this* Hudson, 1881 (S. Walker conj.).
1038 *deep-dark*] Hyphened in $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *cabins*] $Q_6Q_8Q_9Q_{11}Q_{12}Q_{13}$. *cabines* Q_{10}. *cabbins* The rest.
1039 *resign*] *resign'd* Lintott and Gildon.
1040 *her*] *their* Q_{10}.
1041 *ugly*] *ougly* Q_1.
1044 *suggestion*] *suggestions* $Q_9Q_{11}Q_{12}Q_{13}$.
1046 *imprison'd*] *imprisond* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *imprisoned* The rest.
1047 *foundation*] *fundation* Q_{10}.
1048 *terror*] *terrors* Lintott.
minds] *mind* Lintott.
1051 *open'd*] *opend* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *opened* The rest.
light] Q_1Q_2. *night* Q_3Q_4. *sight* The rest.
1052 *trench'd*] *drencht* Q_3Q_4. *trencht* The rest.
1054 *was*] *had* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_{10}$.

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Dumbly she passions, franticly she doteth;
She thinks he could not die, he is not dead:
Her voice is stopp'd, her joints forget to bow;
Her eyes are mad that they have wept till now.

Upon his hurt she looks so steadfastly
That her sight dazzling makes the wound seem three;
And then she reprehends her mangling eye,
That makes more gashes where no breach should be:
His face seems twain, each several limb is doubled;
For oft the eye mistakes, the brain being troubled.

'My tongue cannot express my grief for one,
And yet,' quoth she, 'behold two Adons dead!
My sighs are blown away, my salt tears gone,
Mine eyes are turn'd to fire, my heart to lead:
Heavy heart's lead, melt at mine eyes' red fire!
So shall I die by drops of hot desire.

'Alas, poor world, what treasure hast thou lost!
What face remains alive that's worth the viewing?
Whose tongue is music now? what canst thou boast
Of things long since, or any thing ensuing?
The flowers are sweet, their colours fresh and trim;
But true-sweet beauty lived and died with him.

'Bonnet nor veil henceforth no creature wear!
Nor sun nor wind will ever strive to kiss you:

1062 *wept*] *weept* Q_{10}.
1066 *more gashes*] *no gashes* Q_{10}.
should] *shuld* Q_1Q_2. *shold* $Q_3Q_5Q_7$.
1067 *limb*] *lim* Qq.
1073 *heart's lead*] Hyphened by Sewell.
lead, melt] Pointed as by Malone, 1790 (Capell MS.). *lead melt* Qq.
eyes' red fire!] *eyes red fire,* Q_1Q_2. *eyes red as fire,* Q_3. *eies as red as fire* Q_4. *eyes, as fire,* Q_{10}. *eyes, as fire:* The rest.
1077 *tongue*] *tong* Q_2Q_3. *toong* Q_4.
1078 *any thing*] *any things* Q_{10}.
1079 *The flowers*] *Thy flowers* Malone conj.
1080 *true-sweet*] Hyphened by Malone.
with him] Q_1Q_2. *in him* The rest.
1081 *nor*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *or* The rest.
henceforth] *hencefoorth* Q_2Q_4. *hencefooth* Q_3.

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Having no fair to lose, you need not fear;
The sun doth scorn you, and the wind doth hiss you:
But when Adonis lived, sun and sharp air
Lurk'd like two thieves, to rob him of his fair.

'And therefore would he put his bonnet on,
Under whose brim the gaudy sun would peep;
The wind would blow it off, and, being gone,
Play with his locks: then would Adonis weep;
And straight, in pity of his tender years,
They both would strive who first should dry his tears.

'To see his face the lion walk'd along
Behind some hedge, because he would not fear him;
To recreate himself when he hath sung,
The tiger would be tame and gently hear him;
If he had spoke, the wolf would leave his prey,
And never fright the silly lamb that day.

'When he beheld his shadow in the brook,
The fishes spread on it their golden gills;
When he was by, the birds such pleasure took,
That some would sing, some other in their bills
Would bring him mulberries and ripe-red cherries;
He fed them with his sight, they him with berries.

'But this foul, grim, and urchin-snouted boar,
Whose downward eye still looketh for a grave,
Ne'er saw the beauteous livery that he wore;
Witness the entertainment that he gave:

1083 *lose*] $Q_1Q_6Q_8Q_9Q_{11}Q_{12}Q_{13}$. *loose* Q_2 $Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_7Q_{10}$.
you] *yee* Q_{10}.
1090 *locks*] *lokes* Q_5Q_6.
1093 *walk'd*] *walks* Lintott and Gildon.
1095 *sung*] Q_{11}. *song* The rest.
1097 *wolf*] *woffe* Q_5.
prey] $Q_8Q_9Q_{10}Q_{11}Q_{12}Q_{13}$. *praie* Q_1 Q_2. *pray* $Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6Q_7$.
1099 *his*] *the* Q_4.
in the] *in a* $Q_6Q_8Q_9Q_{11}Q_{12}Q_{13}$.
1100 *The*] *There* Q_9Q_{11}. *Their* Q_{13}.
1103 *ripe-red*] Hyphened in $Q_1Q_2Q_3$.

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If he did see his face, why then I know
He thought to kiss him, and hath kill'd him so.

'Tis true, 'tis true; thus was Adonis slain:
He ran upon the boar with his sharp spear,
Who did not whet his teeth at him again,
But by a kiss thought to persuade him there;
And nuzzling in his flank, the loving swine
Sheathed unaware the tusk in his soft groin.

'Had I been tooth'd like him, I must confess,
With kissing him I should have kill'd him first;
But he is dead, and never did he bless
My youth with his; the more am I accurst.'
With this, she falleth in the place she stood,
And stains her face with his congealed blood.

She looks upon his lips, and they are pale;
She takes him by the hand, and that is cold;
She whispers in his ears a heavy tale,
As if they heard the woeful words she told;
She lifts the coffer-lids that close his eyes,
Where, lo, two lamps, burnt out, in darkness lies;

Two glasses, where herself herself beheld
A thousand times, and now no more reflect;
Their virtue lost, wherein they late excell'd,
And every beauty robb'd of his effect:
'Wonder of time,' quoth she, 'this is my spite,
That, thou being dead, the day should yet be light.

1111 *'Tis true, 'tis true*] *Tis true, true, true* $Q_9Q_{11}Q_{12}Q_{13}$.
1113 *did*] Q_1. *would* The rest.
1115 *nuzzling*] Malone. *nousling* Qq.
1116 *the*] Q_1. *his* The rest.
1117 *been*] *bin* Q_1.
1120 *My youth*] *My mouth* Q_{13}.
am I] Q_1Q_2. *I am* The rest.
1122 *congealed*] *congealen* Gildon.
1125 *ears*] *eares* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *eare* The rest.
1126 *they*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *he* The rest.
1130 *times, and now*] *times and more,* Theobald conj.
1134 *thou*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *you* The rest.
should] *shuld* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *shold* Q_3 $Q_5Q_6Q_7$.

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'Since thou art dead, lo, here I prophesy,
Sorrow on love hereafter shall attend:
It shall be waited on with jealousy,
Find sweet beginning but unsavoury end;
Ne'er settled equally, but high or low,
That all love's pleasure shall not match his woe.

'It shall be fickle, false and full of fraud;
Bud, and be blasted, in a breathing-while;
The bottom poison, and the top o'erstraw'd
With sweets that shall the truest sight beguile:
The strongest body shall it make most weak,
Strike the wise dumb, and teach the fool to speak.

'It shall be sparing and too full of riot,
Teaching decrepit age to tread the measures;
The staring ruffian shall it keep in quiet,
Pluck down the rich, enrich the poor with treasures;
It shall be raging-mad, and silly-mild,
Make the young old, the old become a child.

'It shall suspect where is no cause of fear;
It shall not fear where it should most mistrust;
It shall be merciful and too severe,
And most deceiving when it seems most just;
Perverse it shall be where it shows most toward,
Put fear to valour, courage to the coward.

1136 *on*] *in* Q_4.
1139 *but high*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *but hie* Q_4. *too high* The rest. *to high* Gildon.
1140 *pleasure*] *pleasures* Lintott and Gildon.
1142 *Bud, and be*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *And shall be* The rest (*bee* Q_{10}).
breathing-while] Hyphened by Malone.
1143 *o'erstraw'd*] *ore-straw*, Q_4.
1144 *truest*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *sharpest* The rest.
1146 *dumb*] *dūbe* Q_1.
1151 *raging-mad*] Hyphened by Malone.
silly-mild] Hyphened by Malone.
1155 *severe*] *seueare* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$.
1157 *where*] *when* Lintott and Gildon.
shows] *showes* Q_1Q_2. *shewes* Q_3. *shews* Q_4. *seems* $Q_5Q_7Q_9Q_{11}$. *seemes* $Q_6Q_8Q_{10}Q_{12}Q_{13}$.

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'It shall be cause of war and dire events,
And set dissension 'twixt the son and sire;
Subject and servile to all discontents,
As dry combustious matter is to fire:
Sith in his prime death doth my love destroy,
They that love best their loves shall not enjoy.'

By this the boy that by her side lay kill'd
Was melted like a vapour from her sight,
And in his blood, that on the ground lay spill'd,
A purple flower sprung up, chequer'd with white,
Resembling well his pale cheeks and the blood
Which in round drops upon their whiteness stood.

She bows her head, the new-sprung flower to smell,
Comparing it to her Adonis' breath;
And says, within her bosom it shall dwell,
Since he himself is reft from her by death:
She crops the stalk, and in the breach appears
Green-dropping sap, which she compares to tears.

'Poor flower,' quoth she, 'this was thy father's guise—
Sweet issue of a more sweet-smelling sire—
For every little grief to wet his eyes:
To grow unto himself was his desire,
And so 'tis thine; but know, it is as good
To wither in my breast as in his blood.

1159 *cause*] *the cause* Sewell (ed. 1).
1161 *servile*] *seruill* Q_1Q_2.
1162 *combustious*] *combustuous* Lintott and Gildon.
1164 *loves*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *loue* The rest.
1168 *purple*] *purpld* Q_3. *purpul'd* Q_4. *sprung*] *sproong* Q_1. *sprong* Q_4. *chequer'd*] *checkred* Qq.
1171 *new-sprung*] $Q_8Q_9Q_{11}Q_{12}Q_{13}$. *new-sprong* The rest.
1175 *crops*] *crop's* Q_1.
1176 *Green-dropping*] Hyphened in all but Q_7Q_{10}.
1178 *sweet-smelling*] *sweete swelling* Q_4.

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'Here was thy father's bed, here in my breast;
Thou art the next of blood, and 'tis thy right:
Lo, in this hollow cradle take thy rest;
My throbbing heart shall rock thee day and night:
There shall not be one minute in an hour
Wherein I will not kiss my sweet love's flower.'

Thus weary of the world, away she hies,
And yokes her silver doves; by whose swift aid
Their mistress, mounted, through the empty skies
In her light chariot quickly is convey'd;
Holding their course to Paphos, where their queen
Means to immure herself and not be seen.

1183 *here in*] Q_1Q_2. *here is* The rest.
1185 *Lo, in*] *Low in* Q_4.
1187 *in*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *of* The rest.
1192 *convey'd*] *conveyed* Gildon.

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Note I.

582. Malone (1780) says 'The edition of 1636 and all the modern copies have *engaged*.' In his note on l. 666 he states truly that 'droop' is the reading of the ed. of 1600, but adds 'The subsequent copies have *drop*.' Again, l. 809, he says that for 'talk' the ed. of 1636 and the modern editions read 'calls.' By the kindness of Mr W. Y. Fletcher of the British Museum, I have been enabled to verify the correctness of my own statements in the notes to these three passages. In l. 582 the Museum copy of ed. 1636 has 'incaged;' in l. 666 it reads 'droop;' and in l. 809, talke.'

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THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

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TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE, HENRY WRIOTHESLEY,

EARLE OF SOUTHAMPTON, AND BARON OF TITCHFIELD.

THE loue I dedicate to your Lordship is without end: wherof this Pamphlet without beginning is but a superfluous Moity. The warrant I haue of your Honourable disposition, not the worth of my vntutord Lines makes it assured of acceptance. What I haue done is yours, what I haue to doe is yours, being part in all I haue, deuoted yours. Were my worth greater, my duety would[1] shew greater, meane time, as it is, it is bound to your Lordship; To whom I wish long life still lengthned with all happinesse.

Your Lordships in all duety.

William Shakespeare.

[1] *would*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *should* The rest.

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THE ARGUMENT.

LUCIUS TARQUINIUS, for his excessive pride surnamed Superbus, after he had caused his own father-in-law Servius Tullius to be cruelly murdered, and, contrary to the Roman laws and customs, not requiring or staying for the people's suffrages, had possessed himself of the kingdom, went, accompanied with his sons and other noblemen of Rome, to besiege Ardea. During which siege the principal men of the army meeting one evening at the tent of Sextus Tarquinius, the king's son, in their discourses after supper every one commended the virtues of his own wife; among whom Collatinus extolled the incomparable chastity of his wife Lucretia. In that pleasant humour they all posted to Rome; and intending, by their secret and sudden arrival, to make trial of that which every one had before avouched, only Collatinus finds his wife, though it were late in the night, spinning amongst her maids: the other ladies were all found dancing and revelling, or in several disports. Whereupon the noblemen yielded Collatinus the victory, and his wife the fame. At that time Sextus Tarquinius being inflamed with Lucrece' beauty, yet smothering his passions for the present, departed with the rest back to the camp; from whence he shortly after privily withdrew himself, and was, according to his estate, royally entertained and lodged by Lucrece at Collatium. The same night he treacherously stealeth into her chamber, violently ravished her, and early in the morning speedeth away. Lucrece, in this lamentable plight, hastily dispatcheth messengers, one to Rome for her father, another to the camp for Collatine. They came, the one accompanied with Junius Brutus, the other with Publius Valerius; and finding Lucrece attired in mourning habit, demanded the cause of her sorrow. She, first taking an oath of them for her revenge, revealed the actor and whole manner of his dealing, and withal suddenly stabbed herself. Which done, with one consent they all vowed to root out the whole hated family of the Tarquins; and bearing the dead body to Rome, Brutus acquainted the people with the doer and manner of the vile deed, with a bitter invective against the tyranny of the king: wherewith the people were so moved, that with one consent and a general acclamation the Tarquins were all exiled, and the state government changed from kings to consuls.

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THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

From the besieged Ardea all in post,
Borne by the trustless wings of false desire,
Lust-breathed Tarquin leaves the Roman host,
And to Collatium bears the lightless fire,
Which, in pale embers hid, lurks to aspire,
And girdle with embracing flames the waist
Of Collatine's fair love, Lucrece the chaste.

Haply that name of 'chaste' unhappily set
This bateless edge on his keen appetite;
When Collatine unwisely did not let
To praise the clear unmatched red and white
Which triumph'd in that sky of his delight,
Where mortal stars, as bright as heaven's beauties,
With pure aspects did him peculiar duties.

For he the night before, in Tarquin's tent,
Unlock'd the treasure of his happy state;
What priceless wealth the heavens had him lent
In the possession of his beauteous mate;
Reckoning his fortune at such high-proud rate,
That kings might be espoused to more fame,
But king nor peer to such a peerless dame.

1 *besieged*] *besieg'd* Q_7.
3 *Lust-breathed*] *Lust breathed* Q_8. *Lust-breathing* Gildon.
8 *unhappily*] *vnhap'ly* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *vnhaply* $Q_4Q_5Q_6Q_7$. *unhappy* Q_8.
13 *stars*] *star* $Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
17 *priceless*] *prizeless* Gildon. *heavens*] *heauen* Q_8.
19 *such high-proud*] Malone. *such high proud* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *so high a* $Q_5Q_6Q_7$ Q_8.
21 *peer*] *peere* Q_1. *prince* The rest.

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O happiness enjoy'd but of a few!
And, if possess'd, as soon decay'd and done
As is the morning's silver-melting dew
Against the golden splendour of the sun!
An expired date, cancell'd ere well begun:
Honour and beauty, in the owner's arms,
Are weakly fortress'd from a world of harms.

Beauty itself doth of itself persuade
The eyes of men without an orator;
What needeth then apologies be made,
To set forth that which is so singular?
Or why is Collatine the publisher
Of that rich jewel he should keep unknown
From thievish ears, because it is his own?

Perchance his boast of Lucrece' sovereignty
Suggested this proud issue of a king;
For by our ears our hearts oft tainted be:
Perchance that envy of so rich a thing,
Braving compare, disdainfully did sting
His high-pitch'd thoughts, that meaner men should vaunt
That golden hap which their superiors want.

But some untimely thought did instigate
His all-too-timeless speed, if none of those:
His honour, his affairs, his friends, his state,

22 *enjoy'd*] *enjoyed* Q_7Q_8.
23 *decay'd*] *decayde* $Q_6Q_6Q_7Q_8$. *decayed* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$.
24 *is*] *in* Q_3. *if* $Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
morning's] *morning* Q_1 (Bodl. 1).
silver-melting] Hyphened by Malone.
siluer melted Q_3.
26 *An...well*] *A date expir'd: and canceld ere* $Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
31 *needeth*] *needed* Gildon.
apologies] *appologie* Q_1 (Bodl. 1).
35 *ears*] *cares* Gildon. *carls* Theobald conj. (withdrawn).
36 *Lucrece'*] *Lucrece's* Gildon.
42 *That*] *The* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
44 *all-too-timeless*] Hyphened by Malone.

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Neglected all, with swift intent he goes
To quench the coal which in his liver glows.
O rash-false heat, wrapp'd in repentant cold,
Thy hasty spring still blasts, and ne'er grows old!

When at Collatium this false lord arrived,
Well was he welcomed by the Roman dame,
Within whose face beauty and virtue strived
Which of them both should underprop her fame:
When virtue bragg'd, beauty would blush for shame;
When beauty boasted blushes, in despite
Virtue would stain that o'er with silver white.

But beauty, in that white intituled,
From Venus' doves doth challenge that fair field:
Then virtue claims from beauty beauty's red,
Which virtue gave the golden age to gild
Their silver cheeks, and call'd it then their shield;
Teaching them thus to use it in the fight,
When shame assail'd, the red should fence the white.

This heraldry in Lucrece' face was seen,
Argued by beauty's red and virtue's white:
Of either's colour was the other queen,
Proving from world's minority their right:
Yet their ambition makes them still to fight;
The sovereignty of either being so great,
That oft they interchange each other's seat.

47 *his*] *the* Q_3.
glows] *growes* Q_7Q_8.
48 *rash-false*] Hyphened by Malone.
repentant] *repentance* Q_3.
50 *Collatium*] *Colatium* Q_1 (Bodl. 1). *Colatia* Q_1 (Mus. Sion Coll. Dev. and Bodl. 2) $Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6Q_7$. *Golatia* Q_8.
arrived] Qq. *arriv'd* Gildon.
52 *strived*] Qq. *striv'd* Gildon.
56 *o'er*] Gildon. *ore* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *or'e* Q_4. *o're* $Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$. *or* (i.e. *gold*) Malone (1780).
61 *Their...their*] *Her...their* Gildon. *Her...her* Sewell.
62 *it*] om. Q_8.
65 *beauty's...virtue's*] Sewell. *beauties ...vertues* Qq.

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This silent war of lilies and of roses,
Which Tarquin view'd in her fair face's field,
In their pure ranks his traitor eye encloses;
Where, lest between them both it should be kill'd,
The coward captive vanquished doth yield
To those two armies, that would let him go
Rather than triumph in so false a foe.

Now thinks he that her husband's shallow tongue,
The niggard prodigal that praised her so,
In that high task hath done her beauty wrong,
Which far exceeds his barren skill to show:
Therefore that praise which Collatine doth owe
Enchanted Tarquin answers with surmise,
In silent wonder of still-gazing eyes.

This earthly saint, adored by this devil,
Little suspecteth the false worshipper;
For unstain'd thoughts do seldom dream on evil;
Birds never limed no secret bushes fear:
So guiltless she securely gives good cheer
And reverend welcome to her princely guest,
Whose inward ill no outward harm express'd:

For that he colour'd with his high estate,
Hiding base sin in plaits of majesty;
That nothing in him seem'd inordinate,

71 *war*] *band* Malone conj. (withdrawn).
76 *armies*] *armes* Q_7O_8.
77 *in*] *o're* Sewell.
78 *husband's*] *husband* Q_7Q_8.
84 *still-gazing*] Hyphened by Malone.
86 *suspecteth*] *suspected* Gildon.
87 *unstain'd thoughts*] *vnstaind thoughts* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *thoughts vnstain'd* Q_5Q_6 Q_7Q_8.
on] *of* Gildon.
88 *limed*] *lim'd* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_7Q_8$. *limb'd* $Q_4Q_5Q_6$.
90 *reverend*] *reverent* Dyce (ed. 2).
91 *ill*] *ile* Q_5Q_6.
92 *colour'd*] *coloured* Q_7Q_8.
93 *plaits*] Ewing. *pleats* Qq.

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Save sometime too much wonder of his eye,
Which, having all, all could not satisfy;
But, poorly rich, so wanteth in his store,
That, cloy'd with much, he pineth still for more.

But she, that never coped with stranger eyes,
Could pick no meaning from their parling looks,
Nor read the subtle-shining secrecies
Writ in the glassy margents of such books:
She touch'd no unknown baits, nor fear'd no hooks;
Nor could she moralize his wanton sight,
More than his eyes were open'd to the light.

He stories to her ears her husband's fame,
Won in the fields of fruitful Italy;
And decks with praises Collatine's high name,
Made glorious by his manly chivalry
With bruised arms and wreaths of victory:
Her joy with heaved-up hand she doth express,
And wordless so greets heaven for his success.

Far from the purpose of his coming hither,
He makes excuses for his being there:
No cloudy show of stormy blustering weather
Doth yet in his fair welkin once appear;
Till sable Night, mother of dread and fear,
Upon the world dim darkness doth display,
And in her vaulty prison stows the day.

95 *sometime*] *something* Q_8. *sometimes* Sewell (ed. 2).
99 *coped*] *cop't* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_7Q_8$. *copt* Q_4. *copte* Q_5Q_6.
stranger eyes] Hyphened by Gildon.
101 *subtle-shining*] Hyphened by Malone. *subtle shining* Q_1. *subtill shining* Q_2. *subtile shining* The rest.
103 *nor*] *not* Q_7.
104 *sight*] *fight* Malone, 1790 (a misprint).
105 *open'd*] *open* Q_3.
110 *With...victory:*] Printed in italics by Gildon.
112 *wordless*] *worldlesse* Q_8.
113 *hither*] *thither* Q_7.
117 *mother*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *sad source* $Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
119 *stows*] *shuts* $Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$.

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For then is Tarquin brought unto his bed,
Intending weariness with heavy spright;
For after supper long he questioned
With modest Lucrece, and wore out the night:
Now leaden slumber with life's strength doth fight;
And every one to rest themselves betake,
Save thieves and cares and troubled minds that wake.

As one of which doth Tarquin lie revolving
The sundry dangers of his will's obtaining;
Yet ever to obtain his will resolving,
Though weak-built hopes persuade him to abstaining:
Despair to gain doth traffic oft for gaining,
And when great treasure is the meed proposed,
Though death be adjunct, there's no death supposed.

Those that much covet are with gain so fond
That what they have not, that which they possess,
They scatter and unloose it from their bond,
And so, by hoping more, they have but less;
Or, gaining more, the profit of excess
Is but to surfeit, and such griefs sustain,
That they prove bankrupt in this poor-rich gain.

121 *spright*] *sprite* Qq.
122 *questioned*] *question'd* Gildon.
124 *life's*] *lifes* Q_3. *liues* The rest.
125 *themselves betake*] *himselfe betakes* Q_1 (Bodl. 1).
126 *wake*] *wakes* Q_1 (Bodl. 1).
132 *proposed*] Qq. *propos'd* Gildon.
133 *supposed*] Qq. *suppos'd* Gildon.
134 *with*] *of* Gildon.
135 *That what*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *That oft* $Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$. *Of what* Anon. MS. in Capell's copy of Q_3. *For what* Hudson, 1881 (Capell MS. and Staunton conj.). *That while* Nicholson conj. (reading *not that... possess*).
not, that...possess,] *not, that...possesse,* $Q_1Q_2Q_4$. *not that...possesse* Q_3. *not that...possesse,* $Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
136 *their*] *the* Q_7Q_8.
140 *bankrupt*] Gildon. *bäckrout* Q_1. *banckrout* $Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6$. *bankrout* Q_7Q_8.
poor-rich] Hyphened by Malone.

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The aim of all is but to nurse the life
With honour, wealth and ease, in waning age;
And in this aim there is such thwarting strife
That one for all or all for one we gage;
As life for honour in fell battle's rage;
Honour for wealth; and oft that wealth doth cost
The death of all, and all together lost.

So that in venturing ill we leave to be
The things we are for that which we expect;
And this ambitious foul infirmity,
In having much, torments us with defect
Of that we have: so then we do neglect
The thing we have, and, all for want of wit,
Make something nothing by augmenting it.

Such hazard now must doting Tarquin make,
Pawning his honour to obtain his lust;
And for himself himself he must forsake:
Then where is truth, if there be no self-trust?
When shall he think to find a stranger just,
When he himself himself confounds, betrays
To slanderous tongues and wretched hateful days?

Now stole upon the time the dead of night,
When heavy sleep had closed up mortal eyes:
No comfortable star did lend his light,

143 *in*] om. Q_6.
145 *battle's*] Bell. *battles'* Malone. No apostrophe in Qq.
147 *all together*] Q_7Q_8. *altogether* The rest.
148 *ill*] *all* Lintott and Gildon.
150 *ambitious foul*] *ambitious-foul* Dyce, ed. 2 (S. Walker conj.).
156 *honour*] *konor* Q_7Q_8.
158 *no*] *not* Q_7Q_8.
161 *and*] om. $Q_6Q_7Q_8$. *the* Lintott and Gildon.
days] *lays* Lintott and Gildon.
163 *eyes*] *eye* $Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$.

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No noise but owls' and wolves' death-boding cries;
Now serves the season that they may surprise
The silly lambs: pure thoughts are dead and still,
While lust and murder wakes to stain and kill.

And now this lustful lord leap'd from his bed,
Throwing his mantle rudely o'er his arm;
Is madly toss'd between desire and dread;
Th' one sweetly flatters, th' other feareth harm;
But honest fear, bewitch'd with lust's foul charm,
Doth too too oft betake him to retire,
Beaten away by brain-sick rude desire.

His falchion on a flint he softly smiteth,
That from the cold stone sparks of fire do fly;
Whereat a waxen torch forthwith he lighteth,
Which must be lode-star to his lustful eye;
And to the flame thus speaks advisedly:
'As from this cold flint I enforced this fire,
So Lucrece must I force to my desire.'

Here pale with fear he doth premeditate
The dangers of his loathsome enterprise,
And in his inward mind he doth debate
What following sorrow may on this arise:
Then looking scornfully he doth despise
His naked armour of still-slaughter'd lust,
And justly thus controls his thoughts unjust:

165 *owls'...wolves'*] Apostrophes inserted by Malone.
168 *While*] *Whilst* Gildon.
wakes] Qq. *wake* Malone (Capell MS.).
174 *too too*] Qq. *too-too* Dyce (1857).
177 *do*] *doth* $Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
181 *enforced*] *enforce* Q_8.
183 *premeditate*] *premediate* Q_6.
188 *still-slaughter'd*] Malone (Capell MS.). *still slaughtered* Qq.

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'Fair torch, burn out thy light, and lend it not
To darken her whose light excelleth thine:
And die, unhallow'd thoughts, before you blot
With your uncleanness that which is divine:
Offer pure incense to so pure a shrine:
Let fair humanity abhor the deed
That spots and stains love's modest snow-white weed.

'O shame to knighthood and to shining arms!
O foul dishonour to my household's grave!
O impious act, including all foul harms!
A martial man to be soft fancy's slave!
True valour still a true respect should have;
Then my digression is so vile, so base,
That it will live engraven in my face.

'Yea, though I die, the scandal will survive,
And be an eye-sore in my golden coat;
Some loathsome dash the herald will contrive,
To cipher me how fondly I did dote;
That my posterity, shamed with the note,
Shall curse my bones, and hold it for no sin
To wish that I their father had not bin.

'What win I, if I gain the thing I seek?
A dream, a breath, a froth of fleeting joy.
Who buys a minute's mirth to wail a week?
Or sells eternity to get a toy?
For one sweet grape who will the vine destroy?
Or what fond beggar, but to touch the crown,
Would with the sceptre straight be strucken down?

192 *unhallow'd*] Gildon. *vnhallowed* Qq.
195 *Let*] *Lest* Schmidt conj.
204 *Yea*] *Yes* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
210 *bin*] Q_3. *beene* or *been* The rest.
217 *strucken*] $Q_6Q_7Q_8$. *strokē* Q_1. *stroken* The rest.
down?] *down* Q_6. *down.* Q_7Q_8.

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'If Collatinus dream of my intent,
Will he not wake, and in a desperate rage
Post hither, this vile purpose to prevent?
This siege that hath engirt his marriage,
This blur to youth, this sorrow to the sage,
This dying virtue, this surviving shame,
Whose crime will bear an ever-during blame.

'O what excuse can my invention make,
When thou shalt charge me with so black a deed?
Will not my tongue be mute, my frail joints shake,
Mine eyes forgo their light, my false heart bleed?
The guilt being great, the fear doth still exceed;
And extreme fear can neither fight nor fly,
But coward-like with trembling terror die.

'Had Collatinus kill'd my son or sire,
Or lain in ambush to betray my life,
Or were he not my dear friend, this desire
Might have excuse to work upon his wife,
As in revenge or quittal of such strife:
But as he is my kinsman, my dear friend,
The shame and fault finds no excuse nor end.

'Shameful it is; ay, if the fact be known:
Hateful it is; there is no hate in loving:
I'll beg her love; but she is not her own:
The worst is but denial and reproving:
My will is strong, past reason's weak removing.
Who fears a sentence or an old man's saw
Shall by a painted cloth be kept in awe.'

224 *blame.*] Qq. *blame?* Malone.
227 *shake,*] Collier. *shake?* Qq.
239 *Shameful it is;*] Printed in italics by Malone.
ay, if] Malone. *I, if* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$.
if once $Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
240 *Hateful it is;*] Printed in italics by Malone.
241 *but she is not her own:*] Printed in italics by Malone.

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Thus graceless holds he disputation
'Tween frozen conscience and hot-burning will,
And with good thoughts makes dispensation,
Urging the worser sense for vantage still;
Which in a moment doth confound and kill
All pure effects, and doth so far proceed
That what is vile shows like a virtuous deed.

Quoth he, 'She took me kindly by the hand,
And gazed for tidings in my eager eyes,
Fearing some hard news from the warlike band,
Where her beloved Collatinus lies.
O, how her fear did make her colour rise!
First red as roses that on lawn we lay,
Then white as lawn, the roses took away.

'And how her hand, in my hand being lock'd,
Forced it to tremble with her loyal fear!
Which struck her sad, and then it faster rock'd,
Until her husband's welfare she did hear;
Whereat she smiled with so sweet a cheer
That had Narcissus seen her as she stood
Self-love had never drown'd him in the flood.

'Why hunt I then for colour or excuses?
All orators are dumb when beauty pleadeth;
Poor wretches have remorse in poor abuses;
Love thrives not in the heart that shadows dreadeth:
Affection is my captain, and he leadeth;
And when his gaudy banner is display'd,
The coward fights, and will not be dismay'd.

247 *hot-burning*] Hyphened by Gildon.
251 *effects*] *affects* Steevens conj.
255 *hard*] *had* Q_6. *bad* Q_7Q_8.
260 *how*] *now* $Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
262 *struck*] Ewing. *strooke* Qq.
266 *Self-love*] Hyphen omitted in Q_2Q_4.
268 *pleadeth*] *pleads* $Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
270 *dreadeth*] *dreads* $Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
271 *leadeth*] *leades* $Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
272 *his*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *this* $Q_4Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$.

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'Then, childish fear avaunt! debating die!
Respect and reason wait on wrinkled age!
My heart shall never countermand mine eye:
Sad pause and deep regard beseems the sage;
My part is youth, and beats these from the stage:
Desire my pilot is, beauty my prize;
Then who fears sinking where such treasure lies?'

As corn o'ergrown by weeds, so heedful fear
Is almost choked by unresisted lust.
Away he steals with open listening ear,
Full of foul hope and full of fond mistrust;
Both which, as servitors to the unjust,
So cross him with their opposite persuasion,
That now he vows a league, and now invasion.

Within his thought her heavenly image sits,
And in the self-same seat sits Collatine:
That eye which looks on her confounds his wits;
That eye which him beholds, as more divine,
Unto a view so false will not incline;
But with a pure appeal seeks to the heart,
Which once corrupted takes the worser part;

And therein heartens up his servile powers,
Who, flatter'd by their leader's jocund show,
Stuff up his lust, as minutes fill up hours;
And as their captain, so their pride doth grow,
Paying more slavish tribute than they owe.

274 *fear*] *fear*, Malone (1790).
debating] Qq. *debating*, Malone (1790).
275 *reason*] Qq. *reason*, Malone.
276 *mine*] *my* Q_8.
277 *beseems*] *beseem* Malone.
282 *choked*] *cloakt* Q_7. *cloak'd* Gildon.
295 *heartens*] *hartens* Q_5Q_6.
296 *flatter'd*] Gildon. *flattred* $Q_1Q_2Q_4$. *flattered* $Q_3Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$.

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By reprobate desire thus madly led,
The Roman lord marcheth to Lucrece' bed.

The locks between her chamber and his will,
Each one by him enforced, retires his ward;
But, as they open, they all rate his ill,
Which drives the creeping thief to some regard:
The threshold grates the door to have him heard;
Night-wandering weasels shriek to see him there;
They fright him, yet he still pursues his fear.

As each unwilling portal yields him way,
Through little vents and crannies of the place
The wind wars with his torch to make him stay,
And blows the smoke of it into his face,
Extinguishing his conduct in this case;
But his hot heart, which fond desire doth scorch,
Puffs forth another wind that fires the torch:

And being lighted, by the light he spies
Lucretia's glove, wherein her needle sticks:
He takes it from the rushes where it lies,
And griping it, the needle his finger pricks;
As who should say 'This glove to wanton tricks
Is not inured; return again in haste;
Thou see'st our mistress' ornaments are chaste.'

301 *marcheth*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *doth march* $Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
Lucrece'] *Lucrece's* Gildon.
303 *retires*] *recites* $Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
307 *Night-wandering*] Hyphened in Q_3 $Q_4Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
308 *he still pursues his*] *still pursues him* Q_8.
310 *crannies*] *cranies* Q_1Q_2.
316 *lighted, by the light he*] *lighted by the light, he* Q_8.
317 *her*] *he* Q_6. *the* Gildon.
319 *needle*] *neeld* Malone.
321 *not*] *nor* Q_5Q_6.
inured] *iniur'd* Q_4.

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But all these poor forbiddings could not stay him;
He in the worst sense construes their denial:
The doors, the wind, the glove, that did delay him,
He takes for accidental things of trial;
Or as those bars which stop the hourly dial,
Who with a lingering stay his course doth let,
Till every minute pays the hour his debt.

'So, so,' quoth he, 'these lets attend the time,
Like little frosts that sometime threat the spring,
To add a more rejoicing to the prime,
And give the sneaped birds more cause to sing.
Pain pays the income of each precious thing;
Huge rocks, high winds, strong pirates, shelves and sands,
The merchant fears, ere rich at home he lands.'

Now is he come unto the chamber door,
That shuts him from the heaven of his thought,
Which with a yielding latch, and with no more,
Hath barr'd him from the blessed thing he sought.
So from himself impiety hath wrought,
That for his prey to pray he doth begin,
As if the heavens should countenance his sin.

But in the midst of his unfruitful prayer,
Having solicited the eternal power
That his foul thoughts might compass his fair fair,
And they would stand auspicious to the hour,
Even there he starts: quoth he, 'I must deflower:
The powers to whom I pray abhor this fact;
How can they then assist me in the act?

324 *construes*] *consters* Q_1Q_2.
325 *doors*] *dooes* Q_7Q_8.
331 *sometime*] *sometimes* Q_3.
342 *prey*] *pray* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$.
347 *they*] *he* Steevens conj.

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'Then Love and Fortune be my gods, my guide!
My will is back'd with resolution:
Thoughts are but dreams till their effects be tried;
The blackest sin is clear'd with absolution;
Against love's fire fear's frost hath dissolution.
The eye of heaven is out, and misty night
Covers the shame that follows sweet delight.'

This said, his guilty hand pluck'd up the latch,
And with his knee the door he opens wide.
The dove sleeps fast that this night-owl will catch:
Thus treason works ere traitors be espied.
Who sees the lurking serpent steps aside;
But she, sound sleeping, fearing no such thing,
Lies at the mercy of his mortal sting.

Into the chamber wickedly he stalks
And gazeth on her yet unstained bed.
The curtains being close, about he walks,
Rolling his greedy eyeballs in his head:
By their high treason is his heart misled;
Which gives the watch-word to his hand full soon
To draw the cloud that hides the silver moon.

Look, as the fair and fiery-pointed sun,
Rushing from forth a cloud, bereaves our sight;
Even so, the curtain drawn, his eyes begun

351 *my guide*] *and guide* Q_7.
352 *resolution*] *dauntless resolution* Capell MS.
354 *The blackest*] *Blacke* $Q_5Q_6Q_7$. *Black* Q_8 and Gildon.
clear'd] *cleared* Sewell (ed. 1).
358 *his*] *the* Gildon.
361 *treason*] *reason* Q_6.
362 *aside*] *a side* Q_3.
363 *sound sleeping*] Hyphened by Sewell.
368 *eyeballs*] *eye-ball* Q_3.
369 *misled*] *misled* Q_8.
370 *full*] *too* $Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
371 *the silver*] *this silver* Hudson, 1881 (S. Walker conj.).
372 *fiery-pointed*] Hyphened by Malone. *fierie pointed* $Q_1Q_2Q_4$. *fiery pointed* $Q_3Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$. *fire-ypointed* Steevens conj.

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To wink, being blinded with a greater light:
Whether it is that she reflects so bright,
That dazzleth them, or else some shame supposed;
But blind they are, and keep themselves enclosed.

O, had they in that darksome prison died!
Then had they seen the period of their ill;
Then Collatine again, by Lucrece' side,
In his clear bed might have reposed still:
But they must ope, this blessed league to kill;
And holy-thoughted Lucrece to their sight
Must sell her joy, her life, her world's delight.

Her lily hand her rosy cheek lies under,
Cozening the pillow of a lawful kiss;
Who, therefore angry, seems to part in sunder,
Swelling on either side to want his bliss;
Between whose hills her head entombed is:
Where, like a virtuous monument, she lies,
To be admired of lewd unhallow'd eyes.

Without the bed her other fair hand was,
On the green coverlet; whose perfect white
Show'd like an April daisy on the grass,
With pearly sweat, resembling dew of night.
Her eyes, like marigolds, had sheathed their light,
And canopied in darkness sweetly lay,
Till they might open to adorn the day.

377 *dazzleth*] *dazled* Q_8.
377, 378 *supposed...enclosed*] *suppos'd ...enclos'd* Q_8.
386 *cheek*] *cheekes* $Q_3Q_5Q_6Q_7$. *cheeks* Q_8.
387 *Cozening*] *Cosning* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *Coosening* Q_5Q_6. *Coozening* Q_7. *Couzening* Q_8.
388 *Who*] *Which* Gildon.
390 *head*] *bead* Q_6.
392 *unhallow'd*] Gildon. *vnhallowed* Qq.
395 *Show'd*] Q_7Q_8. *Showed* The rest.

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Her hair, like golden threads, play'd with her breath;
O modest wantons! wanton modesty!
Showing life's triumph in the map of death,
And death's dim look in life's mortality:
Each in her sleep themselves so beautify
As if between them twain there were no strife,
But that life lived in death and death in life.

Her breasts, like ivory globes circled with blue,
A pair of maiden worlds unconquered,
Save of their lord no bearing yoke they knew,
And him by oath they truly honoured.
These worlds in Tarquin new ambition bred;
Who, like a foul usurper, went about
From this fair throne to heave the owner out.

What could he see but mightily he noted?
What did he note but strongly he desired?
What he beheld, on that he firmly doted,
And in his will his wilful eye he tired.
With more than admiration he admired
Her azure veins, her alabaster skin,
Her coral lips, her snow-white dimpled chin.

As the grim lion fawneth o'er his prey,
Sharp hunger by the conquest satisfied,
So o'er this sleeping soul doth Tarquin stay,
His rage of lust by gazing qualified;
Slack'd, not suppress'd; for standing by her side,

400 *play'd*] om. Q_5.
401 *wantons*] *wanton's* Q_8.
402 *Showing*] *Showring* $Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
403 *life's*] *lives* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
405 *were*] *was* Lintott.
406 *in death*] *on earth* Q_6.
408 *pair*] *praire* Q_6.
413 *throne*] *thorne* Q_8.
heave] *have* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
414 *mightily*] *mightely* Q_5. *mightly* Q_6.
414, 415 *noted?...desired?*] *noted,...desired,* Q_5.
417 *in*] *on* Steevens conj.
419 *alabaster*] Q_6. *alablaster* The rest.

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His eye, which late this mutiny restrains,
Unto a greater uproar tempts his veins:

And they, like straggling slaves for pillage fighting,
Obdurate vassals fell exploits effecting,
In bloody death and ravishment delighting,
Nor children's tears nor mothers' groans respecting,
Swell in their pride, the onset still expecting:
Anon his beating heart, alarum striking,
Gives the hot charge, and bids them do their liking.

His drumming heart cheers up his burning eye,
His eye commends the leading to his hand;
His hand, as proud of such a dignity,
Smoking with pride, march'd on to make his stand
On her bare breast, the heart of all her land;
Whose ranks of blue veins, as his hand did scale,
Left their round turrets destitute and pale.

They, mustering to the quiet cabinet
Where their dear governess and lady lies,
Do tell her she is dreadfully beset,
And fright her with confusion of their cries:
She, much amazed, breaks ope her lock'd-up eyes,
Who, peeping forth this tumult to behold,
Are by his flaming torch dimm'd and controll'd.

Imagine her as one in dead of night
From forth dull sleep by dreadful fancy waking,
That thinks she hath beheld some ghastly sprite,
Whose grim aspect sets every joint a-shaking;
What terror 'tis! but she, in worser taking,

429 *effecting*] *affecting* Steevens conj.
431 *mothers'*] Malone. *mothers* Qq. *mother's* Ewing.
433 *alarum*] $Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6Q_7$. *allarum* Q_1 Q_2. *alarm* Q_8.
439 *breast*] *breasts* $Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
heart] *hart* Q_4.
450 *From forth*] *Forth from* Sewell.
453 *'tis*] *ist* Q_3.

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From sleep disturbed, heedfully doth view
The sight which makes supposed terror true.

Wrapp'd and confounded in a thousand fears,
Like to a new-kill'd bird she trembling lies;
She dares not look; yet, winking, there appears
Quick-shifting antics, ugly in her eyes:
Such shadows are the weak brain's forgeries;
Who, angry that the eyes fly from their lights,
In darkness daunts them with more dreadful sights.

His hand, that yet remains upon her breast,—
Rude ram, to batter such an ivory wall!—
May feel her heart, poor citizen! distress'd,
Wounding itself to death, rise up and fall,
Beating her bulk, that his hand shakes withal.
This moves in him more rage and lesser pity,
To make the breach and enter this sweet city.

First, like a trumpet, doth his tongue begin
To sound a parley to his heartless foe;
Who o'er the white sheet peers her whiter chin,
The reason of this rash alarm to know,
Which he by dumb demeanour seeks to show;
But she with vehement prayers urgeth still
Under what colour he commits this ill.

454 *disturbed*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_8$. *disturbd* Q_5Q_7. *distrubd* Q_6.
455 *true*] *rue* $Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
456 *Wrapp'd*] *Rapt* Hudson (1881).
458 *appears*] *appear* Gildon.
459 *antics*] *antiques* Qq.
460 *weak brain's*] Hyphened in $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$.
469 *the breach*] *his breach* Q_3.
sweet] *swert* Q_7.
472 *Who*] *When* Q_3.
473 *rash alarm*] *alarum* Gildon.
474 *dumb*] Q_8. *dum* Q_1Q_2. *dumbe* $Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6Q_7$.
476 *ill.*] *ill?* $Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6$.

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Thus he replies: 'The colour in thy face,
That even for anger makes the lily pale
And the red rose blush at her own disgrace,
Shall plead for me and tell my loving tale:
Under that colour am I come to scale
Thy never-conquer'd fort: the fault is thine,
For those thine eyes betray thee unto mine.

'Thus I forestall thee, if thou mean to chide:
Thy beauty hath ensnared thee to this night,
Where thou with patience must my will abide;
My will that marks thee for my earth's delight,
Which I to conquer sought with all my might;
But as reproof and reason beat it dead,
By thy bright beauty was it newly bred.

'I see what crosses my attempt will bring;
I know what thorns the growing rose defends;
I think the honey guarded with a sting;
All this beforehand counsel comprehends:
But will is deaf and hears no heedful friends;
Only he hath an eye to gaze on beauty,
And dotes on what he looks, 'gainst law or duty.

'I have debated, even in my soul,
What wrong, what shame, what sorrow I shall breed;
But nothing can affection's course control,
Or stop the headlong fury of his speed.
I know repentant tears ensue the deed,

477 *thy face*] *this face* Q_7Q_8.
479 *And the*] *And the the* Q_6.
482 *Thy*] *They* Lintott.
never-conquer'd] Gildon. *neuer-conquered* Q_3Q_4. *neuer conquered* The rest.
490 *was it*] Q_1Q_2. *it was* $Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
491 *attempt*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *attempts* $Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
497 *'gainst*] *against* Q_6.

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Reproach, disdain and deadly enmity;
Yet strive I to embrace mine infamy.'

This said, he shakes aloft his Roman blade,
Which, like a falcon towering in the skies,
Coucheth the fowl below with his wings' shade,
Whose crooked beak threats if he mount he dies:
So under his insulting falchion lies
Harmless Lucretia, marking what he tells
With trembling fear, as fowl hear falcon's bells.

'Lucrece,' quoth he, 'this night I must enjoy thee:
If thou deny, then force must work my way,
For in thy bed I purpose to destroy thee:
That done, some worthless slave of thine I'll slay,
To kill thine honour with thy life's decay;
And in thy dead arms do I mean to place him,
Swearing I slew him, seeing thee embrace him.

'So thy surviving husband shall remain
The scornful mark of every open eye;
Thy kinsmen hang their heads at this disdain,
Thy issue blurr'd with nameless bastardy:
And thou, the author of their obloquy,
Shalt have thy trespass cited up in rhymes
And sung by children in succeeding times.

503 *disdain*] *disdoine* Q_6.
506 *skies,*] *skies* Hudson, 1881 (S. Walker conj.).
507 *Coucheth*] *Couchet* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$. *Cov'reth* Steevens conj.
his] *her* Anon. conj.
wings'] Malone. *wings* Qq. *wing's* Ewing.
508 *crooked*] *crook* Q_7Q_8.
509 *his*] *the* Q_7.
falchion] *fouchion* Q_6. *Fauchion* The rest.
511 *fowl*] *fowls* Sewell.
falcon's] *faulcon's* Gildon. *faulcons'* Malone. No apostrophe in Qq.
516 *life's*] Gildon. *liues* Qq.
521 *Thy*] *The* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
heads] *hearts* Q_7Q_8.
524 *Shalt*] *Shall* $Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
525 *succeeding*] *succeeing* Q_4.

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'But if thou yield, I rest thy secret friend:
The fault unknown is as a thought unacted;
A little harm done to a great good end
For lawful policy remains enacted.
The poisonous simple sometime is compacted
In a pure compound; being so applied,
His venom in effect is purified.

'Then, for thy husband and thy children's sake,
Tender my suit: bequeath not to their lot
The shame that from them no device can take,
The blemish that will never be forgot;
Worse than a slavish wipe or birth-hour's blot:
For marks descried in men's nativity
Are nature's faults, not their own infamy.'

Here with a cockatrice' dead-killing eye
He rouseth up himself, and makes a pause;
While she, the picture of true piety,
Like a white hind under the gripe's sharp claws,
Pleads, in a wilderness where are no laws,
To the rough beast that knows no gentle right,
Nor aught obeys but his foul appetite.

But when a black-faced cloud the world doth threat,
In his dim mist the aspiring mountains hiding,
From earth's dark womb some gentle gust doth get,

527 *a thought*] *though* Q_7Q_8.
530 *sometime*] *sometimes* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
531 *a pure compound*] *purest compounds* $Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
533 *children's*] *children* Lintott.
534 *bequeath*] *bequeath'd* Gildon.
535 *device*] $Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$. *dewise* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$.
538 *descried*] *describ'd* Gildon.
540 *cockatrice'*] Malone. *Cockeatrice* Q_1. *Cockatrice* $Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_7Q_8$. *cocka-trice* Q_5. *cacka trice* Q_6.
dead-killing] Hyphened in Q_3Q_4.
543 *under*] *beneath* $Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
gripe's] *grypes* Q_1. *gripes* The rest.
544 *are*] om. Q_6.
546 *aught*] Malone (1790). *ought* Qq.
547 *But*] *As* Sewell. *Look*, Malone (Capell MS.).
doth] *does* Gildon.
548 *mountains*] *mountaine* $Q_6Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
549 *dark womb*] Hyphened in $Q_1Q_2Q_3$.
doth] *does* Gildon.

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Which blows these pitchy vapours from their biding,
Hindering their present fall by this dividing;
So his unhallow'd haste her words delays,
And moody Pluto winks while Orpheus plays.

Yet, foul night-waking cat, he doth but dally,
While in his hold-fast foot the weak mouse panteth:
Her sad behaviour feeds his vulture folly,
A swallowing gulf that even in plenty wanteth:
His ear her prayers admits, but his heart granteth
No penetrable entrance to her plaining:
Tears harden lust, though marble wear with raining.

Her pity-pleading eyes are sadly fixed
In the remorseless wrinkles of his face;
Her modest eloquence with sighs is mixed,
Which to her oratory adds more grace.
She puts the period often from his place,
And midst the sentence so her accent breaks
That twice she doth begin ere once she speaks.

She conjures him by high almighty Jove,
By knighthood, gentry, and sweet friendship's oath,
By her untimely tears, her husband's love,
By holy human law and common troth,
By heaven and earth, and all the power of both,
That to his borrow'd bed he make retire,
And stoop to honour, not to foul desire.

550 *blows*] Malone. *blow* Qq.
551 *this*] *his* S. Walker conj.
552 *unhallow'd*] Gildon. *vnhollowed* Q_8. *vnhallowed* The rest.
554 *night-waking*] Hyphened in $Q_1Q_2Q_3$.
557 *even*] *e'en* Gildon.
560 *wear*] *weare* Q_4. *were* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *weares* $Q_5Q_6Q_7$. *wears* Q_8. *raining*] *raigning* Q_4.
561 *fixed*] Qq. *fix'd* Gildon.
563 *mixed*] Qq. *mix'd* Gildon.
572 *power*] *powers* Q_7Q_8.
573 *borrow'd*] Gildon. *borrowed* Qq. *make*] *may* Lintott.

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Quoth she: 'Reward not hospitality
With such black payment as thou hast pretended;
Mud not the fountain that gave drink to thee;
Mar not the thing that cannot be amended;
End thy ill aim before thy shoot be ended;
He is no woodman that doth bend his bow
To strike a poor unseasonable doe.

'My husband is thy friend; for his sake spare me:
Thyself art mighty; for thine own sake leave me:
Myself a weakling; do not then ensnare me:
Thou look'st not like deceit; do not deceive me.
My sighs, like whirlwinds, labour hence to heave thee:
If ever man were moved with woman's moans,
Be moved with my tears, my sighs, my groans:

'All which together, like a troubled ocean,
Beat at thy rocky and wreck-threatening heart,
To soften it with their continual motion;
For stones dissolved to water do convert.
O, if no harder than a stone thou art,
Melt at my tears, and be compassionate!
Soft pity enters at an iron gate.

'In Tarquin's likeness I did entertain thee:
Hast thou put on his shape to do him shame?
To all the host of heaven I complain me,
Thou wrong'st his honour, wound'st his princely name.
Thou art not what thou seem'st; and if the same,
Thou seem'st not what thou art, a god, a king;
For kings, like gods, should govern every thing.

579 *shoot*] *suit* Malone conj.
583 *thine*] *thy* Gildon.
587 *were*] *was* $Q_5Q_7Q_8$.
590 *wreck-threatening*] *wreck-threatning* Gildon. *wracke-threatning* Q_1Q_2 $Q_3Q_7Q_8$. *wrack-threatning* $Q_4Q_5Q_6$.
593 *O,*] *Or* Q_7Q_8.
598 *host*] *hoste* Q_7. *hosts* Q_8.

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'How will thy shame be seeded in thine age,
When thus thy vices bud before thy spring!
If in thy hope thou darest do such outrage,
What darest thou not when once thou art a king?
O, be remember'd, no outrageous thing
From vassal actors can be wiped away;
Then kings' misdeeds cannot be hid in clay.

'This deed will make thee only loved for fear;
But happy monarchs still are fear'd for love:
With foul offenders thou perforce must bear,
When they in thee the like offences prove:
If but for fear of this, thy will remove;
For princes are the glass, the school, the book,
Where subjects' eyes do learn, do read, do look.

'And wilt thou be the school where Lust shall learn?
Must he in thee read lectures of such shame?
Wilt thou be glass wherein it shall discern
Authority for sin, warrant for blame,
To privilege dishonour in thy name?
Thou back'st reproach against long-living laud,
And makest fair reputation but a bawd.

603 *seeded*] *feeded* Q_5Q_6.
604 *spring!*] *spring*, Q_6. *spring?* The rest.
606 *darest*] Q_3. *dar'st* The rest.
once] om. Q_3.
king?] *king*. Q_6.
607 *remember'd*] Malone. *remembred* Qq.
609 *day*] *day* Kinnear conj.
610 *will*] *shall* $Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
thee] *the* Q_3.
613 *like*] *light* Q_3.
614 *thy*] *they* Lintott.
616 *subjects'*] Malone. *subiect* Q_3. *subiects* The rest.
620, 621 *blame,...name?*] Malone (Capell MS.). *blame?.....name.* Qq. *blame?...name*, Sewell.
622 *back'st*] *black'st* Q_8.
long-living] *long-lived* Malone (1790).

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'Hast thou command? by him that gave it thee,
From a pure heart command thy rebel will:
Draw not thy sword to guard iniquity,
For it was lent thee all that brood to kill.
Thy princely office how canst thou fulfil,
When, pattern'd by thy fault, foul sin may say
He learn'd to sin and thou didst teach the way?

'Think but how vile a spectacle it were,
To view thy present trespass in another.
Men's faults do seldom to themselves appear;
Their own transgressions partially they smother:
This guilt would seem death-worthy in thy brother.
O, how are they wrapp'd in with infamies
That from their own misdeeds askance their eyes!

'To thee, to thee, my heaved-up hands appeal,
Not to seducing lust, thy rash relier:
I sue for exiled majesty's repeal;
Let him return, and flattering thoughts retire:
His true respect will prison false desire,
And wipe the dim mist from thy doting eyne,
That thou shalt see thy state and pity mine.'

'Have done,' quoth he: 'my uncontrolled tide
Turns not, but swells the higher by this let.
Small lights are soon blown out, huge fires abide,

624 *command?*] *commanded?* Q_6Q_8. *commanded* Q_7.
625 *command*] *commanded* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
628—630 *fulfil,...way?*] *fulfill...way?* $Q_6Q_6Q_7Q_8$. *fulfill?...way.* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$.
629 *sin*] *sinne*, Q_7Q_8.
637 *their own*] *her owne* Q_8.
639 *seducing*] *reducing* Q_8.
lust...relier] *lust...reply* $Q_6Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
lust's outrageous fire Sewell.
643 *eyne*] *eien* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *eies* $Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$.

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And with the wind in greater fury fret:
The petty streams that pay a daily debt
To their salt sovereign, with their fresh falls' haste
Add to his flow, but alter not his taste.'

'Thou art,' quoth she, 'a sea, a sovereign king;
And, lo, there falls into thy boundless flood
Black lust, dishonour, shame, misgoverning,
Who seek to stain the ocean of thy blood.
If all these petty ills shall change thy good,
Thy sea within a puddle's womb is hearsed,
And not the puddle in thy sea dispersed.

'So shall these slaves be king, and thou their slave;
Thou nobly base, they basely dignified;
Thou their fair life, and they thy fouler grave:
Thou loathed in their shame, they in thy pride:
The lesser thing should not the greater hide;
The cedar stoops not to the base shrub's foot,
But low shrubs wither at the cedar's root.

'So let thy thoughts, low vassals to thy state'—
'No more,' quoth he; 'by heaven, I will not hear thee:
Yield to my love; if not, enforced hate,
Instead of love's coy touch, shall rudely tear thee:
That done, despitefully I mean to bear thee

649 *petty*] *pretty* $Q_6Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
debt] *det* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$.
650 *falls'*] *false* Gildon.
651 *to his*] Q_1Q_2. *to the* Q_3. *to this* Q_4 $Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
not his] *not the* Q_7Q_8.
655 *seek*] *seekes* Q_3.
stain] *straine* Q_7Q_8.
656 *shall*] *should* Gildon.
657 *puddle's*] *puddle* $Q_3Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
hearsed] *hersed* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *bersed* $Q_5Q_6Q_7$. *persed* Q_8. *burs'd* Gildon. *burst* Sewell (ed. 2), reading *puddle*.
658 *puddle*] *puddles* Q_3.
dispersed] Qq. *dispers'd* Gildon.
661 *fouler grave*] *fouler, grave* Hudson (1881).
665 *low shrubs*] Hyphened in Q_1Q_2.
666 *state*—] Malone. *state.*— Sewell. *state,* $Q_1Q_2Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$. *state.* Q_3Q_4.
668 *to*] *not* Q_8.
not,] *to* Q_8.
669 *Instead*] Q_7Q_8. *In steed* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *In stead* Q_5Q_6.

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Unto the base bed of some rascal groom,
To be thy partner in this shameful doom.'

This said, he sets his foot upon the light,
For light and lust are deadly enemies:
Shame folded up in blind concealing night,
When most unseen, then most doth tyrannize.
The wolf hath seized his prey, the poor lamb cries;
Till with her own white fleece her voice controll'd
Entombs her outcry in her lips' sweet fold:

For with the nightly linen that she wears
He pens her piteous clamours in her head,
Cooling his hot face in the chastest tears
That ever modest eyes with sorrow shed.
O, that prone lust should stain so pure a bed!
The spots whereof could weeping purify,
Her tears should drop on them perpetually.

But she hath lost a dearer thing than life,
And he hath won what he would lose again:
This forced league doth force a further strife;
This momentary joy breeds months of pain;
This hot desire converts to cold disdain:
Pure Chastity is rifled of her store,
And Lust, the thief, far poorer than before.

Look, as the full-fed hound or gorged hawk,
Unapt for tender smell or speedy flight,
Make slow pursuit, or altogether balk

671 *the*] *some* Q_8.
675 *blind concealing*] *blind-concealing* Dyce, ed. 2 (S. Walker conj.).
679 *lips'*] Malone. *lips* Qq.
680 *nightly*] *mighty* Q_5Q_6.
684 *prone*] $Q_1Q_2Q_4$. *proud* Q_3. *foule* $Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$. *foul* Gildon.
688 *lose*] $Q_3Q_7Q_8$. *loose* The rest.
696 *balk*] Gildon. *bauk* or *bauke* Qq.

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The prey wherein by nature they delight,
So surfeit-taking Tarquin fares this night:
His taste delicious, in digestion souring,
Devours his will, that lived by foul devouring.

O, deeper sin than bottomless conceit
Can comprehend in still imagination!
Drunken Desire must vomit his receipt,
Ere he can see his own abomination.
While Lust is in his pride, no exclamation
Can curb his heat or rein his rash desire,
Till, like a jade, Self-will himself doth tire.

And then with lank and lean discolour'd cheek,
With heavy eye, knit brow, and strengthless pace,
Feeble Desire, all recreant, poor and meek,
Like to a bankrupt beggar wails his case:
The flesh being proud, Desire doth fight with Grace,
For there it revels, and when that decays
The guilty rebel for remission prays.

So fares it with this faultful lord of Rome,
Who this accomplishment so hotly chased;
For now against himself he sounds this doom,
That through the length of times he stands disgraced:
Besides, his soul's fair temple is defaced,
To whose weak ruins muster troops of cares,
To ask the spotted princess how she fares.

698 *fares*] *feares* $Q_5Q_6Q_7$.
706 *or rein*] *of reine* Q_5Q_6. *of reign* Gildon.
708 *discolour'd*] *discoloured* Q_8.
709 *knit brow*] Hyphened in Q_1Q_2.
711 *bankrupt*] Gildon. *banckrout* Q_1 $Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *bankerout* $Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
case] *cace* Q_1Q_2.
712 *proud*] *prou'd* Q_8.
716 *chased*] *chas'd* Gildon.
718 *disgraced*] *disgrac'd* Gildon.
719 *defaced*] *defac'd* Gildon.

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She says, her subjects with foul insurrection
Have batter'd down her consecrated wall,
And by their mortal fault brought in subjection
Her immortality, and made her thrall
To living death and pain perpetual:
Which in her prescience she controlled still,
But her foresight could not forestall their will.

Even in this thought through the dark night he stealeth,
A captive victor that hath lost in gain;
Bearing away the wound that nothing healeth,
The scar that will, despite of cure, remain;
Leaving his spoil perplex'd in greater pain.
She bears the load of lust he left behind,
And he the burthen of a guilty mind.

He like a thievish dog creeps sadly thence;
She like a wearied lamb lies panting there;
He scowls, and hates himself for his offence;
She, desperate, with her nails her flesh doth tear;
He faintly flies, sweating with guilty fear;
She stays, exclaiming on the direful night;
He runs, and chides his vanish'd, loathed delight.

He thence departs a heavy convertite;
She there remains a hopeless cast-away;
He in his speed looks for the morning light;
She prays she never may behold the day,
'For day,' quoth she, 'night's 'scapes doth open lay,
And my true eyes have never practised how
To cloak offences with a cunning brow.

722 *insurrection*] *resurrection* Q_8.
724 *subjection*] *subjection:* Q_8.
727 *prescience*] *presence* Q_8.
728 *forestall*] *forest, all* Q_8.
729 *dark night*] Hyphened in $Q_1Q_2Q_3$.
735 *burthen*] *burden* Collier.
740 *sweating*] *swearing* Q_7Q_8.
744 *hopeless*] *hoptlesse* Q_4.
747 *night's 'scapes*] *nights scapes* Q_1Q_2 Q_3Q_4. *night scapes* Q_5Q_6. *night-scapes* Q_7Q_8.

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'They think not but that every eye can see
The same disgrace which they themselves behold;
And therefore would they still in darkness be,
To have their unseen sin remain untold;
For they their guilt with weeping will unfold,
And grave, like water that doth eat in steel,
Upon my cheeks what helpless shame I feel.'

Here she exclaims against repose and rest,
And bids her eyes hereafter still be blind.
She wakes her heart by beating on her breast,
And bids it leap from thence, where it may find
Some purer chest to close so pure a mind.
Frantic with grief thus breathes she forth her spite
Against the unseen secrecy of night:

'O comfort-killing Night, image of hell!
Dim register and notary of shame!
Black stage for tragedies and murders fell!
Vast sin-concealing chaos! nurse of blame!
Blind muffled bawd! dark harbour for defame!
Grim cave of death! whispering conspirator
With close-tongued treason and the ravisher!

'O hateful, vaporous and foggy Night!
Since thou art guilty of my cureless crime,
Muster thy mists to meet the eastern light,
Make war against proportion'd course of time;
Or if thou wilt permit the sun to climb
His wonted height, yet ere he go to bed,
Knit poisonous clouds about his golden head.

752 *be*] *lie* $Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
756 *my...I*] *their...they* Gildon.
760 *find*] *finde.* Q_3.
766 *murders*] Gildon. *murthers* Qq.
768 *for*] *of* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
771 *vaporous*] *vapours* Q_6.
774 *time*] *times* Q_7.

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'With rotten damps ravish the morning air;
Let their exhaled unwholesome breaths make sick
The life of purity, the supreme fair,
Ere he arrive his weary noon-tide prick;
And let thy misty vapours march so thick
That in their smoky ranks his smother'd light
May set at noon and make perpetual night.

'Were Tarquin Night, as he is but Night's child,
The silver-shining queen he would distain;
Her twinkling handmaids too, by him defiled,
Through Night's black bosom should not peep again:
So should I have co-partners in my pain;
And fellowship in woe doth woe assuage,
As palmers' chat makes short their pilgrimage.

'Where now I have no one to blush with me,
To cross their arms and hang their heads with mine,
To mask their brows and hide their infamy;
But I alone alone must sit and pine,
Seasoning the earth with showers of silver brine,
Mingling my talk with tears, my grief with groans,
Poor wasting monuments of lasting moans.

778 *rotten damps*] *rotting damp* Q_3.
779 *unwholesome*] *vnholdsome* Q_1Q_2.
782 *misty*] Q_7Q_8. *mustie* Q_1Q_2. *mystie* Q_3Q_4. *mysty* Q_5Q_6.
vapours] *vapour* Q_3.
783 *ranks*] *rackes* Q_3.
smother'd] Lintott and Gildon. *smothred* Q_1Q_2. *smothered* The rest.
786 *silver-shining*] Hyphened by Gildon.
he...distain] *he...disdaine* $Q_5Q_6Q_8$. *he...disdain* Q_7. *him...disdain* Sewell.
787 *too*] Q_7Q_8. *to* The rest.
791 *palmers' chat makes*] Malone. *Palmers chat makes* $Q_1Q_2Q_4$. *Palmers that make* Q_3Q_8. *Palmers that makers* Q_5Q_6. *Palmers that makes* Q_7.
their] *the* Q_3.
792 *Where now I have...me,*] *Where now? have I...me?* Sewell.

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'O Night, thou furnace of foul-reeking smoke,
Let not the jealous Day behold that face
Which underneath thy black all-hiding cloak
Immodestly lies martyr'd with disgrace!
Keep still possession of thy gloomy place,
That all the faults which in thy reign are made
May likewise be sepulchred in thy shade!

'Make me not object to the tell-tale Day!
The light will show, character'd in my brow,
The story of sweet chastity's decay,
The impious breach of holy wedlock vow:
Yea, the illiterate, that know not how
To cipher what is writ in learned books,
Will quote my loathsome trespass in my looks.

'The nurse, to still her child, will tell my story,
And fright her crying babe with Tarquin's name;
The orator, to deck his oratory,
Will couple my reproach to Tarquin's shame;
Feast-finding minstrels, tuning my defame,
Will tie the hearers to attend each line,
How Tarquin wronged me, I Collatine.

'Let my good name, that senseless reputation,
For Collatine's dear love be kept unspotted:
If that be made a theme for disputation,

799 *foul-reeking*] Hyphened by Ewing. *foul-recking* Gildon. *reeking*] *recking* Q_6Q_7.
802 *martyr'd*] *martird* Q_1. *martyrd* Q_2. *martyred* $Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
807 *will*] *shal* $Q_4Q_5Q_6Q_8$. *shall* Q_7. *character'd*] *charactered* Q_3Q_4. *my*] *thy* Q_4.
808 *story*] *stories* Q_3.
809 *breach*] *breath* Q_3. *wedlock*] *wedlocks* Q_4Q_8. *weldocks* Q_3. *wedlockes* $Q_5Q_6Q_7$. *wedlock's* Gildon.
811 *cipher*] *'cipher* (for *decipher*) Malone.
812 *quote*] *cote* Q_1Q_2.
819 *wronged*] *wrong'd* Q_8.
821 *be kept*] *he kept* Q_4.

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The branches of another root are rotted,
And undeserved reproach to him allotted
That is as clear from this attaint of mine
As I, ere this, was pure to Collatine.

'O unseen shame! invisible disgrace!
O unfelt sore! crest-wounding, private scar!
Reproach is stamp'd in Collatinus' face,
And Tarquin's eye may read the mot afar,
How he in peace is wounded, not in war.
Alas, how many bear such shameful blows,
Which not themselves, but he that gives them knows!

'If, Collatine, thine honour lay in me,
From me by strong assault it is bereft.
My honey lost, and I, a drone-like bee,
Have no perfection of my summer left,
But robb'd and ransack'd by injurious theft:
In thy weak hive a wandering wasp hath crept,
And suck'd the honey which thy chaste bee kept.

'Yet am I guilty of thy honour's wrack;
Yet for thy honour did I entertain him;
Coming from thee, I could not put him back,
For it had been dishonour to disdain him:
Besides, of weariness he did complain him,
And talk'd of virtue: O unlook'd-for evil,
When virtue is profaned in such a devil!

830 *mot*] *mote* Q_7Q_8.
831 *How...war.*] Printed in italics by Malone.
832 *many*] *may* Q_8.
841, 842 *Yet...wrack; Yet for*] *Yet... wreck? No; for* Malone conj.
841 *guilty*] *guiltless* Malone.
wrack;] *wracke,* $Q_1Q_2Q_7Q_8$. *wrack.* Q_3. *wrack,* Q_4. *wracke;* Q_5Q_6. *wreck?* Sewell.
846 *talk'd*] *talke* $Q_3Q_5Q_6Q_8$. *talkt* Q_7. *unlook'd-for*] Hyphened by Bell.

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'Why should the worm intrude the maiden bud?
Or hateful cuckoos hatch in sparrows' nests?
Or toads infect fair founts with venom mud?
Or tyrant folly lurk in gentle breasts?
Or kings be breakers of their own behests?
But no perfection is so absolute
That some impurity doth not pollute.

'The aged man that coffers up his gold
Is plagued with cramps and gouts and painful fits,
And scarce hath eyes his treasure to behold,
But like still-pining Tantalus he sits
And useless barns the harvest of his wits,
Having no other pleasure of his gain
But torment that it cannot cure his pain.

'So then he hath it when he cannot use it,
And leaves it to be master'd by his young;
Who in their pride do presently abuse it:
Their father was too weak, and they too strong,
To hold their cursed-blessed fortune long.
The sweets we wish for turn to loathed sours
Even in the moment that we call them ours.

'Unruly blasts wait on the tender spring;
Unwholesome weeds take root with precious flowers;
The adder hisses where the sweet birds sing;
What virtue breeds iniquity devours:
We have no good that we can say is ours

848 *bud?*] Q_1Q_2. *bud*, The rest.
854 *impurity*] *iniquity* Q_7Q_8.
858 *like still-pining*] *still like pining* Sewell.
still-pining] Hyphened by Malone (Capell MS.).
859 *barns*] *bannes* $Q_5Q_6Q_7$. *bans* Q_8.
harvest] *hauest* Q_8.
863 *master'd*] Lintott. *maistred* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *mastred* $Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
866 *cursed-blessed*] Hyphen omitted in Q_7Q_8.
867 *for*] *oft* Q_7Q_8.
871 *hisses*] Q_1Q_2. *hisseth* The rest.

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But ill-annexed Opportunity
Or kills his life or else his quality.

'O Opportunity, thy guilt is great!
'Tis thou that executest the traitor's treason;
Thou set'st the wolf where he the lamb may get;
Whoever plots the sin, thou point'st the season;
'Tis thou that spurn'st at right, at law, at reason;
And in thy shady cell, where none may spy him,
Sits Sin, to seize the souls that wander by him.

'Thou makest the vestal violate her oath;
Thou blow'st the fire when temperance is thaw'd;
Thou smother'st honesty, thou murder'st troth;
Thou foul abettor! thou notorious bawd!
Thou plantest scandal and displacest laud:
Thou ravisher, thou traitor, thou false thief,
Thy honey turns to gall, thy joy to grief!

'Thy secret pleasure turns to open shame,
Thy private feasting to a public fast,
Thy smoothing titles to a ragged name,
Thy sugar'd tongue to bitter wormwood taste:
Thy violent vanities can never last.
How comes it then, vile Opportunity,
Being so bad, such numbers seek for thee?

874 *ill-annexed*] Hyphen omitted in Q_1Q_2.
878 *set'st*] *setst* Q_3. *sets* The rest.
879 *point'st*] *pointst* Q_2Q_3. *poinst* Q_1. *points* The rest. *'point'st* Malone (1790).
880 *spurn'st*] *sprurn'st* Q_3.
881, 882 *him...him*] *her...her* $Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
884 *blow'st*] Gildon. *blowst* Lintott. *blowest* Qq.
885 *smother'st*] *smotherest* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$. *murder'st*] Gildon. *murthrest* $Q_1Q_2Q_4$. *murtherst* Q_5Q_6. *murtherest* $Q_3Q_7Q_8$.
886 *abettor*] Q_7. *abbettro* Q_4. *abbettor* The rest.
892 *smoothing*] *smothering* $Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
893 *sugar'd*] Gildon. *sugred* Qq. *bitter*] *a bitter* Q_3.

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'When wilt thou be the humble suppliant's friend,
And bring him where his suit may be obtained?
When wilt thou sort an hour great strifes to end?
Or free that soul which wretchedness hath chained?
Give physic to the sick, ease to the pained?
The poor, lame, blind, halt, creep, cry out for thee;
But they ne'er meet with Opportunity.

'The patient dies while the physician sleeps;
The orphan pines while the oppressor feeds;
Justice is feasting while the widow weeps;
Advice is sporting while infection breeds:
Thou grant'st no time for charitable deeds:
Wrath, envy, treason, rape, and murder's rages,
Thy heinous hours wait on them as their pages.

'When Truth and Virtue have to do with thee,
A thousand crosses keep them from thy aid:
They buy thy help, but Sin ne'er gives a fee;
He gratis comes, and thou art well appaid
As well to hear as grant what he hath said.
My Collatine would else have come to me
When Tarquin did, but he was stay'd by thee.

'Guilty thou art of murder and of theft,
Guilty of perjury and subornation,
Guilty of treason, forgery and shift,

897 *suppliant's*] *supplicants* Q_7Q_8.
898 *obtained*] Qq. *obtain'd* Gildon.
899 *strifes*] *strife* Q_3.
end?] *end*, Q_4.
900 *chained*] Qq. *chain'd* Gildon.
901 *pained*] Qq. *pain'd* Gildon.
903 *meet*] Q_1Q_2. *met* The rest.
907 *Advice*] Gildon. *Aduise* Qq.
909 *murder's*] Malone. *murthers* Q_1Q_2 Q_3Q_4. *murther* $Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$. *murder* Gildon.
rages,] *rages.* Q_3.
913 *buy thy*] *buy, they* Q_8.
fee] *free* Q_7Q_8.
917 *stay'd*] *staied* Q_1Q_2. *stayd* Q_3. *staid* The rest.
918 *murder*] Gildon. *murther* Qq.
919 *subornation*] *subordination* Q_7Q_8.

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Guilty of incest, that abomination;
An accessary by thine inclination
To all sins past and all that are to come,
From the creation to the general doom.

'Mis-shapen Time, copesmate of ugly Night,
Swift subtle post, carrier of grisly care,
Eater of youth, false slave to false delight,
Base watch of woes, sin's pack-horse, virtue's snare;
Thou nursest all and murder'st all that are:
O, hear me then, injurious, shifting Time!
Be guilty of my death, since of my crime.

'Why hath thy servant Opportunity
Betray'd the hours thou gavest me to repose,
Cancell'd my fortunes and enchained me
To endless date of never-ending woes?
Time's office is to fine the hate of foes,
To eat up errors by opinion bred,
Not spend the dowry of a lawful bed.

'Time's glory is to calm contending kings,
To unmask falsehood and bring truth to light,
To stamp the seal of time in aged things,
To wake the morn and sentinel the night,
To wrong the wronger till he render right,

922 *inclination*] *inclination.* Q_1. *inclination*, Q_2.
928 *snare*] *snares* Q_6.
929 *murder'st*] *murthrest* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *murtherest* $Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$. *murderest* Gildon.
930 *injurious, shifting*] *injurious-shifting* Staunton (S. Walker conj.).
932 *servant Opportunity*] *servant, Opportunity*, Malone (Capell MS.).
933 *repose,*] Dyce (1857). *repose?* Qq.
936 *fine*] *finde* Q_8. *find* Lintott and Gildon.
937 *errors*] *errour* Q_8. *error* Q_7Q_8.
939 *to calm*] *too calme* Q_4.
941 *in aged*] *inaged* Q_8. *on aged* Sewell.
943 *wrong*] *wring* Farmer conj.

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To ruinate proud buildings with thy hours
And smear with dust their glittering golden towers;

'To fill with worm-holes stately monuments,
To feed oblivion with decay of things,
To blot old books and alter their contents,
To pluck the quills from ancient ravens' wings,
To dry the old oak's sap and cherish springs,
To spoil antiquities of hammer'd steel
And turn the giddy round of Fortune's wheel;

'To show the beldam daughters of her daughter,
To make the child a man, the man a child,
To slay the tiger that doth live by slaughter,
To tame the unicorn and lion wild,
To mock the subtle in themselves beguiled,
To cheer the ploughman with increaseful crops,
And waste huge stones with little water-drops.

'Why work'st thou mischief in thy pilgrimage,
Unless thou couldst return to make amends?
One poor retiring minute in an age
Would purchase thee a thousand thousand friends,
Lending him wit that to bad debtors lends:
O, this dread night, wouldst thou one hour come back,
I could prevent this storm and shun thy wrack!

'Thou ceaseless lackey to eternity,
With some mischance cross Tarquin in his flight:
Devise extremes beyond extremity,

944 *thy hours*] *their bowers* Steevens conj. *his hours* Malone conj. (withdrawn).
948 *alter*] *alrer* Q_6. *after* Q_8.
950 *cherish*] *tarish* Warburton conj. *sere its* Heath conj. *perish* Johnson conj. *cheerish* Becket conj.
964 *debtors*] Q_7Q_8. *dettors* The rest.
966 *shun thy*] *shun this* Q_6Q_8. *shunt his* Q_7Q_8.
968 *his*] *this* Lintott.

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To make him curse this cursed crimeful night:
Let ghastly shadows his lewd eyes affright,
And the dire thought of his committed evil
Shape every bush a hideous shapeless devil.

'Disturb his hours of rest with restless trances,
Afflict him in his bed with bedrid groans;
Let there bechance him pitiful mischances,
To make him moan; but pity not his moans:
Stone him with harden'd hearts, harder than stones;
And let mild women to him lose their mildness,
Wilder to him than tigers in their wildness.

'Let him have time to tear his curled hair,
Let him have time against himself to rave,
Let him have time of time's help to despair,
Let him have time to live a loathed slave,
Let him have time a beggar's orts to crave,
And time to see one that by alms doth live
Disdain to him disdained scraps to give.

'Let him have time to see his friends his foes,
And merry fools to mock at him resort;
Let him have time to mark how slow time goes
In time of sorrow, and how swift and short
His time of folly and his time of sport;
And ever let his unrecalling crime
Have time to wail the abusing of his time.

975 *bedrid*] Lintott. *bedred* Qq.
978 *harden'd*] Gildon. *hardened* Q_7Q_8. *hardned* The rest.
hearts] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *harts* The rest.
stones] *stone* $Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6$.
979 *lose*] Gildon. *loose* Qq.
986 *doth*] *do* Q_6. *does* Sewell.
993 *crime*] *time* $Q_4Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$.

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'O Time, thou tutor both to good and bad,
Teach me to curse him that thou taught'st this ill!
At his own shadow let the thief run mad,
Himself himself seek every hour to kill!
Such wretched hands such wretched blood should spill;
For who so base would such an office have
As slanderous deathsman to so base a slave?

'The baser is he, coming from a king,
To shame his hope with deeds degenerate:
The mightier man, the mightier is the thing
That makes him honour'd or begets him hate;
For greatest scandal waits on greatest state.
The moon being clouded presently is miss'd,
But little stars may hide them when they list.

'The crow may bathe his coal-black wings in mire,
And unperceived fly with the filth away;
But if the like the snow-white swan desire,
The stain upon his silver down will stay.
Poor grooms are sightless night, kings glorious day:
Gnats are unnoted wheresoe'er they fly,
But eagles gazed upon with every eye.

'Out, idle words, servants to shallow fools!
Unprofitable sounds, weak arbitrators!
Busy yourselves in skill-contending schools;
Debate where leisure serves with dull debaters;
To trembling clients be you mediators:

996 *taught'st*] *taughts* $Q_4Q_5Q_6Q_7$.
1001 *slave?*] *slaue.* Q_1Q_2.
1006 *greatest state*] *greater state* Q_3.
1011 *snow-white*] Hyphen omitted in Q_6.
1015 *eagles*] *eagle* Q_7Q_8.
1016 *Out,*] *Out* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *Our* The rest. *Oh!* Gildon.
1018 *yourselves*] *our selves* Q_7Q_8. *skill-contending*] Hyphened in $Q_3Q_5Q_6Q_7$.
1020 *you*] *their* Gildon.

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For me, I force not argument a straw,
Since that my case is past the help of law.

'In vain I rail at Opportunity,
At Time, at Tarquin, and uncheerful Night;
In vain I cavil with mine infamy,
In vain I spurn at my confirm'd despite:
This helpless smoke of words doth me no right.
The remedy indeed to do me good
Is to let forth my foul-defiled blood.

'Poor hand, why quiver'st thou at this decree?
Honour thyself to rid me of this shame;
For if I die, my honour lives in thee,
But if I live, thou livest in my defame:
Since thou couldst not defend thy loyal dame
And wast afeard to scratch her wicked foe,
Kill both thyself and her for yielding so.'

This said, from her be-tumbled couch she starteth,
To find some desperate instrument of death:
But this no slaughterhouse no tool imparteth
To make more vent for passage of her breath;
Which, thronging through her lips, so vanisheth
As smoke from Ætna that in air consumes,
Or that which from discharged cannon fumes.

1022 *the*] om. Q_6. *all* Gildon.
1024 *uncheerful*] *vnsearchfull* $Q_4Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
1028 *indeed*] *in deede* Q_2.
1029 *foul-defiled*] Hyphened by Dyce (1857).
1030 *quiver'st*] *quiverest* $Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
1035 *afeard*] *afraid* Gildon.
1037 *be-tumbled*] *betombled* Q_1Q_2. *betumbled* The rest.
couch] *coach* Sewell.
starteth] *starts* $Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
1039 *no slaughterhouse*] *no-slaughter-house* Delius.
imparteth] *imparts* $Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
1041 *thronging*] *thrunging* $Q_5Q_6Q_7$.
1043 *cannon*] *canon* $Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$.

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'In vain,' quoth she, 'I live, and seek in vain
Some happy mean to end a hapless life.
I fear'd by Tarquin's falchion to be slain,
Yet for the self-same purpose seek a knife:
But when I fear'd I was a loyal wife:
So am I now: O no, that cannot be;
Of that true type hath Tarquin rifled me.

'O, that is gone for which I sought to live,
And therefore now I need not fear to die.
To clear this spot by death, at least I give
A badge of fame to slander's livery,
A dying life to living infamy:
Poor helpless help, the treasure stol'n away,
To burn the guiltless casket where it lay!

'Well, well, dear Collatine, thou shalt not know
The stained taste of violated troth;
I will not wrong thy true affection so,
To flatter thee with an infringed oath;
This bastard graff shall never come to growth:
He shall not boast who did thy stock pollute
That thou art doting father of his fruit.

'Nor shall he smile at thee in secret thought,
Nor laugh with his companions at thy state;
But thou shalt know thy interest was not bought
Basely with gold, but stol'n from forth thy gate.
For me, I am the mistress of my fate,
And with my trespass never will dispense,
Till life to death acquit my forced offence.

1046 *Tarquin's*] *Tarquin* Q_3. *falchion*] Malone. *Fauchion* Qq.
1062 *graff*] *graffe* Q_1Q_2. *grasse* Q_3Q_4 $Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$. *grass* Sewell. *graft* Theobald conj.
1065 *thought*] *thoughts* Q_8.
1071 *forced*] *forse* Q_3. *frost* Q_6. *first* Gildon.

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'I will not poison thee with my attaint,
Nor fold my fault in cleanly-coin'd excuses;
My sable ground of sin I will not paint,
To hide the truth of this false night's abuses:
My tongue shall utter all; mine eyes, like sluices,
As from a mountain-spring that feeds a dale,
Shall gush pure streams to purge my impure tale.'

By this, lamenting Philomel had ended
The well tuned warble of her nightly sorrow,
And solemn night with slow sad gait descended
To ugly hell; when, lo, the blushing morrow
Lends light to all fair eyes that light will borrow:
But cloudy Lucrece shames herself to see,
And therefore still in night would cloister'd be.

Revealing day through every cranny spies,
And seems to point her out where she sits weeping;
To whom she sobbing speaks: 'O eye of eyes,
Why pry'st thou through my window? leave thy peeping:
Mock with thy tickling beams eyes that are sleeping:
Brand not my forehead with thy piercing light,
For day hath nought to do what's done by night.'

Thus cavils she with every thing she sees:
True grief is fond and testy as a child,
Who wayward once, his mood with nought agrees:
Old woes, not infant sorrows, bear them mild;
Continuance tames the one; the other wild,
Like an unpractised swimmer plunging still
With too much labour drowns for want of skill.

1073 *cleanly-coin'd*] Hyphened by Malone.
1074 *of*] *with* Q_7Q_8.
1075 *false*] *falle* Q_4.
1081 *slow sad*] Hyphened by Malone. *gait*] Malone. *gate* Qq.
1082 *ugly*] *ouglie* Q_1. *ougly* $Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_5$.
1083 *will*] *would* $Q_4Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
1085 *cloister'd be*] Q_8. *cloistered* Q_4. *cloistred be* The rest.
1091 *piercing*] *percing* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$.
1095 *nought*] *naught* Q_1.

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So she, deep-drenched in a sea of care,
Holds disputation with each thing she views,
And to herself all sorrow doth compare;
No object but her passion's strength renews,
And as one shifts, another straight ensues:
Sometime her grief is dumb and hath no words;
Sometime 'tis mad and too much talk affords.

The little birds that tune their morning's joy
Make her moans mad with their sweet melody:
For mirth doth search the bottom of annoy;
Sad souls are slain in merry company;
Grief best is pleased with grief's society:
True sorrow then is feelingly sufficed
When with like semblance it is sympathized.

'Tis double death to drown in ken of shore;
He ten times pines that pines beholding food;
To see the salve doth make the wound ache more;
Great grief grieves most at that would do it good;
Deep woes roll forward like a gentle flood,
Who, being stopp'd, the bounding banks o'erflows;
Grief dallied with nor law nor limit knows.

'You mocking birds,' quoth she, 'your tunes entomb
Within your hollow-swelling feather'd breasts,
And in my hearing be you mute and dumb:

1100 *deep-drenched*] *deep trenched* Gildon.
1105 *Sometime her*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *Sometimes her* The rest.
1106 *Sometime 'tis*] *Sometimes 'tis* Sewell (ed. 2).
1112 *sufficed*] *suffis'd* Qq. *surpris'd* Gildon.
1117 *would*] *will* Gildon.
1119 *Who*] *Which* Gildon.
banks] *bauks* Q_6.
1122 *hollow-swelling*] Hyphened by Malone.
feather'd] Gildon. *feathered* Q_1Q_7. *feathred* The rest.
1123 *mute and*] *ever* $Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$.

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My restless discord loves no stops nor rests;
A woeful hostess brooks not merry guests:
Relish your nimble notes to pleasing ears;
Distress likes dumps when time is kept with tears.

'Come, Philomel, that sing'st of ravishment,
Make thy sad grove in my dishevell'd hair:
As the dank earth weeps at thy languishment,
So I at each sad strain will strain a tear,
And with deep groans the diapason bear;
For burden-wise I'll hum on Tarquin still,
While thou on Tereus descant'st better skill.

'And whiles against a thorn thou bear'st thy part,
To keep thy sharp woes waking, wretched I,
To imitate thee well, against my heart
Will fix a sharp knife, to affright mine eye;
Who, if it wink, shall thereon fall and die.
These means, as frets upon an instrument,
Shall tune our heart-strings to true languishment.

'And for, poor bird, thou sing'st not in the day,
As shaming any eye should thee behold,
Some dark deep desert, seated from the way,
That knows not parching heat nor freezing cold,
Will we find out; and there we will unfold

1126 *Relish*] *Ralish* $Q_1Q_2Q_4$.
1127 *likes*] *like* Q_8.
1129 *grove*] *grone* Q_4.
1131 *a tear*] *my tear* Gildon.
1133 *burden-wise*] Sewell. *burthen-wise* Qq.
1133, 1134 *Tarquin still...Tereus..... skill*] *Tarquin's ill...Tereus'...still* Steevens conj.
1134 *on Tereus*] *ou Iereus* Q_4. *descant'st*] Sewell (ed. 1). *descants* Qq.
1135 *whiles*] *while* Gildon.
1141 *tune*] *turne* Q_7. *turn* Q_8. *true*] *giue* Q_8.
1144 *dark deep*] Hyphened by Dyce (1857).
1145 *not*] *nor* $Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
1146 *Will we*] *We will* Gildon.

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To creatures stern sad tunes, to change their kinds:
Since men prove beasts, let beasts bear gentle minds.'

As the poor frighted deer, that stands at gaze,
Wildly determining which way to fly,
Or one encompass'd with a winding maze,
That cannot tread the way out readily;
So with herself is she in mutiny,
To live or die, which of the twain were better,
When life is shamed and death reproach's debtor.

'To kill myself,' quoth she, 'alack, what were it,
But with my body my poor soul's pollution?
They that lose half with greater patience bear it
Than they whose whole is swallow'd in confusion.
That mother tries a merciless conclusion
Who, having two sweet babes, when death takes one,
Will slay the other and be nurse to none.

'My body or my soul, which was the dearer,
When the one pure, the other made divine?
Whose love of either to myself was nearer,
When both were kept for heaven and Collatine?
Ay me! the bark peel'd from the lofty pine,
His leaves will wither and his sap decay;
So must my soul, her bark being peel'd away.

1148 *men*] *mē* Q_1Q_2. *me* Q_3.
1151 *encompass'd*] *in compast* Q_3.
1155 *reproach's*] Dyce (Capell MS.). *reproches* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6Q_7$. *reproaches* Q_8.
1157 *pollution*] *pollusion* Q_1.
1158 *lose*] Q_7Q_8. *loose* The rest.
1159 *swallow'd*] Malone (Capell MS.). *swallowed* Qq.
1163 *my soul*] *soule* Q_7.
which] *or which* Q_6.
1163—6 *dearer,...divine?...nearer,..... Collatine?*] Pointed as by Dyce (1857). *dearer?...deuine,...nearer? ...Colatine:* Qq (substantially).
1166 *for*] *from* Sewell.
1167 *Ay*] *Ah* Malone.
peel'd] Lintott. *pil'd* Q_8. *pild* The rest. *peal'd* Gildon.
1169 *bark*] *barque* Q_8. *barke* The rest.
peel'd] Lintott. *pil'd* Q_8. *pild* The rest. *peal'd* Gildon.

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'Her house is sack'd, her quiet interrupted,
Her mansion batter'd by the enemy;
Her sacred temple spotted, spoil'd, corrupted,
Grossly engirt with daring infamy:
Then let it not be call'd impiety,
If in this blemish'd fort I make some hole
Through which I may convey this troubled soul.

'Yet die I will not till my Collatine
Have heard the cause of my untimely death;
That he may vow, in that sad hour of mine,
Revenge on him that made me stop my breath.
My stained blood to Tarquin I'll bequeath,
Which by him tainted shall for him be spent,
And as his due writ in my testament.

'My honour I'll bequeath unto the knife
That wounds my body so dishonoured.
'Tis honour to deprive dishonour'd life;
The one will live, the other being dead:
So of shame's ashes shall my fame be bred;
For in my death I murder shameful scorn:
My shame so dead, mine honour is new-born.

'Dear lord of that dear jewel I have lost,
What legacy shall I bequeath to thee?
My resolution, love, shall be thy boast,
By whose example thou revenged mayst be.
How Tarquin must be used, read it in me:
Myself, thy friend, will kill myself, thy foe,
And, for my sake, serve thou false Tarquin so.

1171 *batter'd*] *batterd* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *battered* $Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
1172 *temple*] *table* Boswell.
1175 *fort*] *part* Q_7Q_8.
1182 *by*] *for* Q_1 (Bodl. 1 and Bodl. 2).
1186 *dishonour'd*] *dishonord* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *dishonored* $Q_5Q_6Q_7$. *dishonoured* Q_8.
1189 *murder*] Q_8. *murther* The rest.
1190 *mine*] Q_1Q_2. *my* The rest.

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'This brief abridgement of my will I make:
My soul and body to the skies and ground;
My resolution, husband, do thou take;
Mine honour be the knife's that makes my wound;
My shame be his that did my fame confound;
And all my fame that lives disbursed be
To those that live and think no shame of me.

'Thou, Collatine, shalt oversee this will;
How was I overseen that thou shalt see it!
My blood shall wash the slander of mine ill;
My life's foul deed, my life's fair end shall free it.
Faint not, faint heart, but stoutly say "So be it:"
Yield to my hand; my hand shall conquer thee:
Thou dead, both die and both shall victors be.'

This plot of death when sadly she had laid,
And wiped the brinish pearl from her bright eyes,
With untuned tongue she hoarsely calls her maid,
Whose swift obedience to her mistress hies;
For fleet-wing'd duty with thought's feathers flies.
Poor Lucrece' cheeks unto her maid seem so
As winter meads when sun doth melt their snow.

Her mistress she doth give demure good-morrow,
With soft slow tongue, true mark of modesty,
And sorts a sad look to her lady's sorrow,

1200 *thou*] Q_1Q_2. *you* The rest.
1201 *knife's*] *knife* Q_6. *knifes* The rest. *makes*] *make* Q_5Q_6.
1205 *Thou*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *Then* The rest. *When* Sewell. *shalt*] *shall* $Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$, and Gildon.
1207 *ill;*] *ill?* Q_3Q_4.
1208 *life's...life's*] Q_6. *liues...lifes* Q_1. *lifes...lifes* The rest.
1210 *my hand shall*] *shall* Q_6. *and it shall* Q_7Q_8. *and that shall* Gildon.
1211 *both die*] *that dies* Gildon.
1214 *calls*] *cals* Q_1. *calds* Q_2. *cald* Q_3Q_4. *calld* $Q_5Q_6Q_7$. *call'd* Q_8.
1216 *fleet-wing'd*] *swift-wing'd* Dyce, ed. 2 (a misprint).
1218 *doth*] *do's* Gildon. *does* Sewell.
1220 *soft slow tongue*] *soft slow-tongue* Q_1Q_2. *soft-slow tongue* Malone. *mark*] *marke* Q_1Q_2. *markes* The rest.
1221 *sorts*] *soars* Lintott.

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For why her face wore sorrow's livery,
But durst not ask of her audaciously
Why her two suns were cloud-eclipsed so,
Nor why her fair cheeks over-wash'd with woe.

But as the earth doth weep, the sun being set,
Each flower moisten'd like a melting eye,
Even so the maid with swelling drops 'gan wet
Her circled eyne, enforced by sympathy
Of those fair suns set in her mistress' sky,
Who in a salt-waved ocean quench their light,
Which makes the maid weep like the dewy night.

A pretty while these pretty creatures stand,
Like ivory conduits coral cisterns filling:
One justly weeps; the other takes in hand
No cause, but company, of her drops spilling:
Their gentle sex to weep are often willing,
Grieving themselves to guess at others' smarts,
And then they drown their eyes or break their hearts.

For men have marble, women waxen, minds,
And therefore are they form'd as marble will;
The weak oppress'd, the impression of strange kinds
Is form'd in them by force, by fraud, or skill:
Then call them not the authors of their ill,
No more than wax shall be accounted evil
Wherein is stamp'd the semblance of a devil.

1222 *For why her...livery,*] (*For why, her...livery*) Sewell. (*For why? her...livery;*) Malone.
1224 *cloud-eclipsed*] Hyphened in Q_3Q_4 $Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
1229 *eyne, enforced*] *eyne, enforc'd* Q_7. *eyn, enforc'd* Q_8. *eien inforst*, Q_1 Q_2. *eyen inforc'd* Q_3. *eyn inforc'd*, Q_4. *eyne enforc'd*, Q_5Q_6.
1231 *salt-waved*] Hyphened in $Q_3Q_4Q_5$ $Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
1238 *others'*] *other* $Q_5Q_6Q_7$. *others* The rest.
1241 *are they*] *they are* Gildon.
1243 *form'd*] *form'* Q_6.
or skill] *and skill* Q_3.
1245 *be*] *he* Q_6.

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Their smoothness, like a goodly champaign plain,
Lays open all the little worms that creep;
In men, as in a rough-grown grove, remain
Cave-keeping evils that obscurely sleep:
Through crystal walls each little mote will peep:
Though men can cover crimes with bold stern looks,
Poor women's faces are their own faults' books.

No man inveigh against the withered flower,
But chide rough winter that the flower hath kill'd:
Not that devour'd, but that which doth devour,
Is worthy blame. O, let it not be hild
Poor women's faults, that they are so fulfill'd
With men's abuses: those proud lords to blame
Make weak-made women tenants to their shame.

The precedent whereof in Lucrece view,
Assail'd by night with circumstances strong
Of present death, and shame that might ensue
By that her death, to do her husband wrong:
Such danger to resistance did belong,
That dying fear through all her body spread;
And who cannot abuse a body dead?

1247 *smoothness*] *smoothlesse* Q_4.
like a goodly] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *like a goodlyi* Q_4. *like a* $Q_5Q_6Q_7$. *like unto a* Q_8. *like an even* Sewell.
1249 *as in*] *eveu as* Q_6. *as* Q_7.
remain] *remaine.* Q_1Q_2.
1250 *Cave-keeping*] *Caue, keeping* Q_6.
1254 *inveigh*] Q_1. *inveighs* The rest.
against] *againsts* Q_2.
withered] Qq. *wither'd* Gildon.
1255 *chide*] *chides* $Q_3Q_7Q_8$.
hath] *has* Gildon.
1256 *Not that*] *Not that's* Gildon.
1257 *hild*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *held* $Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
1260 *weak-made*] *weak-mad* Gildon.
1261 *precedent*] Gildon. *president* Qq.
in Lucrece view] *in Lucrece' view* Staunton.
1263 *ensue*] *insue.* Q_1Q_2.
1266 *That*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *Thy* Q_4. *The* $Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$.

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By this, mild patience bid fair Lucrece speak
To the poor counterfeit of her complaining:
'My girl,' quoth she, 'on what occasion break
Those tears from thee, that down thy cheeks are raining?
If thou dost weep for grief of my sustaining,
Know, gentle wench, it small avails my mood:
If tears could help, mine own would do me good.

'But tell me, girl, when went'—and there she stay'd
Till after a deep groan—'Tarquin from hence?'
'Madam, ere I was up,' replied the maid,
'The more to blame my sluggard negligence:
Yet with the fault I thus far can dispense;
Myself was stirring ere the break of day,
And ere I rose was Tarquin gone away.

'But, lady, if your maid may be so bold,
She would request to know your heaviness.'
'O, peace!' quoth Lucrece: 'if it should be told,
The repetition cannot make it less,
For more it is than I can well express:
And that deep torture may be call'd a hell
When more is felt than one hath power to tell.

'Go, get me hither paper, ink and pen:
Yet save that labour, for I have them here.
What should I say? One of my husband's men
Bid thou be ready by and by to bear
A letter to my lord, my love, my dear:
Bid him with speed prepare to carry it;
The cause craves haste and it will soon be writ.'

1268 *bid*] *did* Q_3Q_8.
1271 *raining*] *raigning* Q_1.
1274 *mine*] *my* Q_3.
1278 *sluggard*] *sluggish* Q_3.
1290 *here*] Q_7Q_8. *heare* The rest.
1291 *What should I say?*] (*What should I say?*) Q_7Q_8. (*What should I say*) The rest.

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Her maid is gone, and she prepares to write,
First hovering o'er the paper with her quill:
Conceit and grief an eager combat fight;
What wit sets down is blotted straight with will;
This is too curious-good, this blunt and ill:
Much like a press of people at a door,
Throng her inventions, which shall go before.

At last she thus begins: 'Thou worthy lord
Of that unworthy wife that greeteth thee,
Health to thy person! next vouchsafe t' afford—
If ever, love, thy Lucrece thou wilt see—
Some present speed to come and visit me.
So, I commend me from our house in grief:
My woes are tedious, though my words are brief.'

Here folds she up the tenour of her woe,
Her certain sorrow writ uncertainly.
By this short schedule Collatine may know
Her grief, but not her grief's true quality:
She dares not thereof make discovery,
Lest he should hold it her own gross abuse,
Ere she with blood had stain'd her stain'd excuse.

Besides, the life and feeling of her passion
She hoards, to spend when he is by to hear her,
When sighs and groans and tears may grace the fashion
Of her disgrace, the better so to clear her
From that suspicion which the world might bear her.

1298 *eager*] *egar* Q_4.
1299 *straight*] Q_1Q_2. *stil* Q_4. *still* The rest.
1300 *curious-good*] Hyphened by Malone (Capell MS.).
1302 *Throng*] *Through* Q_8.
1306 *love*] *Liue* Anon. MS. in Bodl. copy of Q_8.
1310 *tenour*] Malone. *tenor* $Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$. *tenure* The rest.
1312 *schedule*] Q_7Q_8. *Cedule* Q_1Q_2. *schedule* Q_3. *sedule* The rest.
1314 *thereof*] *therefore* Gildon.
1316 *stain'd excuse*] *strain'd excuse* Sewell.

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To shun this blot, she would not blot the letter
With words, till action might become them better.

To see sad sights moves more than hear them told;
For then the eye interprets to the ear
The heavy motion that it doth behold,
When every part a part of woe doth bear.
'Tis but a part of sorrow that we hear:
Deep sounds make lesser noise than shallow fords,
And sorrow ebbs, being blown with wind of words.

Her letter now is seal'd and on it writ
'At Ardea to my lord with more than haste.'
The post attends, and she delivers it,
Charging the sour-faced groom to hie as fast
As lagging fowls before the northern blast:
Speed more than speed but dull and slow she deems:
Extremity still urgeth such extremes.

The homely villain court'sies to her low,
And blushing on her, with a steadfast eye
Receives the scroll without or yea or no,
And forth with bashful innocence doth hie.
But they whose guilt within their bosoms lie
Imagine every eye beholds their blame;
For Lucrece thought he blush'd to see her shame:

1322 *not*] *nor* Q_8.
1329 *sounds*] *floods* Malone conj.
1331 *seal'd*] *sealed* Q_7Q_8.
1334 *sour-faced*] *sooth-fac'd* Kinnear conj.
hie] Q_7Q_8. *high* The rest.
1335 *fowls*] *fowles* Q_1Q_2. *foules* $Q_3Q_4Q_5$. *soules* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$. *souls* Gildon.
blast] *blasts* Q_1 (Sion Coll. Bodl. 1 and Bodl. 2).
1338 *villain*] *villein* Malone.
court'sies] *cursies* Qq. *curtsies* Sewell.
1341 *And forth with*] Q_1Q_2. *And forthwith* The rest. *For outward* Sewell.
hie] Q_1Q_2. *hye* Q_3. *lie* $Q_4Q_5Q_6$. *flie* Q_7Q_8 and Sewell.
1342 *within*] *doth in* Beale conj. (N. and Q. 1874).
bosoms] *bosome* Q_8.

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When, silly groom! God wot, it was defect
Of spirit, life and bold audacity.
Such harmless creatures have a true respect
To talk in deeds, while others saucily
Promise more speed but do it leisurely:
Even so this pattern of the worn-out age
Pawn'd honest looks, but laid no words to gage.

His kindled duty kindled her mistrust,
That two red fires in both their faces blazed;
She thought he blush'd, as knowing Tarquin's lust,
And blushing with him, wistly on him gazed;
Her earnest eye did make him more amazed:
The more she saw the blood his cheeks replenish,
The more she thought he spied in her some blemish.

But long she thinks till he return again,
And yet the duteous vassal scarce is gone.
The weary time she cannot entertain,
For now 'tis stale to sigh, to weep and groan:
So woe hath wearied woe, moan tired moan,
That she her plaints a little while doth stay,
Pausing for means to mourn some newer way.

At last she calls to mind where hangs a piece
Of skilful painting, made for Priam's Troy;
Before the which is drawn the power of Greece,
For Helen's rape the city to destroy,
Threatening cloud-kissing Ilion with annoy;
Which the conceited painter drew so proud,
As heaven, it seem'd, to kiss the turrets bow'd.

1348 *others*] *other* Q_7Q_8.
saucily] *saucily.* Q_6Q_7.
1350 *this...the*] *the...this* Q_1 (Dev. and Mus.).
1353 *blazed*] Qq. *blaz'd* Gildon.
1355 *gazed*] Qq. *gaz'd* Gildon.
1356 *amazed*] Qq. *amaz'd* Gildon.
1358 *some*] *sõe* Q_3.
1360 *the*] om. Q_6.
1363 *wearied*] *weared* Q_8.
tired] *tryed* Q_8.
1370 *Ilion*] $Q_3Q_7Q_8$. *Illion* The rest.

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A thousand lamentable objects there,
In scorn of nature, art gave lifeless life:
Many a dry drop seem'd a weeping tear,
Shed for the slaughter'd husband by the wife:
The red blood reek'd, to show the painter's strife;
And dying eyes gleam'd forth their ashy lights,
Like dying coals burnt out in tedious nights.

There might you see the labouring pioner
Begrimed with sweat and smeared all with dust;
And from the towers of Troy there would appear
The very eyes of men through loop-holes thrust,
Gazing upon the Greeks with little lust:
Such sweet observance in this work was had
That one might see those far-off eyes look sad.

In great commanders grace and majesty
You might behold, triumphing in their faces,
In youth, quick bearing and dexterity;
And here and there the painter interlaces
Pale cowards, marching on with trembling paces;
Which heartless peasants did so well resemble
That one would swear he saw them quake and tremble.

In Ajax and Ulysses, O, what art
Of physiognomy might one behold!
The face of either cipher'd either's heart;
Their face their manners most expressly told:
In Ajax' eyes blunt rage and rigour roll'd;

1374 *lifeless*] Gildon. *liuelesse* Qq.
1375 *dry*] Q_1. *drie* Q_2Q_3. *dire* The rest.
1376 *the wife*] *a wife* Q_7Q_8.
1380 *pioner*] Q_7Q_8. *Pyoner* The rest. *pioneer* Lintott and Gildon.
1383 *thrust*] *thurst* Q_4.
1386 *far-off*] *farre of* Q_1Q_2. *farr off* Q_3. *farre off* The rest.
1389 *quick bearing*] Hyphened in Qq.
1395 *Of*] *Or* Q_7Q_8.
1396 *cipher'd*] *'cipher'd* Malone.
1398 *Ajax'*] Sewell. *Ajax* Qq.

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But the mild glance that sly Ulysses lent
Show'd deep regard and smiling government.

There pleading might you see grave Nestor stand,
As 'twere encouraging the Greeks to fight,
Making such sober action with his hand
That it beguiled attention, charm'd the sight:
In speech, it seem'd, his beard all silver white
Wagg'd up and down, and from his lips did fly
Thin winding breath which purl'd up to the sky.

About him were a press of gaping faces,
Which seem'd to swallow up his sound advice;
All jointly listening, but with several graces,
As if some mermaid did their ears entice,
Some high, some low, the painter was so nice;
The scalps of many, almost hid behind,
To jump up higher seem'd, to mock the mind.

Here one man's hand lean'd on another's head,
His nose being shadow'd by his neighbour's ear;
Here one being throng'd bears back, all boll'n and red;
Another smother'd seems to pelt and swear;
And in their rage such signs of rage they bear
As, but for loss of Nestor's golden words,
It seem'd they would debate with angry swords.

1399 *sly*] *she* Q_2Q_8.
1400 *Show'd*] *Shewed* Q_1Q_2. *Shew'd* The rest.
1407 *purl'd*] *curl'd* Steevens conj.
1411 *mermaid*] $Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$. *Marmaide* Q_1Q_2. *Marmaid* Q_3Q_4.
1414 *seem'd, to*] Malone. *seem'd to* Qq.
1416 *shadow'd*] Gildon. *shadowed* Qq.
1417 *boll'n*] *boln* Qq. *swoln* Gildon. *blown* Malone (1780).
1418 *smother'd*] *smothered* Q_7Q_8.
1419 *such...bear*] Put in a parenthesis by Sewell.

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For much imaginary work was there;
Conceit deceitful, so compact, so kind,
That for Achilles' image stood his spear
Griped in an armed hand; himself behind
Was left unseen, save to the eye of mind:
A hand, a foot, a face, a leg, a head,
Stood for the whole to be imagined.

And from the walls of strong-besieged Troy
When their brave hope, bold Hector, march'd to field,
Stood many Trojan mothers sharing joy
To see their youthful sons bright weapons wield;
And to their hope they such odd action yield
That through their light joy seemed to appear,
Like bright things stain'd, a kind of heavy fear.

And from the strand of Dardan, where they fought,
To Simois' reedy banks the red blood ran,
Whose waves to imitate the battle sought
With swelling ridges; and their ranks began
To break upon the galled shore, and than
Retire again, till meeting greater ranks
They join and shoot their foam at Simois' banks.

To this well-painted piece is Lucrece come,
To find a face where all distress is stell'd.
Many she sees where cares have carved some,
But none where all distress and dolour dwell'd,
Till she despairing Hecuba beheld,

1425 *Griped*] *Grip'd* Q_7. *Grip't* Q_1Q_2. *Gripte* Q_3. *Gript* The rest.
1429 *And from*] *Upon* Capell MS. *strong-besieged*] Hyphened by Sewell (ed. 1).
1431 *Trojan*] Q_8. *Troian* $Q_1Q_6Q_7$. *Troyan* Q_2. *Troiane* $Q_3Q_4Q_5$.
1435 *heavy*] *braving* Kinnear conj.
1436 *strand*] Ewing. *strond* Qq.
1440 *than*] *then* Q_7Q_8.
1444 *stell'd*] Gildon. *steld* Qq. *stél'd* Malone. *spell'd* Malone conj.

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Staring on Priam's wounds with her old eyes,
Which bleeding under Pyrrhus' proud foot lies.

In her the painter had anatomized
Time's ruin, beauty's wreck, and grim care's reign:
Her cheeks with chaps and wrinkles were disguised;
Of what she was no semblance did remain:
Her blue blood changed to black in every vein,
Wanting the spring that those shrunk pipes had fed,
Show'd life imprison'd in a body dead.

On this sad shadow Lucrece spends her eyes,
And shapes her sorrow to the beldam's woes,
Who nothing wants to answer her but cries,
And bitter words to ban her cruel foes:
The painter was no god to lend her those;
And therefore Lucrece swears he did her wrong,
To give her so much grief and not a tongue.

'Poor instrument,' quoth she, 'without a sound,
I 'll tune thy woes with my lamenting tongue,
And drop sweet balm in Priam's painted wound,
And rail on Pyrrhus that hath done him wrong,
And with my tears quench Troy that burns so long,
And with my knife scratch out the angry eyes
Of all the Greeks that are thine enemies.

'Show me the strumpet that began this stir,
That with my nails her beauty I may tear.
Thy heat of lust, fond Paris, did incur

1449 *Which*] *Who* Gildon.
1450 *anatomized*] *anatomis'd* Q_7Q_8. *anathomis'd* $Q_1Q_3Q_4$. *anathomized* Q_2. *annotimis'd* Q_5. *annotamis'd* Q_6.
1451 *wreck*] Sewell. *wracke* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *wrack* The rest.
reign] *raine* Q_8.
1452 *chaps*] Q_7Q_8. *chops* The rest.

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This load of wrath that burning Troy doth bear:
Thy eye kindled the fire that burneth here;
And here in Troy, for trespass of thine eye,
The sire, the son, the dame and daughter die.

'Why should the private pleasure of some one
Become the public plague of many moe?
Let sin, alone committed, light alone
Upon his head that hath transgressed so;
Let guiltless souls be freed from guilty woe:
For one's offence why should so many fall,
To plague a private sin in general?

'Lo, here weeps Hecuba, here Priam dies,
Here manly Hector faints, here Troilus swounds,
Here friend by friend in bloody channel lies,
And friend to friend gives unadvised wounds,
And one man's lust these many lives confounds:
Had doting Priam check'd his son's desire,
Troy had been bright with fame and not with fire.'

Here feelingly she weeps Troy's painted woes:
For sorrow, like a heavy-hanging bell
Once set on ringing, with his own weight goes;
Then little strength rings out the doleful knell:
So Lucrece, set a-work, sad tales doth tell
To pencill'd pensiveness and colour'd sorrow;
She lends them words, and she their looks doth borrow.

1483, 4 *fall,...general?*] Sewell. *fall; ...generall.* Q_7Q_8. *fall?...generall.* The rest. *fall?...general?* Gildon.
1486 *swounds*] Malone. *sounds* Qq.
1491 *been*] Q_8. *bin* The rest.
1493 *heavy-hanging*] Hyphened in Q_8.
1494 *on ringing*] *a ringing* Gildon.
1496 *a-work*] *awork* Q_7. *awork* Q_8. *a worke* The rest.

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She throws her eyes about the painting round,
And who she finds forlorn she doth lament.
At last she sees a wretched image bound,
That piteous looks to Phrygian shepherds lent:
His face, though full of cares, yet show'd content;
Onward to Troy with the blunt swains he goes,
So mild that Patience seem'd to scorn his woes.

In him the painter labour'd with his skill
To hide deceit and give the harmless show
An humble gait, calm looks, eyes wailing still,
A brow unbent, that seem'd to welcome woe;
Cheeks neither red nor pale, but mingled so
That blushing red no guilty instance gave,
Nor ashy pale the fear that false hearts have.

But, like a constant and confirmed devil,
He entertain'd a show so seeming just,
And therein so ensconced his secret evil,
That jealousy itself could not mistrust
False-creeping craft and perjury should thrust
Into so bright a day such black-faced storms,
Or blot with hell-born sin such saint-like forms.

The well-skill'd workman this mild image drew
For perjured Sinon, whose enchanting story
The credulous old Priam after slew;

1499 *painting*] Q_1Q_2. *painted* The rest.
1500 *who*] Qq. *whom* Gildon.
1504 *the blunt*] *these blunt* $Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
1507 *show*] *show;* Collier.
1508 *gait*] Ewing (Capell MS.). *gate* Qq.
wailing] *vailing* Anon. conj.
1514 *seeming just*] Hyphened by Delius.
1515 *his*] Q_1Q_2. *This* The rest.
1517 *False-creeping*] Hyphened by Malone.
1520 *workman*] *worman* Q_6. *woman* Gildon.
mild] *wild* Gildon.

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Whose words, like wildfire, burnt the shining glory
Of rich-built Ilion, that the skies were sorry,
And little stars shot from their fixed places,
When their glass fell wherein they view'd their faces.

This picture she advisedly perused,
And chid the painter for his wondrous skill,
Saying, some shape in Sinon's was abused;
So fair a form lodged not a mind so ill:
And still on him she gazed, and gazing still
Such signs of truth in his plain face she spied
That she concludes the picture was belied.

'It cannot be,' quoth she, 'that so much guile'—
She would have said 'can lurk in such a look;'
But Tarquin's shape came in her mind the while,
And from her tongue 'can lurk' from 'cannot' took:
'It cannot be' she in that sense forsook,
And turn'd it thus, 'It cannot be, I find,
But such a face should bear a wicked mind:

'For even as subtle Sinon here is painted,
So sober-sad, so weary and so mild,
As if with grief or travail he had fainted,
To me came Tarquin armed; so beguiled
With outward honesty, but yet defiled
With inward vice: as Priam him did cherish,
So did I Tarquin; so my Troy did perish.

1524 *rich-built*] Hyphened in Q_1Q_2.
were] *was* Q_3.
1527 *advisedly*] *advisely* Hudson, 1881 (a misprint).
1529 *Sinon's*] *Sinon* Q_3.
1531 *on him she*] *she on him* Lintott.
1542 *sober-sad*] Hyphened by Malone (Capell MS.).
1544 *Tarquin.....beguiled*] *Tarquin; armed to beguild* Capell MS. *armed; so beguiled*] Pointed as by Malone. *armed so beguild* Gildon. *armed, so beguil'd* Sewell. *armed to beguild* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6Q_7$. *armed to beguil'd* Q_8. *armed; too beguil'd* Collier.
1547 *I*] om. Q_3.

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'Look, look, how listening Priam wets his eyes,
To see those borrow'd tears that Sinon sheds!
Priam, why art thou old and yet not wise?
For every tear he falls a Trojan bleeds:
His eye drops fire, no water thence proceeds;
Those round clear pearls of his that move thy pity
Are balls of quenchless fire to burn thy city.

'Such devils steal effects from lightless hell;
For Sinon in his fire doth quake with cold,
And in that cold hot-burning fire doth dwell;
These contraries such unity do hold,
Only to flatter fools and make them bold:
So Priam's trust false Sinon's tears doth flatter,
That he finds means to burn his Troy with water.'

Here, all enraged, such passion her assails,
That patience is quite beaten from her breast.
She tears the senseless Sinon with her nails,
Comparing him to that unhappy guest
Whose deed hath made herself herself detest:
At last she smilingly with this gives o'er;
'Fool, fool!' quoth she, 'his wounds will not be sore.'

Thus ebbs and flows the current of her sorrow,
And time doth weary time with her complaining.
She looks for night, and then she longs for morrow,

1549 *borrow'd*] Gildon. *borrowed* Qq. *sheds*] $Q_3Q_6Q_6Q_7Q_8$. *sheeds* The rest.
1551 *he*] *be* Q_5. *Trojan*] Q_7. *Troian* Q_1Q_7. *Troyan* The rest.
1552 *eye drops*] *eyes drops* Q_5Q_6. *eyes drop* Q_7Q_8.
1554 *thy*] *the* Q_7Q_8.
1557 *hot-burning*] Hyphened by Gildon.
1565 *Comparing*] *Compairing* Q_4.
1567 *gives*] *give* Q_8.
1569 *current*] Q_7Q_8. *currant* The rest.

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'For in the dreadful dead of dark midnight,
With shining falchion in my chamber came
A creeping creature, with a flaming light,
And softly cried "Awake, thou Roman dame,
And entertain my love; else lasting shame
On thee and thine this night I will inflict,
If thou my love's desire do contradict.

'"For some hard-favour'd groom of thine," quoth he,
"Unless thou yoke thy liking to my will,
I'll murder straight, and then I'll slaughter thee,
And swear I found you where you did fulfil
The loathsome act of lust, and so did kill
The lechers in their deed: this act will be
My fame, and thy perpetual infamy."

'With this, I did begin to start and cry;
And then against my heart he set his sword,
Swearing, unless I took all patiently,
I should not live to speak another word;
So should my shame still rest upon record,
And never be forgot in mighty Rome
The adulterate death of Lucrece and her groom.

'Mine enemy was strong, my poor self weak,
And far the weaker with so strong a fear:
My bloody judge forbade my tongue to speak;
No rightful plea might plead for justice there:
His scarlet lust came evidence to swear
That my poor beauty had purloin'd his eyes;
And when the judge is robb'd, the prisoner dies.

1626 *falchion*] Malone. *Fauchion* Qq.
1629 *love*] *loves* Q_7Q_8.
1640 *set*] Q_1. *sets* The rest.
1642 *live*] om. Q_7.
1644 *Rome*] *Roome* Q_1Q_2.
1648 *forbade*] *forbod* Q_1Q_2. *forbad* The rest.

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'O, teach me how to make mine own excuse!
Or, at the least, this refuge let me find;
Though my gross blood be stain'd with this abuse,
Immaculate and spotless is my mind;
That was not forced; that never was inclined
To accessary yieldings, but still pure
Doth in her poison'd closet yet endure.'

Lo, here, the hopeless merchant of this loss,
With head declined, and voice damm'd up with woe,
With sad-set eyes and wretched arms across,
From lips new-waxen pale begins to blow
The grief away that stops his answer so:
But, wretched as he is, he strives in vain;
What he breathes out his breath drinks up again.

As through an arch the violent roaring tide
Outruns the eye that doth behold his haste,
Yet in the eddy boundeth in his pride
Back to the strait that forced him on so fast,
In rage sent out, recall'd in rage, being past:
Even so his sighs, his sorrows, make a saw,
To push grief on and back the same grief draw.

Which speechless woe of his poor she attendeth
And his untimely frenzy thus awaketh:
'Dear lord, thy sorrow to my sorrow lendeth
Another power; no flood by raining slaketh.
My woe too sensible thy passion maketh

1660 *here*] *heare* Q_1Q_2.
this] *his* Q_1.
1661 *declined*] *declin'd* Q_1. *inclin'd* The rest.
1662 *sad-set*] Hyphened by Malone.
wretched] *wreathed* Dyce, ed. 2 (S. Walker conj.).
1667 *violent roaring*] *violent-roaring* Dyce, ed. 2 (S. Walker conj.).
1671 *recall'd in rage, being*] *recall'd, the rage being* Farmer conj.
1677 *by*] *my* Gildon.
slaketh] *slacketh* Gildon.

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More feeling-painful: let it then suffice
To drown one woe, one pair of weeping eyes.

'And for my sake, when I might charm thee so,
For she that was thy Lucrece, now attend me:
Be suddenly revenged on my foe,
Thine, mine, his own: suppose thou dost defend me
From what is past: the help that thou shalt lend me
Comes all too late, yet let the traitor die;
For sparing justice feeds iniquity.

'But ere I name him, you fair lords,' quoth she,
Speaking to those that came with Collatine,
'Shall plight your honourable faiths to me,
With swift pursuit to venge this wrong of mine;
For 'tis a meritorious fair design
To chase injustice with revengeful arms:
Knights, by their oaths, should right poor ladies' harms.'

At this request, with noble disposition
Each present lord began to promise aid,
As bound in knighthood to her imposition,
Longing to hear the hateful foe bewray'd.
But she, that yet her sad task hath not said,
The protestation stops. 'O, speak,' quoth she,
'How may this forced stain be wiped from me?

'What is the quality of my offence,
Being constrain'd with dreadful circumstance?
May my pure mind with the foul act dispense,

1679 *feeling-painful*] Hyphened by Sewell (ed. 1).
then] *than* Q_1Q_2.
1680 *one woe*] $Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$. *on woe* Q_1Q_2. *in woe* Malone conj.
of] *or* Q_8.
1682 *she*] *her* Anon. conj.
Lucrece,] *Lucrece*— Gildon.
1685 *From*] *For* Q_8.
1689 *with*] *to* Q_7Q_8.
1702 *my*] Q_1Q_2. *mine* The rest.
1703 *circumstance*] *circumstances* Q_6Q_8 Q_7Q_8.

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My low-declined honour to advance?
May any terms acquit me from this chance?
The poison'd fountain clears itself again;
And why not I from this compelled stain?'

With this, they all at once began to say,
Her body's stain her mind untainted clears;
While with a joyless smile she turns away
The face, that map which deep impression bears
Of hard misfortune, carved in it with tears.
'No, no,' quoth she, 'no dame hereafter living
By my excuse shall claim excuse's giving.'

Here with a sigh, as if her heart would break,
She throws forth Tarquin's name: 'He, he,' she says,
But more than 'he' her poor tongue could not speak;
Till after many accents and delays,
Untimely breathings, sick and short assays,
She utters this: 'He, he, fair lords, 'tis he,
That guides this hand to give this wound to me.'

Even here she sheathed in her harmless breast
A harmful knife, that thence her soul unsheathed:
That blow did bail it from the deep unrest

1705 *low-declined*] Hyphened by Malone.
1707 *poison'd*] Gildon. *poysoned* Qq.
1710 *her mind*] Q_1Q_2. *he mind* Q_3. *the mind* The rest.
1712 *The*] *Her* Hudson, 1881 (S. Walker conj.) *That* Kinnear conj.
that] *the* Kinnear conj.
which] *with* $Q_3Q_4Q_6$.
1713 *Of*] *Off* Q_8.
1715 *excuse's*] Malone. *excuses* Qq.
1718 *could*] *would* Q_4.
1721 *lords*] Q_1. *lordes* Q_2. *lord* The rest.
1723 *she*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. The rest omit.
sheathed] *sheath'd* $Q_6Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
1724 *unsheathed*] Qq. *unsheath'd* Malone (1790).
in it] Malone (Capell MS.). *it in* $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6Q_7$. *in* Q_8.

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Of that polluted prison where it breathed:
Her contrite sighs unto the clouds bequeathed
Her winged sprite, and through her wounds doth fly
Life's lasting date from cancell'd destiny.

Stone-still, astonish'd with this deadly deed,
Stood Collatine and all his lordly crew;
Till Lucrece' father, that beholds her bleed,
Himself on her self-slaughter'd body threw;
And from the purple fountain Brutus drew
The murderous knife, and, as it left the place,
Her blood, in poor revenge, held it in chase;

And bubbling from her breast, it doth divide
In two slow rivers, that the crimson blood
Circles her body in on every side,
Who, like a late-sack'd island, vastly stood
Bare and unpeopled in this fearful flood.
Some of her blood still pure and red remain'd,
And some look'd black, and that false Tarquin stain'd.

About the mourning and congealed face
Of that black blood a watery rigol goes,
Which seems to weep upon the tainted place:
And ever since, as pitying Lucrece' woes,
Corrupted blood some watery token shows;
And blood untainted still doth red abide,
Blushing at that which is so putrified.

1726 *breathed*] Qq. *breath'd* Malone (1790).
1727 *bequeathed*] Qq. *bequeath'd* Malone (1790).
1728 *sprite*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *spright* The rest.
1729 *Life's*] *Liues* Q_1Q_2.
1730 *Stone-still*] Hyphened in Q_7Q_8.
1733 *her*] *here* Q_8.
self-slaughter'd] Gildon. *selfe-slaughtred* Q_1Q_2. *self-slaughtred* Q_3Q_4. *self-slaughtered* $Q_5Q_6Q_7$. *self-slaughtered* Q_8.
1736 *poor*] *pure* Gildon.
1745 *rigol*] *rigall* Q_8. *rigoll* The rest.
1747 *as*] *a* $Q_6Q_7Q_8$.

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'Daughter, dear daughter,' old Lucretius cries,
'That life was mine which thou hast here deprived.
If in the child the father's image lies,
Where shall I live now Lucrece is unlived?
Thou wast not to this end from me derived.
If children pre-decease progenitors,
We are their offspring, and they none of ours.

'Poor broken glass, I often did behold
In thy sweet semblance my old age new born;
But now that fair fresh mirror, dim and old,
Shows me a bare-boned death by time outworn:
O, from thy cheeks my image thou hast torn,
And shiver'd all the beauty of my glass,
That I no more can see what once I was.

'O time, cease thou thy course and last no longer,
If they surcease to be that should survive.
Shall rotten death make conquest of the stronger,
And leave the faltering feeble souls alive?
The old bees die, the young possess their hive:
Then live, sweet Lucrece, live again, and see
Thy father die, and not thy father thee!'

By this, starts Collatine as from a dream,
And bids Lucretius give his sorrow place;
And then in key-cold Lucrece' bleeding stream
He falls, and bathes the pale fear in his face,
And counterfeits to die with her a space;

1752 *deprived*] *depriv'd* Q_8.
1754 *unlived*] *unliv'd* Q_8.
1755 *derived*] *deriv'd* Q_8.
1760 *fair fresh*] *fresh fair* Dyce (1857). *fair-fresh* Staunton.
old] *cold* Gildon.
1762 *thy*] Q_1Q_2. *my* The rest.
1763 *of*] Q_1Q_2. *from* $Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
1765 *last*] Q_1Q_2. *hast* $Q_3Q_4Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$. *haste* Gildon.
1766 *they*] Q_1Q_2. *thou* The rest.
1768 *faltering*] Malone. *faltring* Gildon. *falt'ring* Sewell. *foultring* Qq.
alive] *a liue* $Q_3Q_4Q_5$.
1774 *key-cold*] *clay-cold* Sewell.

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Till manly shame bids him possess his breath,
And live to be revenged on her death.

The deep vexation of his inward soul
Hath served a dumb arrest upon his tongue;
Who, mad that sorrow should his use control
Or keep him from heart-easing words so long,
Begins to talk; but through his lips do throng
Weak words, so thick come in his poor heart's aid
That no man could distinguish what he said.

Yet sometime 'Tarquin' was pronounced plain,
But through his teeth, as if the name he tore.
This windy tempest, till it blow up rain,
Held back his sorrow's tide, to make it more;
At last it rains, and busy winds give o'er:
Then son and father weep with equal strife
Who should weep most, for daughter or for wife.

The one doth call her his, the other his,
Yet neither may possess the claim they lay.
The father says 'She's mine.' 'O, mine she is,'
Replies her husband: 'do not take away
My sorrow's interest; let no mourner say
He weeps for her, for she was only mine,
And only must be wail'd by Collatine.'

'O,' quoth Lucretius, 'I did give that life
Which she too early and too late hath spill'd.'
'Woe, woe,' quoth Collatine, 'she was my wife;
I owed her, and 'tis mine that she hath kill'd.'
'My daughter' and 'my wife' with clamours fill'd

1781 *mad*] Q_1. *made* The rest.
1783 *Begins*] *He 'gins* Sewell.
1784 *words, so thick come*] *words so thick, come* Staunton. *come*] *comes* Q_3.
1787 *the name*] Q_1Q_2. *his name* The rest.
1788 *blow*] *blew* Q_6.
1801 *too...too*] *to...too* Q_1Q_2. *to...to* Q_3
1803 *owed*] *ow'd* Q_6. *own'd* Lintott and Gildon.

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The dispersed air, who, holding Lucrece' life,
Answer'd their cries, 'my daughter' and 'my wife.'

Brutus, who pluck'd the knife from Lucrece' side,
Seeing such emulation in their woe,
Began to clothe his wit in state and pride,
Burying in Lucrece' wound his folly's show.
He with the Romans was esteemed so
As silly-jeering idiots are with kings,
For sportive words and uttering foolish things:

But now he throws that shallow habit by
Wherein deep policy did him disguise,
And arm'd his long-hid wits advisedly
To check the tears in Collatinus' eyes.
'Thou wronged lord of Rome,' quoth he, 'arise:
Let my unsounded self, supposed a fool,
Now set thy long-experienced wit to school.

'Why, Collatine, is woe the cure for woe?
Do wounds help wounds, or grief help grievous deeds?
Is it revenge to give thyself a blow
For his foul act by whom thy fair wife bleeds?
Such childish humour from weak minds proceeds:
Thy wretched wife mistook the matter so,
To slay herself, that should have slain her foe.

'Courageous Roman, do not steep thy heart
In such relenting dew of lamentations,
But kneel with me and help to bear thy part

1806 *Answer'd*] *Answered* $Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$.
1810 *folly's*] Malone (Capell MS.). *follies* Qq.
1812 *silly-jeering*] Hyphened by Malone. *seelie ieering* $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *selie ieering* Q_4Q_5. *seely ieering* Q_6. *seely leering* Q_7. *silly leering* Q_8. *silly jeering* Gildon.
1815 *deep*] *the* $Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$. *true* Sewell.
1822 *wounds help*] *wounds heal* S. Walker conj. *wounds salve* Staunton conj.
1829 *relenting*] *lamenting* $Q_5Q_6Q_7Q_8$.

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To rouse our Roman gods with invocations
That they will suffer these abominations,
Since Rome herself in them doth stand disgraced,
By our strong arms from forth her fair streets chased.

'Now, by the Capitol that we adore,
And by this chaste blood so unjustly stained,
By heaven's fair sun that breeds the fat earth's store,
By all our country rights in Rome maintained,
And by chaste Lucrece' soul that late complained
Her wrongs to us, and by this bloody knife,
We will revenge the death of this true wife!'

This said, he struck his hand upon his breast,
And kiss'd the fatal knife, to end his vow,
And to his protestation urged the rest,
Who, wondering at him, did his words allow:
Then jointly to the ground their knees they bow;
And that deep vow, which Brutus made before,
He doth again repeat, and that they swore.

When they had sworn to this advised doom,
They did conclude to bear dead Lucrece thence,
To show her bleeding body thorough Rome,
And so to publish Tarquin's foul offence:
Which being done with speedy diligence,
The Romans plausibly did give consent
To Tarquin's everlasting banishment.

1833 *disgraced*] Qq. *disgrac'd* Gildon.
1834 *her fair streets*] *her streets be* Capell MS.
chased] *chaced* Q_1. *chas'd* Gildon.
1836 *stained*] *stain'd* Q_8.
1838 *rights*] Q_1Q_2. *rites* The rest.
maintained] *maintain'd* Q_8.
1839 *Lucrece*'] *Lucrece's* Q_8.
complained] *complain'd* Q_8.
1842 *struck*] *strooke* $Q_1Q_2Q_6Q_7$. *stroke* $Q_3Q_4Q_5$. *strook* Q_8.
his hand] *this hand* Ewing.
1843 *to end*] *to the end* Q_7.
1849 *this*] *his* Q_7.
1851 *her*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *the* The rest.
thorough] *through out* Q_6. *through-out* Q_7Q_8.
1854 *plausibly*] *pausiblie* Q_2. *plausively* Capell MS.

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SONNETS.

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TO . THE . ONLIE . BEGETTER . OF .
THESE . INSVING . SONNETS .
Mr W. H. ALL . HAPPINESSE .
AND . THAT . ETERNITIE .
PROMISED .
BY .
OVR . EVER-LIVING . POET .
WISHETH .
THE . WELL-WISHING .
ADVENTVRER . IN .
SETTING .
FORTH .

T. T.

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SONNETS.

I.

From fairest creatures we desire increase,
That thereby beauty's rose might never die,
But as the riper should by time decease,
His tender heir might bear his memory:
But thou, contracted to thine own bright eyes,
Feed'st thy light's flame with self-substantial fuel,
Making a famine where abundance lies,
Thyself thy foe, to thy sweet self too cruel.
Thou that art now the world's fresh ornament
And only herald to the gaudy spring,
Within thine own bud buriest thy content
And, tender churl, makest waste in niggarding.
Pity the world, or else this glutton be,
To eat the world's due, by the grave and thee.

II.

When forty winters shall besiege thy brow
And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,
Thy youth's proud livery, so gazed on now,
Will be a tatter'd weed, of small worth held:

1. 2 *rose*] *Rose* Q (in italics).
might] *may* Gildon.
3 *decease*] *decrease* Hudson, 1881 (a misprint).
6 *self-substantial*] Hyphened by Sewell.
12 *churl*] Ewing. *chorle* Q. *churle* Gildon.
14 *by the*] *be thy* Steevens conj.
II. 4 *tatter'd*] Gildon. *totter'd* Q.

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Then being ask'd where all thy beauty lies,
Where all the treasure of thy lusty days,
To say, within thine own deep-sunken eyes,
Were an all-eating shame and thriftless praise.
How much more praise deserved thy beauty's use,
If thou couldst answer 'This fair child of mine
Shall sum my count and make my old excuse,'
Proving his beauty by succession thine!
This were to be new made when thou art old,
And see thy blood warm when thou feel'st it cold.

III.

Look in thy glass, and tell the face thou viewest
Now is the time that face should form another;
Whose fresh repair if now thou not renewest,
Thou dost beguile the world, unbless some mother.
For where is she so fair whose unear'd womb
Disdains the tillage of thy husbandry?
Or who is he so fond will be the tomb
Of his self-love, to stop posterity?
Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee
Calls back the lovely April of her prime:
So thou through windows of thine age shalt see,
Despite of wrinkles, this thy golden time.
But if thou live, remember'd not to be,
Die single, and thine image dies with thee.

7 *own*] *one* Sewell (ed. 1).
deep-sunken] Hyphened by Sewell.
10, 11 '*This...excuse*'] First marked as a quotation by Malone (Capell MS.).
11 *old*] *whole* Hazlitt.
excuse,] *excuse* Q. *excuse.* ed. 1640.
12 *thine!*] Knight. *thine.* Q. *thine?* Ewing.
III. 3 *repair*] *repaine* ed. 1640.
8 *self-love*] Hyphened in Ewing.
12 *golden*] *goulden* Q. *goulded* ed. 1640.
13 *live,*] *liue* Q. *love* Capell MS.
remember'd] Malone. *remembred* Q. *remember* ed. 1640.

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IV.

Unthrifty loveliness, why dost thou spend
Upon thyself thy beauty's legacy?
Nature's bequest gives nothing, but doth lend,
And being frank, she lends to those are free.
Then, beauteous niggard, why dost thou abuse
The bounteous largess given thee to give?
Profitless usurer, why dost thou use
So great a sum of sums, yet canst not live?
For having traffic with thyself alone,
Thou of thyself thy sweet self dost deceive.
Then how, when nature calls thee to be gone,
What acceptable audit canst thou leave?
    Thy unused beauty must be tomb'd with thee,
    Which, used, lives th' executor to be.

V.

Those hours that with gentle work did frame
The lovely gaze where every eye doth dwell,
Will play the tyrants to the very same
And that unfair which fairly doth excel:
For never-resting time leads summer on
To hideous winter and confounds him there;
Sap check'd with frost and lusty leaves quite gone,
Beauty o'ersnow'd and bareness every where:
Then, were not summer's distillation left,
A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glass,

IV. 12 *audit*] *Audit* Q (in italics).
14 *used*] *us'd* Dyce (1832), reading with Malone.
th' executor] *thy executor* Malone (Capell MS.).
V. 1 *hours*] *howers* Q.
5 *never-resting*] Hyphened by Sewell.
7 *Sap check'd*] Hyphened in Steevens's reprint of Q.
leaves] *leau's* Q.
8 *bareness*] *barrenness* Sewell (ed. 2).

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Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft,
Nor it, nor no remembrance what it was:
But flowers distill'd, though they with winter meet,
Leese but their show; their substance still lives sweet.

VI.

Then let not winter's ragged hand deface
In thee thy summer, ere thou be distill'd:
Make sweet some vial; treasure thou some place
With beauty's treasure, ere it be self-kill'd.
That use is not forbidden usury,
Which happies those that pay the willing loan;
That 's for thyself to breed another thee,
Or ten times happier, be it ten for one;
Ten times thyself were happier than thou art,
If ten of thine ten times refigured thee:
Then what could death do, if thou shouldst depart,
Leaving thee living in posterity?
Be not self-will'd, for thou art much too fair
To be death's conquest and make worms thine heir.

VII.

Lo, in the orient when the gracious light
Lifts up his burning head, each under eye
Doth homage to his new-appearing sight,
Serving with looks his sacred majesty;
And having climb'd the steep-up heavenly hill,
Resembling strong youth in his middle age,

14 *Leese*] *Lose* Sewell.
VI. 1 *ragged*] Gildon. *wragged* Q. *rugged* Capell MS.
4 *beauty's*] Sewell. *beautits* Q. *beauties* ed. 1640.
self-kill'd] Hyphened by Gildon.
13 *self-will'd*] Gildon. *selfe-wild* Q. *self-kill'd* Delius conj.
VII. 3 *new-appearing*] Hyphened by Malone (Capell MS.).
5 *steep-up heavenly*] *steep up-heavenly* Nicholson conj. and Craig conj. (in Dowden).
steep-up] Hyphened by Gildon.

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Yet mortal looks adore his beauty still,
Attending on his golden pilgrimage;
But when from highmost pitch, with weary car,
Like feeble age, he reeleth from the day,
The eyes, 'fore duteous, now converted are
From his low tract, and look another way:
So thou, thyself out-going in thy noon,
Unlook'd on diest, unless thou get a son.

VIII.

Music to hear, why hear'st thou music sadly?
Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in joy.
Why lovest thou that which thou receivest not gladly,
Or else receivest with pleasure thine annoy?
If the true concord of well tuned sounds,
By unions married, do offend thine ear,
They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds
In singleness the parts that thou shouldst bear.
Mark how one string, sweet husband to another,
Strikes each in each by mutual ordering;
Resembling sire and child and happy mother,
Who, all in one, one pleasing note do sing:
Whose speechless song, being many, seeming one,
Sings this to thee: 'Thou single wilt prove none.'

7 *beauty still,*] *beauty, still* Nicholson conj.
9 *pitch*] *pich* Q.
weary] *very* Q.
car] *care* ed. 1640 and Gildon. *ear* Lintott.
11 *'fore duteous*] Ewing (Capell MS.). *fore dutious* Q. *fore-dutious* Sewell.
12 *tract*] *track* Sewell (ed. 2).
14 *Unlook'd*] Gildon. *Vnlok'd* Q.
VIII. 1 *hear*] *ear* Malone conj.
sadly?] Gildon. *sadly,* Q.
8 *the parts that*] *a parte, w^ch* MS. (B. Mus. Add. 15226).
bear] *share* Staunton conj. (Athen. 1874).
10 *in*] *on* MS.
11 *sire*] *sier* Q.
sire and child] *Childe, & Syer* MS.
12 *Who*] *W^ch* MS.
one...do] *this...dothe* MS.
14 *'Thou...none'*] Marked as a quotation first by Malone.
wilt] *shalt* MS.

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IX.

Is it for fear to wet a widow's eye
That thou consumest thyself in single life?
Ah! if thou issueless shalt hap to die,
The world will wail thee, like a makeless wife;
The world will be thy widow, and still weep
That thou no form of thee hast left behind,
When every private widow well may keep
By children's eyes her husband's shape in mind.
Look, what an unthrift in the world doth spend
Shifts but his place, for still the world enjoys it;
But beauty's waste hath in the world an end,
And kept unused, the user so destroys it.
No love toward others in that bosom sits
That on himself such murderous shame commits.

X.

For shame! deny that thou bear'st love to any,
Who for thyself art so unprovident.
Grant, if thou wilt, thou art beloved of many,
But that thou none lovest is most evident;
For thou art so possess'd with murderous hate
That 'gainst thyself thou stick'st not to conspire,
Seeking that beauteous roof to ruinate
Which to repair should be thy chief desire.
O, change thy thought, that I may change my mind!
Shall hate be fairer lodged than gentle love?
Be, as thy presence is, gracious and kind,
Or to thyself at least kind-hearted prove:
Make thee another self, for love of me,
That beauty still may live in thine or thee.

IX. 1 *Is it*] *It is* ed. 1640.
12 *user*] *us'rer* Sewell.
13 *toward*] *towards* Gildon.

X. 1 *shame! deny*]Sewell. *shame deny* Q.
12 *kind-hearted*] *kindhearted* Sewell. *kind harted* Q.

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XI.

As fast as thou shalt wane, so fast thou grow'st
In one of thine, from that which thou departest;
And that fresh blood which youngly thou bestow'st
Thou mayst call thine when thou from youth convertest.
Herein lives wisdom, beauty and increase;
Without this, folly, age and cold decay:
If all were minded so, the times should cease
And threescore year would make the world away.
Let those whom Nature hath not made for store,
Harsh, featureless and rude, barrenly perish:
Look, whom she best endow'd she gave the more;
Which bounteous gift thou shouldst in bounty cherish:
She carved thee for her seal, and meant thereby
Thou shouldst print more, not let that copy die.

XII.

When I do count the clock that tells the time,
And see the brave day sunk in hideous night;
When I behold the violet past prime,
And sable curls all silver'd o'er with white;
When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,
Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,
And summer's green all girded up in sheaves,
Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard,

XI. 1, 3 *grow'st.....bestow'st*] Q. *growest...bestowest* Collier.
6 *this, folly,*] Sewell. *this follie,* Q. *cold*] ed. 1640. *could* Q.
8 *year*] *yeare* Q. *yeares* ed. 1640.
11 *the more*] *thee more* Sewell (ed. 1) and Malone.
13 *meant*] Sewell (ed. 2). *ment* Q.
XII. 4 *And...all*] Malone. *And...or* Q. *And...are* Sewell. *In...or* Capell MS.
curls] *curl'd* Capell MS. (erased).
all silver'd o'er] Malone. *or siluer'd ore* Q. *are silver'd o'er* Sewell. *o'ersilvered* Anon. conj. *o'er silver'd all* Nicholson conj.
8 *bier*] Ewing. *beare* Q.

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Then of thy beauty do I question make,
That thou among the wastes of time must go,
Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake
And die as fast as they see others grow;
And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can make defence
Save breed, to brave him when he takes thee hence.

XIII.

O, that you were yourself! but, love, you are
No longer yours than you yourself here live:
Against this coming end you should prepare,
And your sweet semblance to some other give.
So should that beauty which you hold in lease
Find no determination; then you were
Yourself again, after yourself's decease,
When your sweet issue your sweet form should bear.
Who lets so fair a house fall to decay,
Which husbandry in honour might uphold
Against the stormy gusts of winter's day
And barren rage of death's eternal cold?
O, none but unthrifts: dear my love, you know
You had a father; let your son say so.

XIV.

Not from the stars do I my judgement pluck;
And yet methinks I have astronomy,
But not to tell of good or evil luck,
Of plagues, of dearths, or seasons' quality;

13 *scythe*] *sieth* Q.
14 *takes*] *take* Lintott.
XIII. 1 *but, love, you*] Gildon. *but love you* Q.
7 *Yourself*] *Your selfe* ed. 1640. *You selfe* Q.
13 *dear*] *deare* Q. *dare* ed. 1640.
XIV. 4 *seasons'*] Malone. *seasons* Q. *season's* Dyce (1832).

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Nor can I fortune to brief minutes tell,
Pointing to each his thunder, rain and wind,
Or say with princes if it shall go well,
By oft predict that I in heaven find:
But from thine eyes my knowledge I derive,
And, constant stars, in them I read such art,
As truth and beauty shall together thrive,
If from thyself to store thou wouldst convert;
Or else of thee this I prognosticate:
Thy end is truth's and beauty's doom and date.

XV.

When I consider every thing that grows
Holds in perfection but a little moment,
That this huge stage presenteth nought but shows
Whereon the stars in secret influence comment;
When I perceive that men as plants increase,
Cheered and check'd even by the self-same sky,
Vaunt in their youthful sap, at height decrease,
And wear their brave state out of memory;
Then the conceit of this inconstant stay
Sets you most rich in youth before my sight,
Where wasteful Time debateth with Decay,
To change your day of youth to sullied night;
And all in war with Time for love of you,
As he takes from you, I engraft you new.

5 *minutes*] *mynuits* Q.
6 *Pointing*] '*Pointing* Hudson, 1881 (S. Walker conj.).
8 *oft*] *ought* Sewell (ed. 2).
10 *And, constant stars, in*] *And (constant stars) in* Malone. *And constant stars in* Q. *And constant Stars; in* Sewell.
10—12 *art, As truth...convert*] *art As 'Truth...convert'* Dowden.
14 *Thy...date*] '*Thy...date*' Dowden.
xv. 3 *stage*] *state* Malone.
6 *Cheered...even*] *Chear'd...ev'n* Sewell (ed. 2).
8 *wear*] Gildon. *were* Q.
10 *you most*] *you,—most* Nicholson conj.

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XVI.

But wherefore do not you a mightier way
Make war upon this bloody tyrant, Time?
And fortify yourself in your decay
With means more blessed than my barren rhyme?
Now stand you on the top of happy hours,
And many maiden gardens, yet unset,
With virtuous wish would bear your living flowers
Much liker than your painted counterfeit:
So should the lines of life that life repair,
Which this, Time's pencil, or my pupil pen,
Neither in inward worth nor outward fair,
Can make you live yourself in eyes of men.
To give away yourself keeps yourself still;
And you must live, drawn by your own sweet skill.

XVII.

Who will believe my verse in time to come,
If it were fill'd with your most high deserts?
Though yet, heaven knows, it is but as a tomb
Which hides your life and shows not half your parts.
If I could write the beauty of your eyes
And in fresh numbers number all your graces,
The age to come would say 'This poet lies;
Such heavenly touches ne'er touch'd earthly faces.'
So should my papers, yellowed with their age,
Be scorn'd, like old men of less truth than tongue,
And your true rights be term'd a poet's rage
And stretched metre of an antique song:

XVI. 7 *bear your*] *bear you* Lintott and Gildon.
9 *lines*] *lives* Malone conj. *line* Hudson (1881).
10 *this,...pen,*] *this* (*Times pensel or my pupill pen*) Q. *this time's pencil, or my pupil pen*, Hudson, 1881 (Massey conj.).

XVII. 2 *fill'd*] Gildon. *fild* Q.
7, 8 '*This...faces.*'] Marked as a quotation first by Collier.
9 *yellowed*] Q. *yellow'd* Gildon.
12 *metre*] Gildon. *miter* Q.
antique] Q. *antick* Gildon.

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But were some child of yours alive that time,
You should live twice, in it and in my rhyme.

XVIII.

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date:
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance or nature's changing course untrimm'd;
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;
Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st:
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

XIX.

Devouring Time, blunt thou the lion's paws,
And make the earth devour her own sweet brood;
Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tiger's jaws,
And burn the long-lived phœnix in her blood;
Make glad and sorry seasons as thou fleet'st,
And do whate'er thou wilt, swift-footed Time,
To the wide world and all her fading sweets;
But I forbid thee one most heinous crime:

14 *twice, in it*] *twice;—in it,* Malone. *twice,—in it,* Capell MS. *twise in it,* Q. *twice in it,* Lintott and Gildon.

XVIII. 3 *May*] *Maie* Q. *Male* Lintott.

10 *lose*] Malone (Capell MS.). *loose* Q.

10—12 *owest.....grow'st*] *ow'st...grow'st* Q. *owest...growest* Malone.

13 *breathe*] Malone. *breath* Q.

XIX. 1 *Devouring*] *Destroying* S. Walker conj.

3 *jaws*] Malone (Capell MS.). *yawes* Q.

4 *long-lived*] Hyphened by Malone (Capell MS.).

5 *fleet'st*] Q. *fleets* Dyce.

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O, carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow,
Nor draw no lines there with thine antique pen;
Him in thy course untainted do allow
For beauty's pattern to succeeding men.
Yet do thy worst, old Time: despite thy wrong,
My love shall in my verse ever live young.

XX.

A woman's face with Nature's own hand painted
Hast thou, the master-mistress of my passion;
A woman's gentle heart, but not acquainted
With shifting change, as is false women's fashion;
An eye more bright than theirs, less false in rolling,
Gilding the object whereupon it gazeth;
A man in hue, all 'hues' in his controlling,
Which steals men's eyes and women's souls amazeth.
And for a woman wert thou first created;
Till Nature, as she wrought thee, fell a-doting,
And by addition me of thee defeated,
By adding one thing to my purpose nothing.
But since she prick'd thee out for women's pleasure,
Mine be thy love, and thy love's use their treasure.

XXI.

So is it not with me as with that Muse
Stirr'd by a painted beauty to his verse,
Who heaven itself for ornament doth use
And every fair with his fair doth rehearse,

11 *thy*] *the* Hudson (1881).
13 *Time: despite*] Malone. *Time dispight* Q. *Time; despight* Capell MS. *Time, despite* Delius.
14 *ever live*] *live ever* Nicholson conj.
XX. 2 *Hast*] ed. 1640. *Haste* Q. *master-mistress*] Hyphened by Malone (Capell MS.). *Master Mistris* Q. *Master, Mistress* Gildon.
7 *hue, all 'hues'*] *hew all Hews* Q (*Hews* in italics). *hue all Hue* Sewell (ed. 2).
9 *wert*] *went* ed. 1640.
XXI. 1 *is it*] *it is* Malone (1790).
4 *rehearse*] *reherse* Q.

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Making a couplement of proud compare,
With sun and moon, with earth and sea's rich gems,
With April's first-born flowers, and all things rare
That heaven's air in this huge rondure hems.
O, let me, true in love, but truly write,
And then believe me, my love is as fair
As any mother's child, though not so bright
As those gold candles fix'd in heaven's air:
Let them say more that like of hearsay well;
I will not praise that purpose not to sell.

XXII.

My glass shall not persuade me I am old,
So long as youth and thou are of one date;
But when in thee time's furrows I behold,
Then look I death my days should expiate.
For all that beauty that doth cover thee
Is but the seemly raiment of my heart,
Which in thy breast doth live, as thine in me:
How can I then be elder than thou art?
O, therefore, love, be of thyself so wary
As I, not for myself, but for thee will;
Bearing thy heart, which I will keep so chary
As tender nurse her babe from faring ill.
Presume not on thy heart when mine is slain;
Thou gavest me thine, not to give back again.

5 *couplement*] Malone (Capell MS.). *coopelment* Q. *complement* Gildon. *compliment* Sewell (ed. 2).
6 *sea's*] Ewing (Capell MS.). *seas* Q.
8, 12 *air...air*] *ayre...ayer* Q.
8 *air in this*] *vault in his* Staunton conj. (Athen. 1874).

XXII. 3 *furrows*] Malone (Capell MS.). *forrwes* Q. *forrowes* ed. 1640. *sorrows* Gildon.
4 *expiate*] *expirate* Hudson, 1881 (Steevens conj.).
9 *therefore, love, be*] Sewell. *therfore love be* Q.

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XXIII.

As an unperfect actor on the stage,
Who with his fear is put besides his part,
Or some fierce thing replete with too much rage,
Whose strength's abundance weakens his own heart;
So I, for fear of trust, forget to say
The perfect ceremony of love's rite,
And in mine own love's strength seem to decay,
O'ercharged with burthen of mine own love's might.
O, let my books be then the eloquence
And dumb presagers of my speaking breast;
Who plead for love, and look for recompense,
More than that tongue that more hath more express'd.
O, learn to read what silent love hath writ:
To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit.

XXIV.

Mine eye hath play'd the painter and hath stell'd
Thy beauty's form in table of my heart;
My body is the frame wherein 'tis held,
And perspective it is best painter's art.
For through the painter must you see his skill,
To find where your true image pictured lies;
Which in my bosom's shop is hanging still,
That hath his windows glazed with thine eyes.

XXIII. 2 *put*] *but* Lintott.
besides] *beside* Malone (Capell MS.).
4 *strength's abundance*] *strengths abondance* Q. *strength abondance* Gildon. *strength abundant* Sewell.
5 *of*] *or* Staunton conj. (Athen. 1874).
6 *rite*] Malone. *right* Q.
8 *burthen*] *Burden* Sewell.
9 *books*] *Looks* Sewell.
12 *that more*] *that love* Staunton conj. (Athen. 1874).
14 *with eyes*] ed. 1640. *wit eies* Q. *wit*] ed. 1640. *wiht* Q.

XXIV. 1 *stell'd*] Dyce (Capell MS.). *steeld*, Q.
4 *perspective it*] *perspective: it* Wedmore conj.
5, 6 *you...your*] *thou...thy* Nicholson conj.

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Now see what good turns eyes for eyes have done:
Mine eyes have drawn thy shape, and thine for me
Are windows to my breast, where-through the sun
Delights to peep, to gaze therein on thee;
Yet eyes this cunning want to grace their art,
They draw but what they see, know not the heart.

XXV.

Let those who are in favour with their stars
Of public honour and proud titles boast,
Whilst I, whom fortune of such triumph bars,
Unlook'd for joy in that I honour most.
Great princes' favourites their fair leaves spread
But as the marigold at the sun's eye,
And in themselves their pride lies buried,
For at a frown they in their glory die.
The painful warrior famoused for fight,
After a thousand victories once foil'd,
Is from the book of honour razed quite,
And all the rest forgot for which he toil'd:
Then happy I, that love and am beloved
Where I may not remove nor be removed.

XXVI.

Lord of my love, to whom in vassalage
Thy merit hath my duty strongly knit,
To thee I send this written ambassage,
To witness duty, not to show my wit:

9 *good turns*] *good-turnes* Q.
11 *where-through*] Q. *where through* ed. 1640.
XXV. 4 *Unlook'd for*] *Unlook'd on* or *Unhonour'd* Staunton conj. (Ath. 1874).
9—11 *famoused for fight.....razed quite*] *for worth famoused...quite rased* Steevens conj. *fight...quite*] Malone (Theobaldconj.). *worth...quite* Q. *worth...forth* Theobald conj. *might...quite* Capell MS.
XXVI. 3 *ambassage*] Q. *embassage* Ewing.

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Duty so great, which wit so poor as mine
May make seem bare, in wanting words to show it,
But that I hope some good conceit of thine
In thy soul's thought, all naked, will bestow it;
Till whatsoever star that guides my moving,
Points on me graciously with fair aspect,
And puts apparel on my tatter'd loving,
To show me worthy of thy sweet respect:
Then may I dare to boast how I do love thee;
Till then not show my head where thou mayst prove me.

XXVII.

Weary with toil, I haste me to my bed,
The dear repose for limbs with travel tired;
But then begins a journey in my head,
To work my mind, when body's work's expired:
For then my thoughts, from far where I abide,
Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee,
And keep my drooping eyelids open wide,
Looking on darkness which the blind do see:
Save that my soul's imaginary sight
Presents thy shadow to my sightless view,
Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night,
Makes black night beauteous and her old face new.
Lo, thus, by day my limbs, by night my mind,
For thee and for myself no quiet find.

5 *which*] *with* Sewell.
8 *thy*] *my* Sewell.
11 *tatter'd*] Sewell (ed. 2). *tottered* Q. *tattered* Sewell (ed. 1). *totter'd* Capell MS.
12 *thy*] Malone (Capell MS.). *their* Q.

XXVII. 2 *travel*] Ewing (Capell MS.). *travaill* Q. *travaile* ed. 1640.
2—4 *tired...expired*] Q. *tir'd...expir'd* Malone (1790).
3 *head,*] Sewell. *head* Q.
5 *from far*] *far from* Malone conj.
10 *thy*] Malone (Capell MS.). *their* Q. *shadow*] *shaddoe* Q.

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XXVIII.

How can I then return in happy plight,
That am debarr'd the benefit of rest?
When day's oppression is not eased by night,
But day by night, and night by day, oppress'd?
And each, though enemies to either's reign,
Do in consent shake hands to torture me;
The one by toil, the other to complain
How far I toil, still farther off from thee.
I tell the day, to please him thou art bright,
And dost him grace when clouds do blot the heaven:
So flatter I the swart-complexion'd night;
When sparkling stars twire not thou gild'st the even.
But day doth daily draw my sorrows longer,
And night doth nightly make grief's strength seem stronger.

XXIX.

When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone beweep my outcast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself, and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featured like him, like him with friends possess'd,
Desiring this man's art and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least;

XXVIII. 4 *oppress'd?*] Pointed as in Gildon. *oprest.* Q.
5 *enemies to either's*] Malone. *enimes to ethers* Q. *enemies to others* ed. 1640.
8 *farther*] *further* Hudson.
9 *him thou art bright,*] *him, thou art bright* Dowden and Hudson (1881).
11 *swart-complexion'd*] Hyphened in Gildon.
12 *twire not*] Q. *twire, not* ed. 1640. *tweer out* Gildon. *twirl not* Malone conj. *twink not* Steevens conj. *tire not* Massey conj.
gild'st the even] *guil'st th' eauen* Q. *guild'st the even* Sewell.
13, 14 *longer...strength seem stronger*] Dyce, 1857 (Capell MS. and Collier conj.). *longer...length seeme stronger* Q. *stronger.....length seem longer* Anon. apud Malone conj.

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Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee, and then my state,
Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate;
For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth brings
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

XXX.

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste:
Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long since cancell'd woe,
And moan the expense of many a vanish'd sight:
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
Which I new pay as if not paid before.
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restored and sorrows end.

XXXI.

Thy bosom is endeared with all hearts,
Which I by lacking have supposed dead;
And there reigns love, and all love's loving parts,
And all those friends which I thought buried.

XXIX. 9 *Yet*] *Yea* Staunton conj. (Athen. 1873).
10—12 *state, Like...earth,*] Pointed as in Ewing. *state— Like...earth,*— Capell MS. *state (Like...arising) From sullen earth* Q.
12 *earth*] *earths* Gildon.
13 *remember'd*] Malone. *remembred* Q.
XXX. 4 *time's*] Sewell. *times* Q. *times'* Dyce (1832).
7 *afresh*] Sewell. *a fresh* Q.
8 *sight*] *sigh* Malone conj.

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How many a holy and obsequious tear
Hath dear religious love stol'n from mine eye,
As interest of the dead, which now appear
But things removed that hidden in thee lie!
Thou art the grave where buried love doth live,
Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone,
Who all their parts of me to thee did give;
That due of many now is thine alone:
Their images I loved I view in thee,
And thou, all they, hast all the all of me.

XXXII.

If thou survive my well-contented day,
When that churl Death my bones with dust shall cover,
And shalt by fortune once more re-survey
These poor rude lines of thy deceased lover,
Compare them with the bettering of the time,
And though they be outstripp'd by every pen,
Reserve them for my love, not for their rhyme,
Exceeded by the height of happier men.
O, then vouchsafe me but this loving thought:
'Had my friend's Muse grown with this growing age,
A dearer birth than this his love had brought,
To march in ranks of better equipage:
But since he died, and poets better prove,
Theirs for their style I'll read, his for his love.'

XXXI. 6 *dear religious*] *dear-religious* Dyce, ed. 2 (S. Walker conj.).
8 *thee*] Gildon. *there* Q.
10 *trophies*] *tropheis* Q.
XXXII. 3 *re-survey*] Gildon. *re-survay* Lintott. *re-suruay:* Q.
4 *poor rude*] *poor-rude* S. Walker conj.
9 *vouchsafe*] ed. 1640. *voutsafe* Q.
10—14 '*Had...love.*'] Printed as a quotation first by Malone.
10 *with this*] *with his* Hudson, 1881 (Capell MS. erased).

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XXXIII.

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy;
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
With ugly rack on his celestial face,
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace:
Even so my sun one early morn did shine
With all-triumphant splendour on my brow;
But, out, alack! he was but one hour mine,
The region cloud hath mask'd him from me now.
Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth;
Suns of the world may stain when heaven's sun staineth.

XXXIV.

Why didst thou promise such a beauteous day,
And make me travel forth without my cloak,
To let base clouds o'ertake me in my way,
Hiding thy bravery in their rotten smoke?
'Tis not enough that through the cloud thou break,
To dry the rain on my storm-beaten face,
For no man well of such a salve can speak
That heals the wound and cures not the disgrace:
Nor can thy shame give physic to my grief;
Though thou repent, yet I have still the loss:

XXXIII. 4 *alchemy*] Dyce (1857). *alcumy* Q. *alchymy* Evans.
6 *ugly*] Gildon. *ougly* Q.
8 *west*] *rest* Steevens conj. *this*] *his* Hudson, 1881 (S. Walker conj.).
10 *all-triumphant*] Hyphened by Dyce (1857).
12 *region*] *regent* Bell (Anon. conj.).
14 *staineth*] *stayneth* ed. 1640. *stainteh* Q.

XXXIV. 4 *thy*] *my* Capell MS. *smoke?*] Sewell. *smoke.* Q.
10—12 *loss...cross*] Malone (Capell MS.). *losse...losse* Q. *cross...cross* Ewing.

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The offender's sorrow lends but weak relief
To him that bears the strong offence's cross.
Ah, but those tears are pearl which thy love sheds,
And they are rich and ransom all ill deeds.

XXXV.

No more be grieved at that which thou hast done:
Roses have thorns, and silver fountains mud;
Clouds and eclipses stain both moon and sun,
And loathsome canker lives in sweetest bud.
All men make faults, and even I in this,
Authorizing thy trespass with compare,
Myself corrupting, salving thy amiss,
Excusing thy sins more than thy sins are;
For to thy sensual fault I bring in sense—
Thy adverse party is thy advocate—
And 'gainst myself a lawful plea commence:
Such civil war is in my love and hate,
That I an accessary needs must be
To that sweet thief which sourly robs from me.

XXXVI.

Let me confess that we two must be twain,
Although our undivided loves are one:
So shall those blots that do with me remain,
Without thy help, by me be borne alone.

12 *bears the*] *bears* Gildon. *beareth* Sewell.
13 *sheds*] Gildon. *sheeds* Q.
XXXV. 7 *corrupting, salving*] *corrupt in salving* Capell MS.
8 *thy...thy*] Malone (Capell MS.). *their ...their* Q.
are] *bear* or *share* Staunton conj. (Athen. 1873).
9 *thy sensual*] *my sensual* Gildon. *bring in*] Hyphened by Hudson (1881).
in sense] Gildon. *in sence* Q. *incense* Ewing.
9, 10 *sense—Thy...is*] *sense, Thy adverse party, as* Dowden conj.
10 *Thy...advocate*] Put in a parenthesis by Malone.
14 *sourly*] *sorely* Gildon.

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In our two loves there is but one respect,
Though in our lives a separable spite,
Which though it alter not love's sole effect,
Yet doth it steal sweet hours from love's delight.
I may not evermore acknowledge thee,
Lest my bewailed guilt should do thee shame,
Nor thou with public kindness honour me,
Unless thou take that honour from thy name:
But do not so; I love thee in such sort,
As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

XXXVII.

As a decrepit father takes delight
To see his active child do deeds of youth,
So I, made lame by fortune's dearest spite,
Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth;
For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit,
Or any of these all, or all, or more,
Entitled in thy parts do crowned sit,
I make my love engrafted to this store:
So then I am not lame, poor, nor despised,
Whilst that this shadow doth such substance give
That I in thy abundance am sufficed
And by a part of all thy glory live.
Look, what is best, that best I wish in thee:
This wish I have; then ten times happy me!

XXXVI. 9 *evermore*] *ever more* S. Walker conj.
XXXVII. 7 *thy*] Malone (Capell MS.). *their* Q.
9 *despised*] *dispis'd* Q.
10 *this*] *thy* Caldecott conj. MS.
11 *am*] *an* ed. 1640.
sufficed] *suffic'd* Q.
14 *me*] *be* Ewing.

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XXXVIII.

How can my Muse want subject to invent,
While thou dost breathe, that pour'st into my verse
Thine own sweet argument, too excellent
For every vulgar paper to rehearse?
O, give thyself the thanks, if aught in me
Worthy perusal stand against thy sight;
For who's so dumb that cannot write to thee,
When thou thyself dost give invention light?
Be thou the tenth Muse, ten times more in worth
Than those old nine which rhymers invocate;
And he that calls on thee, let him bring forth
Eternal numbers to outlive long date.
If my slight Muse do please these curious days,
The pain be mine, but thine shall be the praise.

XXXIX.

O, how thy worth with manners may I sing,
When thou art all the better part of me?
What can mine own praise to mine own self bring?
And what is't but mine own when I praise thee?
Even for this let us divided live,
And our dear love lose name of single one,
That by this separation I may give
That due to thee which thou deservest alone.
O absence, what a torment wouldst thou prove,
Were it not thy sour leisure gave sweet leave

xxxviii. 2 *breathe,that*] Ewing. *breath, that* Sewell. *breath that* Q. *pour'st*] Gildon. *poor'st* Q. *powr'st* ed. 1640.
3 *too*] ed. 1640. *to* Q.
4 *rehearse?*] Ewing (Capell MS.). *rehearse:* Q.
5 *aught*] Malone. *ought* Q.
xxxix. 3 *bring?*] Gildon. *bring;* Q.
4 *thee?*] Lintott and Gildon. *thee,* Q.
6 *lose*] Gildon. *loose* Q.
7 *give*] Lintott. *giue:* Q.

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To entertain the time with thoughts of love,
Which time and thoughts so sweetly doth deceive,
And that thou teachest how to make one twain,
By praising him here who doth hence remain!

XL.

Take all my loves, my love, yea, take them all;
What hast thou then more than thou hadst before?
No love, my love, that thou mayst true love call;
All mine was thine before thou hadst this more.
Then, if for my love thou my love receivest,
I cannot blame thee for my love thou usest;
But yet be blamed, if thou thyself deceivest
By wilful taste of what thyself refusest.
I do forgive thy robbery, gentle thief,
Although thou steal thee all my poverty;
And yet, love knows, it is a greater grief
To bear love's wrong than hate's known injury.
Lascivious grace, in whom all ill well shows,
Kill me with spites; yet we must not be foes.

XLI.

Those pretty wrongs that liberty commits,
When I am sometime absent from thy heart,
Thy beauty and thy years full well befits,
For still temptation follows where thou art.
Gentle thou art, and therefore to be won,
Beauteous thou art, therefore to be assailed;

12 *doth*] Malone. *dost* Q. *do* Capell MS.
XL. 7 *thyself*] *thy self* Gildon. *this selfe* Q.
11 *yet, love knows, it*] Knight. *yet loue knowes it* Q. *yet love knows, it* Malone.
XLI. 1 *pretty*] Q. *petty* Bell.
2 *sometime*] *sometimes* ed. 1640.
6 *therefore*] *and therefore* Gildon.
6—8 *assailed...prevailed*] Q. *assail'd ...prevail'd* Malone.

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And when a woman woos, what woman's son
Will sourly leave her till she have prevailed?
Ay me! but yet thou mightst my seat forbear,
And chide thy beauty and thy straying youth,
Who lead thee in their riot even there
Where thou art forced to break a twofold truth,
  Hers, by thy beauty tempting her to thee,
  Thine, by thy beauty being false to me.

XLII.

That thou hast her, it is not all my grief,
And yet it may be said I loved her dearly;
That she hath thee, is of my wailing chief,
A loss in love that touches me more nearly.
Loving offenders, thus I will excuse ye:
Thou dost love her, because thou know'st I love her;
And for my sake even so doth she abuse me,
Suffering my friend for my sake to approve her.
If I lose thee, my loss is my love's gain,
And losing her, my friend hath found that loss;
Both find each other, and I lose both twain,
And both for my sake lay on me this cross:
  But here's the joy; my friend and I are one;
  Sweet flattery! then she loves but me alone.

7 *woos*] Sewell. *wooes* ed. 1640. *woes* Q.
8 *she have*] Malone (Tyrwhitt conj.). *he haue* Q. *he has* Ewing. *prevailed?*] Gildon. *prevailed.* Q. *prevail'd.* Malone.
9 *Ay*] *Aye* Q. *Ah* Ewing. *mightst my seat*] *mightst my seate* Q. *might'st, my sweet,* Malone. *mightst my state* Delius conj.
XLII. 6 *know'st*] *knew'st* Boswell.
9, 11 *lose*] Gildon. *loose* Q.
10 *losing*] Gildon. *loosing* Q.

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XLIII.

When most I wink, then do mine eyes best see,
For all the day they view things unrespected;
But when I sleep, in dreams they look on thee,
And, darkly bright, are bright in dark directed.
Then thou, whose shadow shadows doth make bright,
How would thy shadow's form form happy show
To the clear day with thy much clearer light,
When to unseeing eyes thy shade shines so!
How would, I say, mine eyes be blessed made
By looking on thee in the living day,
When in dead night thy fair imperfect shade
Through heavy sleep on sightless eyes doth stay!
All days are nights to see till I see thee,
And nights bright days when dreams do show thee me.

XLIV.

If the dull substance of my flesh were thought,
Injurious distance should not stop my way;
For then, despite of space, I would be brought,
From limits far remote, where thou dost stay.
No matter then although my foot did stand
Upon the farthest earth removed from thee;
For nimble thought can jump both sea and land,
As soon as think the place where he would be.
But, ah, thought kills me, that I am not thought,
To leap large lengths of miles when thou art gone,

XLIII. 10, 12 *day,...stay!*] Dyce. *day, ...stay?* Malone. *day?...stay?* Q.
11 *thy*] Malone (Capell MS.). *their* Q. *fair imperfect*] *fair-imperfect* S. Walker conj.
13 *to see*] *to me* Hudson, 1881 (Malone conj.).
13, 14 *I see thee...thee me*] *I thee see... me thee* Taylor conj. MS. *thee I see ...me thee* Hudson, 1881 (Lettsom conj.), reading *to me* in line 13.
XLIV. 4 *From*] *To* Gildon.

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But that, so much of earth and water wrought,
I must attend time's leisure with my moan;
Receiving nought by elements so slow
But heavy tears, badges of either's woe.

XLV.

The other two, slight air and purging fire,
Are both with thee, wherever I abide;
The first my thought, the other my desire,
These present-absent with swift motion slide.
For when these quicker elements are gone
In tender embassy of love to thee,
My life, being made of four, with two alone
Sinks down to death, oppress'd with melancholy;
Until life's composition be recured
By those swift messengers return'd from thee,
Who even but now come back again, assured
Of thy fair health, recounting it to me:
This told, I joy; but then no longer glad,
I send them back again, and straight grow sad.

XLVI.

Mine eye and heart are at a mortal war,
How to divide the conquest of thy sight;
Mine eye my heart thy picture's sight would bar,
My heart mine eye the freedom of that right.

12 *attend*] Lintott. *attend*, Q.
13 *nought*] Sewell. *naught* Gildon. *naughts* Q.
XLV. 4 *present-absent*] Hyphened by Malone. *present absent* Q. *present, absent*, Sewell. *present, absent* Massey conj.
8 *oppress'd*] *press'd* Capell.
9 *life's*] Sewell. *liues* Q. *live's* Gildon.
9—11 *recured...assured*] Q. *recur'd... assur'd* Malone (1790).
12 *thy*] Malone (Capell MS.). *their* Q.
XLVI. 3, 8 *thy*] Malone (Capell MS.). *their* Q.

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My heart doth plead that thou in him dost lie,
A closet never pierced with crystal eyes,
But the defendant doth that plea deny,
And says in him thy fair appearance lies.
To 'cide this title is impanneled
A quest of thoughts, all tenants to the heart;
And by their verdict is determined
The clear eye's moiety and the dear heart's part:
As thus; mine eye's due is thine outward part,
And my heart's right thine inward love of heart.

XLVII.

Betwixt mine eye and heart a league is took,
And each doth good turns now unto the other:
When that mine eye is famish'd for a look,
Or heart in love with sighs himself doth smother,
With my love's picture then my eye doth feast
And to the painted banquet bids my heart;
Another time mine eye is my heart's guest
And in his thoughts of love doth share a part:
So, either by thy picture or my love,
Thyself away art present still with me;
For thou not farther than my thoughts canst move,
And I am still with them and they with thee;
Or, if they sleep, thy picture in my sight
Awakes my heart to heart's and eye's delight.

9 *'cide*] Sewell (ed. 2). *side* Q.
12 *moiety*] Gildon. *moyitie* Q.
13, 4 *thine...thine*] Malone (1790). *thy ...thy* Malone, 1780 (Capell MS.). *their...their* Q.
XLVII. 1 *took*] *strook* Capell MS.
9 *thy picture or*] *the picture or* Lintott. *the picture of* Gildon.
10 *art*] Malone (Capell MS.). *are* Q.
11 *not*] ed. 1640. *nor* Q. *no* Capell MS.
farther] *further* Hudson (1881).

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XLVIII.

How careful was I, when I took my way,
Each trifle under truest bars to thrust,
That to my use it might unused stay
From hands of falsehood, in sure wards of trust!
But thou, to whom my jewels trifles are,
Most worthy comfort, now my greatest grief,
Thou, best of dearest and mine only care,
Art left the prey of every vulgar thief.
Thee have I not lock'd up in any chest,
Save where thou art not, though I feel thou art,
Within the gentle closure of my breast,
From whence at pleasure thou mayst come and part;
And even thence thou wilt be stol'n, I fear,
For truth proves thievish for a prize so dear.

XLIX.

Against that time, if ever that time come,
When I shall see thee frown on my defects,
When as thy love hath cast his utmost sum,
Call'd to that audit by advised respects;
Against that time when thou shalt strangely pass,
And scarcely greet me with that sun, thine eye,
When love, converted from the thing it was,
Shall reasons find of settled gravity;
Against that time do I ensconce me here
Within the knowledge of mine own desert,
And this my hand against myself uprear,
To guard the lawful reasons on thy part:
To leave poor me thou hast the strength of laws,
Since why to love I can allege no cause.

XLIX. 1 *come*] *comes* Ewing. 4 *Call'd*] *Cauld* Q.
3 *When as*] Q. *Whenas* Sewell (ed. 2). 10 *desert*] Gildon. *desart* Q.

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L.

How heavy do I journey on the way,
When what I seek, my weary travel's end,
Doth teach that ease and that repose to say,
'Thus far the miles are measured from thy friend!'
The beast that bears me, tired with my woe,
Plods dully on, to bear that weight in me,
As if by some instinct the wretch did know
His rider loved not speed, being made from thee:
The bloody spur cannot provoke him on
That sometimes anger thrusts into his hide;
Which heavily he answers with a groan,
More sharp to me than spurring to his side;
For that same groan doth put this in my mind;
My grief lies onward, and my joy behind.

LI.

Thus can my love excuse the slow offence
Of my dull bearer when from thee I speed:
From where thou art why should I haste me thence?
Till I return, of posting is no need.
O, what excuse will my poor beast then find,
When swift extremity can seem but slow?
Then should I spur, though mounted on the wind,
In winged speed no motion shall I know:
Then can no horse with my desire keep pace;
Therefore desire, of perfect'st love being made,
Shall neigh—no dull flesh—in his fiery race;

L. 4 '*Thus...friend!*'] Marked as a quotation first by Malone.
6 *dully*] ed. 1640. *duly* Q.
LI. 3 *thence?*] Gildon. *thence*, Q.
6 *slow?*] Gildon. *slow*, Q.
10 *perfect'st*] Dyce (1857). *perfects* Q. *perfect* Gildon.
11 *neigh—no dull flesh—*] *neigh (no dull flesh)* Malone. *naigh noe dull flesh* Q. *neigh to dull flesh*, Malone conj. Staunton conjectures that *neigh* is corrupt. *wait no dull flesh* Bulloch conj. *neigh, no dull flesh* Dowden. *need no dull flesh* Kinnear conj.

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But love, for love, thus shall excuse my jade;
Since from thee going he went wilful-slow,
Towards thee I'll run and give him leave to go.

LII.

So am I as the rich, whose blessed key
Can bring him to his sweet up-locked treasure,
The which he will not every hour survey,
For blunting the fine point of seldom pleasure.
Therefore are feasts so solemn and so rare,
Since, seldom coming, in the long year set,
Like stones of worth they thinly placed are,
Or captain jewels in the carcanet.
So is the time that keeps you as my chest,
Or as the wardrobe which the robe doth hide,
To make some special instant special blest,
By new unfolding his imprison'd pride.
Blessed are you, whose worthiness gives scope,
Being had, to triumph, being lack'd, to hope.

LIII.

What is your substance, whereof are you made,
That millions of strange shadows on you tend?
Since every one hath, every one, one shade,
And you, but one, can every shadow lend.
Describe Adonis, and the counterfeit
Is poorly imitated after you;
On Helen's cheek all art of beauty set,
And you in Grecian tires are painted new:

13 *wilful-slow*] Hyphened by Malone (1790).

LII. 4 *fine*] *fair* Ewing.

8 *carcanet*] Malone. *carconet* Q.

11 *special blest*] Hyphened by Malone.

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Speak of the spring and foison of the year,
The one doth shadow of your beauty show,
The other as your bounty doth appear;
And you in every blessed shape we know.
In all external grace you have some part,
But you like none, none you, for constant heart.

LIV.

O, how much more doth beauty beauteous seem
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
For that sweet odour which doth in it live.
The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye
As the perfumed tincture of the roses,
Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly
When summer's breath their masked buds discloses:
But, for their virtue only is their show,
They live unwoo'd and unrespected fade;
Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so;
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made:
And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
When that shall vade, by verse distills your truth.

LV.

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme;
But you shall shine more bright in these contents
Than unswept stone, besmear'd with sluttish time.
When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
And broils root out the work of masonry,

LIV. 8 *masked*] *mask'd* Ewing.
9 *virtue only is*] Q. *vertue onely in* ed. 1640. *vertue's only in* Gildon.
10 *unwoo'd*] *unmoov'd* ed. 1640. *unmov'd* Gildon.
14 *vade*] Q. *fade* Gildon.
by] *my* Malone (Capell MS.).
LV. 1 *monuments*] Malone. *monument* Q.

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Nor Mars his sword nor war's quick fire shall burn
The living record of your memory.
'Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity
Shall you pace forth; your praise shall still find room
Even in the eyes of all posterity
That wear this world out to the ending doom.
So, till the judgement that yourself arise,
You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

LVI.

Sweet love, renew thy force; be it not said
Thy edge should blunter be than appetite,
Which but to-day by feeding is allay'd,
To-morrow sharpen'd in his former might:
So, love, be thou; although to-day thou fill
Thy hungry eyes even till they wink with fulness,
To-morrow see again, and do not kill
The spirit of love with a perpetual dulness.
Let this sad interim like the ocean be
Which parts the shore, where two contracted new
Come daily to the banks, that, when they see
Return of love, more blest may be the view;
Or call it winter, which, being full of care,
Makes summer's welcome thrice more wish'd, more rare.

7 *Mars his*] Q. *Mars's* Sewell (ed. 2). *Marsis* Malone (1780).
7, 8 *burn The*] Gildon. *burne: The* Q.
9 *all-oblivious*] Hyphened by Malone.
12 *wear*] *weare* Q. *were* ed. 1640.
LVI. 3 *to-day*] Malone (Capell MS.). *too daie* Q.
allay'd] Malone (Capell MS.). *alaied* Q.
4 *sharpen'd*] Malone. *sharpned* Q.
5 *to-day*] Malone (Capell MS.). *to day* Lintott. *too daie* Q.
7 *To-morrow*] Malone (Capell MS.). *Too morrow* Q.
9 *interim*] Lintott. *Intrim* (in italics) Q.
10 *contracted new*] Hyphened by Hudson (1881).
11 *see*] Malone (Capell MS.). *see:* Q.
13 *Or*] Malone (Tyrwhitt conj. and Capell MS.). *As* Q. *Ah!* Anon. conj. *Else* Palgrave (Anon. conj.).

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LVII.

Being your slave, what should I do but tend
Upon the hours and times of your desire?
I have no precious time at all to spend,
Nor services to do, till you require.
Nor dare I chide the world-without-end hour
Whilst I, my sovereign, watch the clock for you,
Nor think the bitterness of absence sour
When you have bid your servant once adieu;
Nor dare I question with my jealous thought
Where you may be, or your affairs suppose,
But, like a sad slave, stay and think of nought
Save, where you are how happy you make those.
So true a fool is love that in your will,
Though you do any thing, he thinks no ill.

LVIII.

That god forbid that made me first your slave,
I should in thought control your times of pleasure,
Or at your hand the account of hours to crave,
Being your vassal, bound to stay your leisure!
O, let me suffer, being at your beck,
The imprison'd absence of your liberty;
And patience, tame to sufferance, bide each check,
Without accusing you of injury.

LVII. 5 *world-without-end hour*] Ewing (Capell MS.). *world-without-end-hour* Gildon. No hyphens in Q.
9 *jealous*] ed. 1640. *iealious* Q.
13 *will*] *Will* Q. '*Will*' Massey conj.

LVIII. 1 *god*] Dyce (1857). *God* Q.
7 *patience, tame to sufferance,*] Ewing. *patience tame, to sufferance* Q. *patience tame to sufferance;* Capell MS.

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Be where you list, your charter is so strong
That you yourself may privilege your time
To what you will; to you it doth belong
Yourself to pardon of self-doing crime.
I am to wait, though waiting so be hell,
Not blame your pleasure, be it ill or well.

LIX.

If there be nothing new, but that which is
Hath been before, how are our brains beguiled,
Which, labouring for invention, bear amiss
The second burthen of a former child!
O, that record could with a backward look,
Even of five hundred courses of the sun,
Show me your image in some antique book,
Since mind at first in character was done.
That I might see what the old world could say
To this composed wonder of your frame;
Whether we are mended, or whether better they,
Or whether revolution be the same.
O, sure I am, the wits of former days
To subjects worse have given admiring praise.

LX.

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,
So do our minutes hasten to their end;
Each changing place with that which goes before,
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.

10, 11 *time To what*] Q. *time: Do what* Malone.
LIX. 1 *there*] ed. 1640. *their* Q.
1, 2 *is Hath*] Gildon. *is, Hath* Q.
4 *burthen*] *burden* Ewing.
child?] *child?* Q.
6 *hundred*] Gildon. *hundreth* Q.
8 *mind*] *minde* Q. *mine* ed. 1640. *character*] ed. 1640. *carrecter* Q.
11 *we are*] *we're* Hudson (1881). *or whether*] Edd. (Globe ed.). *or where* Q. *or whe'r* Malone (Capell MS.).
LX. 1 *pebbled*] Ewing. *pibled* Q.
2 *minutes*] ed. 1640. *minuites* Q.

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Nativity, once in the main of light,
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,
Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
And Time that gave doth now his gift confound.
Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow,
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow:
And yet to times in hope my verse shall stand,
Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

LXI.

Is it thy will thy image should keep open
My heavy eyelids to the weary night?
Dost thou desire my slumbers should be broken,
While shadows like to thee do mock my sight?
Is it thy spirit that thou send'st from thee
So far from home into my deeds to pry,
To find out shames and idle hours in me,
The scope and tenour of thy jealousy?
O, no! thy love, though much, is not so great:
It is my love that keeps mine eye awake;
Mine own true love that doth my rest defeat,
To play the watchman ever for thy sake:
For thee watch I whilst thou dost wake elsewhere,
From me far off, with others all too near.

5 *light,*] Gildon. *light.* Q.
12 *scythe*] Ewing (Capell MS.). *sieth* Q. *sithe* ed. 1640.
13 *times in hope my*] *times in hope, my* Q. *Times, in hope, my* Sewell (ed. 2). *time's rebuke my* Anon. conj. *Time's wanhope my* Fleay conj. (Athen., 1874). *Time's own hour my* Bulloch conj.
LXI. 8 *tenour*] Malone (Capell MS.). *tenure* Q.
14 *off*] Gildon. *of* Q.
all too near] *all too neare* ed. 1640. *all to neere* Q. *all-too-near* Malone.

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LXII.

Sin of self-love possesseth all mine eye
And all my soul and all my every part;
And for this sin there is no remedy,
It is so grounded inward in my heart.
Methinks no face so gracious is as mine,
No shape so true, no truth of such account;
And for myself mine own worth do define,
As I all other in all worths surmount.
But when my glass shows me myself indeed,
Beated and chopp'd with tann'd antiquity,
Mine own self-love quite contrary I read;
Self so self-loving were iniquity.
'Tis thee, myself, that for myself I praise,
Painting my age with beauty of thy days.

LXIII.

Against my love shall be, as I am now,
With Time's injurious hand crush'd and o'erworn;
When hours have drain'd his blood and fill'd his brow
With lines and wrinkles; when his youthful morn
Hath travell'd on to age's steepy night,
And all those beauties whereof now he 's king
Are vanishing or vanish'd out of sight,
Stealing away the treasure of his spring;

LXII. 7 *for...do*] *for...so* S. Walker conj. *so...do* Hudson, 1881 (Lettsom conj.)
8 *As I all*] *I do all* Capell MS.
10 *Bэated*] *'Bated* Malone (1780). *flatter'd* Malone conj. (withdrawn). *Blasted* Steevens conj. *Beaten* Collier conj.
chopp'd] *chopt* Q. *chapp'd* Dyce.
tann'd] *tand* Q.
11 *self-love*] Gildon. *selfe-love* Lintott. *selfe love* ed. 1640. *felfe loue* Q.
12 *self-loving*] Hyphened by Gildon.
LXIII. 1 *Against*] *Aghast*, Bulloch conj.
2 *crush'd*] Gildon. *chrusht* Q. *frush'd* Steevens conj.
3 *fill'd*] *fild* Q. *fil'd* Anon. conj.
5 *travell'd*] *travel'd* Ewing (Capell MS.). *trauaild* Q.
steepy night] *sleepy night* Hudson, 1881 (Malone conj. withdrawn). *steepy height* Malone conj. (withdrawn).

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For such a time do I now fortify
Against confounding age's cruel knife,
That he shall never cut from memory
My sweet love's beauty, though my lover's life:
His beauty shall in these black lines be seen,
And they shall live, and he in them still green.

LXIV.

When I have seen by Time's fell hand defaced
The rich-proud cost of outworn buried age;
When sometime lofty towers I see down-razed,
And brass eternal slave to mortal rage;
When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,
And the firm soil win of the watery main,
Increasing store with loss and loss with store;
When I have seen such interchange of state,
Or state itself confounded to decay;
Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminate,
That Time will come and take my love away.
This thought is as a death, which cannot choose
But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

LXV.

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,
But sad mortality o'er-sways their power,
How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,
Whose action is no stronger than a flower?

LXIV. 1—3 *defaced...razed*] *defaced... rased* Q. *defac'd...razed* Gildon. *defac'd...raz'd* Sewell.
2 *rich-proud*] Hyphened by Malone.
3 *sometime*] *sometimes* Gildon.
down-razed] Hyphened by Malone.
10 *confounded to*] Malone. *confounded, to* Q.
14 *lose*] Ewing (Capell MS.). *loose* Q.
LXV. 3 *this*] *his* Malone conj.

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O, how shall summer's honey breath hold out
Against the wreckful siege of battering days,
When rocks impregnable are not so stout,
Nor gates of steel so strong, but Time decays?
O fearful meditation! where, alack,
Shall Time's best jewel from Time's chest lie hid?
Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back?
Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid?
O, none, unless this miracle have might,
That in black ink my love may still shine bright.

LXVI.

Tired with all these, for restful death I cry,
As, to behold desert a beggar born,
And needy nothing trimm'd in jollity,
And purest faith unhappily forsworn,
And gilded honour shamefully misplaced,
And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,
And right perfection wrongfully disgraced,
And strength by limping sway disabled,
And art made tongue-tied by authority,
And folly, doctor-like, controlling skill,
And simple truth miscall'd simplicity,
And captive good attending captain ill:
Tired with all these, from these would I be gone,
Save that, to die, I leave my love alone.

5 *honey*] Malone (Capell MS.). *hunny* Q. *hungry* ed. 1640.
6 *wreckful*] Ewing. *wrackfull* Q.
10 *chest*] *quest* Theobald conj. *theft* Orger conj.
11 *back?*] Malone. *back*, Q.
12 *of*] Malone. *or* Q. *o'er* Capell MS. *on* Gildon.
LXVI. 2 *born*] *lorn* Staunton conj. (Athen., 1874).
3 *needy*] *empty* or *heavy* Staunton conj. (Athen., 1874).
8 *disabled*] *dishabited* Bayne conj. (N. & Q., 1887). *discomforted* Anon. conj. (N. & Q., 1887).
11 *simple truth*] Gildon. Hyphened in Q.
12 *captive good*] Sewell. Hyphened in Q.

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LXVII.

Ah, wherefore with infection should he live
And with his presence grace impiety,
That sin by him advantage should achieve
And lace itself with his society?
Why should false painting imitate his cheek,
And steal dead seeing of his living hue?
Why should poor beauty indirectly seek
Roses of shadow, since his rose is true?
Why should he live, now Nature bankrupt is,
Beggar'd of blood to blush through lively veins?
For she hath no exchequer now but his,
And, proud of many, lives upon his gains.
O, him she stores, to show what wealth she had
In days long since, before these last so bad.

LXVIII.

Thus is his cheek the map of days outworn,
When beauty lived and died as flowers do now,
Before these bastard signs of fair were born,
Or durst inhabit on a living brow;
Before the golden tresses of the dead,
The right of sepulchres, were shorn away,
To live a second life on second head;
Ere beauty's dead fleece made another gay:
In him those holy antique hours are seen,
Without all ornament, itself and true,
Making no summer of another's green,
Robbing no old to dress his beauty new;
And him as for a map doth Nature store,
To show false Art what beauty was of yore.

LXVII. 6 *seeing*] *seeming* Capell MS. and Farmer conj. *essence* Bulloch conj.
9 *bankrupt*] Gildon. *banckrout* Q.
10—12 *veins?...gains.*] Gildon. *vaines ...gaines?* Q.
12 *proud*] *prov'd* Capell MS.
LXVIII. 3 *born*] Gildon. *borne* Q.
10 *itself*] *himself* Malone conj.
14 *false*] ed. 1640. *faulse* Q.

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LXIX.

Those parts of thee that the world's eye doth view
Want nothing that the thought of hearts can mend;
All tongues, the voice of souls, give thee that due,
Uttering bare truth, even so as foes commend.
Thy outward thus with outward praise is crown'd;
But those same tongues, that give thee so thine own,
In other accents do this praise confound
By seeing farther than the eye hath shown.
They look into the beauty of thy mind,
And that, in guess, they measure by thy deeds;
Then, churls, their thoughts, although their eyes were kind,
To thy fair flower add the rank smell of weeds:
But why thy odour matcheth not thy show,
The soil is this, that thou dost common grow.

LXX.

That thou art blamed shall not be thy defect,
For slander's mark was ever yet the fair;
The ornament of beauty is suspect,
A crow that flies in heaven's sweetest air.
So thou be good, slander doth but approve
Thy worth the greater, being woo'd of time;

LXIX. 3 *that due*] Malone (Capell MS. and Tyrwhitt conj.). *that end* Q. *thy due* Sewell (ed. 2).
5 *Thy*] Malone, 1780 (Capell MS.). *Their* Q. *Thine* Malone (1790).
8 *farther*] *further* Hudson (1881).
10 *thy*] *their* Anon. conj. MS.
11 *churls, their*] *churls their* Q. *their churl* Sewell (ed. 2).
13 *why thy*] *why? thy* Sewell. *why, thy* Capell MS.
14 *The soil*] Edd. (Capell MS. and Delius conj.). *The solye* Q. *The soyle* ed. 1640. *The toil* Gildon. *The solve* Malone. *The sole* Steevens conj. *The foil* Caldecott conj. MS. *Th' assoil* Anon. conj. See note (I). *dost*] Gildon. *doest* Q.

LXX. 1 *art*] ed. 1640. *are* Q.
6 *Thy*] Malone (Capell MS.). *Their* Q. *woo'd of time*] *void of crime* Malone conj. (withdrawn). *wood oftime* Anon. ap. Malone conj. *weigh'd of time* Delius conj. *woo'd of crime* Staunton conj. See note (II).

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For canker vice the sweetest buds doth love,
And thou present'st a pure unstained prime.
Thou hast pass'd by the ambush of young days,
Either not assail'd, or victor being charged;
Yet this thy praise cannot be so thy praise,
To tie up envy evermore enlarged:
If some suspect of ill mask'd not thy show,
Then thou alone kingdoms of hearts shouldst owe.

LXXI.

No longer mourn for me when I am dead
Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell:
Nay, if you read this line, remember not
The hand that writ it; for I love you so,
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
If thinking on me then should make you woe.
O, if, I say, you look upon this verse
When I perhaps compounded am with clay,
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse,
But let your love even with my life decay;
Lest the wise world should look into your moan,
And mock you with me after I am gone.

LXXII.

O, lest the world should task you to recite
What merit lived in me, that you should love

8 *unstained*] *vnstayined* Q.
10—12 *charged...enlarged*] *charg'd... inlarged* Q.
13 *ill mask'd*] *ill maskt* Q. *ill maske* ed. 1640. *ill mask* Gildon. *ill, mask* Sewell.
LXXI. 2 *Than*] Malone. *Then* Q. *When* Sewell.
4 *vilest*] Gildon. *vildest* Q.
LXXII. 2, 3 *love After my death, dear love,*] *love After my death* (*deare love*) Q. *love; After my death* (*dear love*) Gildon. *love After my death,—dear love,* Malone (1790).

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After my death, dear love, forget me quite,
For you in me can nothing worthy prove;
Unless you would devise some virtuous lie,
To do more for me than mine own desert,
And hang more praise upon deceased I
Than niggard truth would willingly impart:
O, lest your true love may seem false in this,
That you for love speak well of me untrue,
My name be buried where my body is,
And live no more to shame nor me nor you.
For I am shamed by that which I bring forth,
And so should you, to love things nothing worth.

LXXIII.

That time of year thou mayst in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.
In me thou see'st the twilight of such day
As after sunset fadeth in the west;
Which by and by black night doth take away,
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.
In me thou see'st the glowing of such fire,
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
As the death-bed whereon it must expire,
Consumed with that which it was nourish'd by.
This thou perceivest, which makes thy love more strong,
To love that well which thou must leave ere long.

9 *false*] *falce* Q.

LXXIII. 4 *Bare ruin'd choirs*] *Bare ruin'd quires* ed. 1640. *Bare rn'wd quiers* Q. *Barren'wd quiers* Lintott. *Barren'd of quires* Capell MS.

5 *twilight*] *twi-light* Q. *twi-lights* ed. 1640.

13 *This*] *Tis* ed. 1640. *'Tis* Gildon.

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LXXIV.

But be contented: when that fell arrest
Without all bail shall carry me away,
My life hath in this line some interest,
Which for memorial still with thee shall stay.
When thou reviewest this, thou dost review
The very part was consecrate to thee:
The earth can have but earth, which is his due;
My spirit is thine, the better part of me:
So then thou hast but lost the dregs of life,
The prey of worms, my body being dead;
The coward conquest of a wretch's knife,
Too base of thee to be remembered.
The worth of that is that which it contains,
And that is this, and this with thee remains.

LXXV.

So are you to my thoughts as food to life,
Or as sweet-season'd showers are to the ground;
And for the peace of you I hold such strife
As 'twixt a miser and his wealth is found;
Now proud as an enjoyer, and anon
Doubting the filching age will steal his treasure;
Now counting best to be with you alone,
Then better'd that the world may see my pleasure:
Sometime all full with feasting on your sight,
And by and by clean starved for a look;

LXXIV. 1 *contented: when*] Malone. *contented, when* Sewell. *contented when* Q.
10 *prey*] ed. 1640. *pray* Q.
11 *wretch's*] Gildon. *wretches* Q.
12 *Too*] Gildon. *To* Q.
remembered] Sewell (ed. 1). *remembred* Q.

LXXV. 2 *sweet-season'd*] Hyphened by Malone.
showers] Lintott. *shewers* Q.
3 *peace*] *price* or *sake* Malone conj. *prize* Staunton conj. (Athen., 1873).
8 *better'd*] *better* Isaac conj. (in Dowden).

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Possessing or pursuing no delight,
Save what is had or must from you be took.
Thus do I pine and surfeit day by day,
Or gluttoning on all, or all away.

LXXVI.

Why is my verse so barren of new pride,
So far from variation or quick change?
Why with the time do I not glance aside
To new-found methods and to compounds strange?
Why write I still all one, ever the same,
And keep invention in a noted weed,
That every word doth almost tell my name,
Showing their birth and where they did proceed?
O, know, sweet love, I always write of you,
And you and love are still my argument;
So all my best is dressing old words new,
Spending again what is already spent:
For as the sun is daily new and old,
So is my love still telling what is told.

LXXVII.

Thy glass will show thee how thy beauties wear,
Thy dial how thy precious minutes waste;
The vacant leaves thy mind's imprint will bear,
And of this book this learning mayst thou taste.

14 *all away.*] Lintott. *all away,* Q. *all away!* Steevens conj. *fall away.* Malone conj. (withdrawn).

LXXVI. 1 *pride,*] Collier. *pride?* Q.
4 *new-found*] Hyphened by Malone.
7 *tell*] Malone (Capell MS.). *fel* Q. *fell* Lintott. *spell* Nicholson conj.
8 *where*] *whence* Hudson, 1881 (Capell MS.).

LXXVII. 1 *wear*] Sewell. *were* Q.
2 *minutes*] ed. 1640. *mynuits* Q.
3 *The*] *These* Capell MS. and Malone conj.
4 *this book*] *thy book* Malone conj.

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The wrinkles which thy glass will truly show
Of mouthed graves will give thee memory;
Thou by thy dial's shady stealth mayst know
Time's thievish progress to eternity.
Look, what thy memory cannot contain
Commit to these waste blanks, and thou shalt find
Those children nursed, deliver'd from thy brain,
To take a new acquaintance of thy mind.
These offices, so oft as thou wilt look,
Shall profit thee and much enrich thy book.

LXXVIII.

So oft have I invoked thee for my Muse
And found such fair assistance in my verse
As every alien pen hath got my use
And under thee their poesy disperse.
Thine eyes, that taught the dumb on high to sing
And heavy ignorance aloft to fly,
Have added feathers to the learned's wing
And given grace a double majesty.
Yet be most proud of that which I compile,
Whose influence is thine and born of thee:
In others' works thou dost but mend the style,
And arts with thy sweet graces graced be;
But thou art all my art, and dost advance
As high as learning my rude ignorance.

6 *thee*] *the* ed. 1640.
10 *blanks*] Malone (Theobald conj. and Capell MS.). *blacks* Q.
11 *deliver'd*] *deliverd* Q. *delivered* ed. 1640.
13, 14 *These...book.*] See note (III).
13 *so oft*] *so soft* Malone, 1780 (a misprint).
14 *thy book*] *my book* Capell MS.
LXXVIII. 3 *alien*] *Alien* Q (in italics).
6 *fly*] *flee* Q (Bridgewater Library).
7 *learned's*] Gildon. *learneds* Q. *learnedst* Anon. conj.
10 *born*] Gildon. *borne* Q.

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LXXIX.

Whilst I alone did call upon thy aid,
My verse alone had all thy gentle grace;
But now my gracious numbers are decay'd,
And my sick Muse doth give another place.
I grant, sweet love, thy lovely argument
Deserves the travail of a worthier pen;
Yet what of thee thy poet doth invent
He robs thee of, and pays it thee again.
He lends thee virtue, and he stole that word
From thy behaviour; beauty doth he give,
And found it in thy cheek: he can afford
No praise to thee but what in thee doth live.
Then thank him not for that which he doth say,
Since what he owes thee thou thyself dost pay.

LXXX.

O, how I faint when I of you do write,
Knowing a better spirit doth use your name,
And in the praise thereof spends all his might,
To make me tongue-tied, speaking of your fame!
But since your worth, wide as the ocean is,
The humble as the proudest sail doth bear,
My saucy bark, inferior far to his,
On your broad main doth wilfully appear.
Your shallowest help will hold me up afloat,
Whilst he upon your soundless deep doth ride;

LXXIX. 6 *travail*] *travell* ed. 1640. *travel* Gildon.
9 *word*] Sewell. *word*, Q. *word.* ed. 1640.
10 *behaviour;*] Malone. *behauiour*, Q. *behaviour.* Gildon.
LXXX. 6 *humble*] *humblest* Anon. conj.
7 *saucy*] Gildon. *sawsie* Q.
9 *afloat*] *a-float* Sewell. *a floate* Q.

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Or, being wreck'd, I am a worthless boat,
He of tall building and of goodly pride:
Then if he thrive and I be cast away,
The worst was this; my love was my decay.

LXXXI.

Or I shall live your epitaph to make,
Or you survive when I in earth am rotten;
From hence your memory death cannot take,
Although in me each part will be forgotten.
Your name from hence immortal life shall have,
Though I, once gone, to all the world must die:
The earth can yield me but a common grave,
When you entombed in men's eyes shall lie.
Your monument shall be my gentle verse,
Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-read;
And tongues to be your being shall rehearse,
When all the breathers of this world are dead;
You still shall live—such virtue hath my pen—
Where breath most breathes, even in the mouths of men.

LXXXII.

I grant thou wert not married to my Muse,
And therefore mayst without attaint o'erlook
The dedicated words which writers use
Of their fair subject, blessing every book.
Thou art as fair in knowledge as in hue,
Finding thy worth a limit past my praise;

11 *wreck'd*] Sewell (ed. 2). *wrackt* Q. *boat*] *boate* ed. 1640. *bote* Q.

LXXXI. 1, 2 *Or I shall...make,...rotten;*] *Or shall I...make?...rotten?* Gildon.

1 *Or*] *Whe'r* Staunton conj. (Athen., 1874).

10—12 *o'er-read;...rehearse,.....dead;*] *o'er-read,...rehearse;...dead,* S. Walker conj.

14 *breathes*] Sewell. *breaths* Q. *kills* Staunton conj.

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And therefore art enforced to seek anew
Some fresher stamp of the time-bettering days.
And do so, love; yet when they have devised
What strained touches rhetoric can lend,
Thou truly fair wert truly sympathized
In true plain words by thy true-telling friend;
And their gross painting might be better used
Where cheeks need blood; in thee it is abused.

LXXXIII.

I never saw that you did painting need,
And therefore to your fair no painting set;
I found, or thought I found, you did exceed
The barren tender of a poet's debt:
And therefore have I slept in your report,
That you yourself, being extant, well might show
How far a modern quill doth come too short,
Speaking of worth, what worth in you doth grow.
This silence for my sin you did impute,
Which shall be most my glory, being dumb;
For I impair not beauty being mute,
When others would give life and bring a tomb.
There lives more life in one of your fair eyes
Than both your poets can in praise devise.

LXXXII. 8 *time-bettering*] Hyphened by Gildon. *time's bettering* Capell MS.
12 *true plain*] *true-plain* Dyce, ed. 2 (S. Walker conj.).
true-telling] Hyphened by Sewell (ed. 1).
LXXXIII. 2 *your fair*] *you fair* Sewell.
7 *too*] Gildon. *to* Q.
8 *what*] *that* Malone conj. *which* Massey conj. (withdrawn).
9 *for*] *of* ed. 1640.
10 *being*] *thinking* or *praising* Staunton conj. (Athen., 1874).
13 *There*] *Their* Malone, 1780 and 1790 (a misprint).

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LXXXIV.

Who is it that says most? which can say more
Than this rich praise, that you alone are you?
In whose confine immured is the store
Which should example where your equal grew.
Lean penury within that pen doth dwell
That to his subject lends not some small glory;
But he that writes of you, if he can tell
That you are you, so dignifies his story.
Let him but copy what in you is writ,
Not making worse what nature made so clear,
And such a counterpart shall fame his wit,
Making his style admired every where.
You to your beauteous blessings add a curse,
Being fond on praise, which makes your praises worse.

LXXXV.

My tongue-tied Muse in manners holds her still,
While comments of your praise, richly compiled,
Reserve their character with golden quill,
And precious phrase by all the Muses filed.
I think good thoughts, whilst other write good words,
And, like unletter'd clerk, still cry 'Amen'
To every hymn that able spirit affords,
In polish'd form of well refined pen.

LXXXIV. 1, 2 *most?...you?*] Pointed as by Malone. *most,...you,* Q. *most,... you?* Gildon.
2 *are*] *art* ed. 1640.
4 *grew.*] *grew?* Staunton conj. (Athen., 1874).
8 *story.*] Q. *story,* Lintott.
10 *worse*] *gross* Staunton conj. (Athen., 1874).
12 *his style*] *his stile* Q. *his still* ed. 1640. *him still* Gildon. *admired*] *admir'd* Gildon.
13 *beauteous blessings*] *beauteous blessing* Gildon. *bounteous blessings* ed. 1806.
14 *on*] *of* Gildon.

LXXXV. 3 *Reserve their*] *Rehearse thy* Tylor (Anon. conj. MS.). *Rehearse your* Anon. conj. MS. *Reserve your* Anon. conj. MS. *Preserve their* Burgon conj. MS. *Deserve their* Dowden conj.
4 *filed*] *fil'd* Q. *fill'd* Gildon.
5 *other*] *others* Sewell.
6 *unletter'd*] Gildon. *vnlettered* Q.
7 *hymn*] *Himne* Q. *line* Massey conj.

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Hearing you praised, I say 'Tis so, 'tis true,'
And to the most of praise add something more;
But that is in my thought, whose love to you,
Though words come hindmost, holds his rank before.
Then others for the breath of words respect,
Me for my dumb thoughts, speaking in effect.

LXXXVI.

Was it the proud full sail of his great verse,
Bound for the prize of all too precious you,
That did my ripe thoughts in my brain inhearse,
Making their tomb the womb wherein they grew?
Was it his spirit, by spirits taught to write
Above a mortal pitch, that struck me dead?
No, neither he, nor his compeers by night
Giving him aid, my verse astonished.
He, nor that affable familiar ghost
Which nightly gulls him with intelligence,
As victors, of my silence cannot boast;
I was not sick of any fear from thence:
But when your countenance fill'd up his line,
Then lack'd I matter; that enfeebled mine.

LXXXVII.

Farewell! thou art too dear for my possessing,
And like enough thou know'st thy estimate:
The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing;
My bonds in thee are all determinate.

LXXXVI. 1 *proud full*] *proudfull* Sewell.
2 *all too precious*] (*all to precious*) Q. (*all too precious*) Gildon. (*all-too-precious*) Ewing. *all-too-precious* Dyce.
3 *did*] *bid* ed. 1830. *inhearse*] *inhearce* Q.
7 *compeers*] Gildon. *compiers* Q.
9 *affable familiar*] *affable-familiar* S. Walker conj.
11 *victors, of*] Sewell (ed. 2). *victors of* Q.
13 *fill'd*] Gildon. *fild* Q. *fil'd* Malone.

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For how do I hold thee but by thy granting?
And for that riches where is my deserving?
The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,
And so my patent back again is swerving.
Thyself thou gavest, thy own worth then not knowing,
Or me, to whom thou gavest it, else mistaking;
So thy great gift, upon misprision growing,
Comes home again, on better judgement making.
Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth flatter,
In sleep a king, but waking no such matter.

LXXXVIII.

When thou shalt be disposed to set me light,
And place my merit in the eye of scorn,
Upon thy side against myself I'll fight,
And prove thee virtuous, though thou art forsworn.
With mine own weakness being best acquainted,
Upon thy part I can set down a story
Of faults conceal'd, wherein I am attainted;
That thou in losing me shalt win much glory:
And I by this will be a gainer too;
For bending all my loving thoughts on thee,
The injuries that to myself I do,
Doing thee vantage, double-vantage me.
Such is my love, to thee I so belong,
That for thy right myself will bear all wrong.

LXXXIX.

Say that thou didst forsake me for some fault,
And I will comment upon that offence:

LXXXVII. 5 *granting?*] Malone. *granting*, Q.
8 *patent*] Sewell. *pattent* Q. *patient* Boswell conj.
LXXXVIII. 1 *disposed*] *dispos'd* ed. 1640. *dispode* Q.
3 *myself*] *thy selfe* ed. 1640.
8 *losing*] Sewell. *loosing* Q.
shalt] Sewell. *shall* Q.
12 *double-vantage*] Hyphened by Malone (Capell MS.). *duble vantage* Q.

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Speak of my lameness, and I straight will halt,
Against thy reasons making no defence.
Thou canst not, love, disgrace me half so ill,
To set a form upon desired change,
As I'll myself disgrace; knowing thy will,
I will acquaintance strangle and look strange;
Be absent from thy walks; and in my tongue
Thy sweet beloved name no more shall dwell,
Lest I, too much profane, should do it wrong,
And haply of our old acquaintance tell.
For thee, against myself I'll vow debate,
For I must ne'er love him whom thou dost hate.

XC.

Then hate me when thou wilt; if ever, now;
Now, while the world is bent my deeds to cross,
Join with the spite of fortune, make me bow,
And do not drop in for an after-loss:
Ah, do not, when my heart hath 'scaped this sorrow,
Come in the rearward of a conquer'd woe;
Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,
To linger out a purposed overthrow.
If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last,
When other petty griefs have done their spite,
But in the onset come: so shall I taste
At first the very worst of fortune's might;
And other strains of woe, which now seem woe,
Compared with loss of thee will not seem so.

LXXXIX. 7 *disgrace;...will,*] Pointed as by Gildon. *disgrace,...wil,* Q.
9 *walks;...tongue*] Pointed as by Malone. *walkes and...tongue,* Q. *walkes, ...tongue,* Lintott.
10 *sweet beloved*] Hyphened by Malone.

XC. 4 *after-loss*] Hyphened by Sewell.
6 *conquer'd*] *conquerd* Q. *conquered* ed. 1640.
woe] *foe* Palgrave conj.
11 *shall*] ed. 1640. *stall* Q.

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XCI.

Some glory in their birth, some in their skill,
Some in their wealth, some in their body's force;
Some in their garments, though new-fangled ill;
Some in their hawks and hounds, some in their horse;
And every humour hath his adjunct pleasure,
Wherein it finds a joy above the rest:
But these particulars are not my measure;
All these I better in one general best.
Thy love is better than high birth to me,
Richer than wealth, prouder than garments' cost,
Of more delight than hawks or horses be;
And having thee, of all men's pride I boast:
Wretched in this alone, that thou mayst take
All this away and me most wretched make.

XCII.

But do thy worst to steal thyself away,
For term of life thou art assured mine;
And life no longer than thy love will stay,
For it depends upon that love of thine.
Then need I not to fear the worst of wrongs,
When in the least of them my life hath end.
I see a better state to me belongs
Than that which on thy humour doth depend:
Thou canst not vex me with inconstant mind,
Since that my life on thy revolt doth lie.
O, what a happy title do I find,
Happy to have thy love, happy to die!

XCI. 2 *body's*] Malone (Capell MS.). *bodies* Q. *bodies'* Dyce (ed. 2).
4 *horse*] *horse'* Hudson (1881).
9 *is better*] ed. 1640. *is bitter* Q.
XCII. 3, 8 *thy*] *my* ed. 1640.

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But what 's so blessed-fair that fears no blot?
Thou mayst be false, and yet I know it not.

XCIII.

So shall I live, supposing thou art true,
Like a deceived husband; so love's face
May still seem love to me, though alter'd new;
Thy looks with me, thy heart in other place:
For there can live no hatred in thine eye,
Therefore in that I cannot know thy change.
In many's looks the false heart's history
Is writ in moods and frowns and wrinkles strange,
But heaven in thy creation did decree
That in thy face sweet love should ever dwell;
Whate'er thy thoughts or thy heart's workings be,
Thy looks should nothing thence but sweetness tell.
How like Eve's apple doth thy beauty grow,
If thy sweet virtue answer not thy show!

XCIV.

They that have power to hurt and will do none,
That do not do the thing they most do show,
Who, moving others, are themselves as stone,
Unmoved, cold and to temptation slow;
They rightly do inherit heaven's graces
And husband nature's riches from expense;

13 *what's*] Lintott and Gildon. *whats* Q.
blessed-fair] Hyphened by Malone.
blot?] Gildon. *blot*, Q.
14 *false*] *falce* Q.
not.] *not:* Malone.
XCIII. 3 *alter'd new*] *alter'd-new* Malone.
5 *there*] Gildon. *their* Q.
7 *many's*] Malone (Capell MS.). *manies* Q. *many* ed. 1806.
false] *falce* Q.
11 *Whate'er*] Gildon. *What ere* Q. *What are* Lintott.
13 *Eve's*] Sewell. *Eaues* Q (in italics). *Eves* ed. 1640.
14 *show!*] Ewing. *show.* Q. *show?* Sewell.
XCIV. 4 *Unmoved, cold*] *Unmov'd, cold*, Gildon. Hyphened in Capell MS.
cold] ed. 1640. *could* Q.

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They are the lords and owners of their faces,
Others but stewards of their excellence.
The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,
Though to itself it only live and die,
But if that flower with base infection meet,
The basest weed outbraves his dignity:
For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds;
Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.

XCV.

How sweet and lovely dost thou make the shame
Which, like a canker in the fragrant rose,
Doth spot the beauty of thy budding name!
O, in what sweets dost thou thy sins inclose!
That tongue that tells the story of thy days,
Making lascivious comments on thy sport,
Cannot dispraise but in a kind of praise;
Naming thy name blesses an ill report.
O, what a mansion have those vices got
Which for their habitation chose out thee,
Where beauty's veil doth cover every blot
And all things turn to fair that eyes can see!
Take heed, dear heart, of this large privilege;
The hardest knife ill used doth lose his edge.

XCVI.

Some say, thy fault is youth, some wantonness;
Some say, thy grace is youth and gentle sport;

11 *base*] *foul* Staunton conj. (Athen., 1874).
12 *basest*] *barest* S. Walker conj.
XCV. 3 *name!*] Knight. *name?* Q.
7, 8 *dispraise but...praise;.....name*] Pointed as by Malone. *dispraise,...praise,...name,* Q. *dispraise;...praise, ...name,* Sewell.
10 *chose*] *choose* ed. 1640. *chuse* Sewell (ed. 2).
12 *turn*] Sewell. *turnes* Q.
14 *lose*] Gildon. *loose* Q.

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Both grace and faults are loved of more and less:
Thou makest faults graces that to thee resort.
As on the finger of a throned queen
The basest jewel will be well esteem'd,
So are those errors that in thee are seen
To truths translated and for true things deem'd.
How many lambs might the stern wolf betray,
If like a lamb he could his looks translate!
How many gazers mightst thou lead away,
If thou wouldst use the strength of all thy state!
But do not so; I love thee in such sort,
As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

XCVII.

How like a winter hath my absence been
From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year!
What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen!
What old December's bareness every where!
And yet this time removed was summer's time;
The teeming autumn, big with rich increase,
Bearing the wanton burthen of the prime,
Like widowed wombs after their lords' decease:
Yet this abundant issue seem'd to me
But hope of orphans and unfather'd fruit;

XCVI. 10 *translate!*] Malone. *translate.* Q. *translate?* Capell MS.
11 *mightst*] Lintott. *might* Q.
12 *state!*] Malone. *state?* Q.
XCVII. 2 *year!*] Gildon. *yeare?* Q.
3 *seen!*] Dyce. *seene?* Q.
4 *where!*] Malone. *where?* Q.
6 *The*] *And* Capell MS. *Then* Isaac conj. (in Dowden).
7 *burthen*] *burden* Sewell.
8 *widowed*] *widdowed* Q. *widow'd* Gildon.
lords'] Malone (Capell MS.). *lords* Q. *lord's* Gildon.
10 *hope*] *crop* Staunton conj. (Athen., 1874).
unfather'd] *un-father'd* Gildon. *vnfathered* Q.

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For summer and his pleasures wait on thee,
And, thou away, the very birds are mute;
Or, if they sing, 'tis with so dull a cheer
That leaves look pale, dreading the winter's near.

XCVIII.

From you have I been absent in the spring,
When proud-pied April, dress'd in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing,
That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leap'd with him.
Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell
Of different flowers in odour and in hue,
Could make me any summer's story tell,
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew:
Nor did I wonder at the lily's white,
Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose;
They were but sweet, but figures of delight,
Drawn after you, you pattern of all those.
Yet seem'd it winter still, and, you away,
As with your shadow I with these did play.

XCIX.

The forward violet thus did I chide:
Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy sweet that smells,
If not from my love's breath? The purple pride
Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells

14 *winter's*] Sewell (ed. 2). *winters* Q.
XCVIII. 2 *proud-pied*] Hyphened in Ewing.
3 *thing,*] Sewell (ed. 2). *thing:* Q.
9 *lily's*] Collier. *lilly's* Capell MS. *lillies* Q.
11 *were*] ed. 1640. *weare* Q.
were but sweet, but figures] *were, my sweet, but figures* Malone conj. *were but fleeting figures* Hudson, 1881 (Lettsom conj.). *but cunning figures* Hudson conj. (withdrawn).
delight,] Gildon. *delight:* Q.
14 *play.*] *play:* Malone.
XCIX. 3 *breath?*] Gildon. *breath,* Q.
4 *dwells*] Gildon. *dwells?* Q.

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In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dyed.
The lily I condemned for thy hand,
And buds of marjoram had stol'n thy hair;
The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,
One blushing shame, another white despair;
A third, nor red nor white, had stol'n of both,
And to his robbery had annex'd thy breath;
But, for his theft, in pride of all his growth
A vengeful canker eat him up to death.
More flowers I noted, yet I none could see
But sweet or colour it had stol'n from thee.

C.

Where art thou, Muse, that thou forget'st so long
To speak of that which gives thee all thy might?
Spend'st thou thy fury on some worthless song,
Darkening thy power to lend base subjects light?
Return, forgetful Muse, and straight redeem
In gentle numbers time so idly spent;
Sing to the ear that doth thy lays esteem
And gives thy pen both skill and argument.
Rise, resty Muse, my love's sweet face survey,
If Time have any wrinkle graven there;
If any, be a satire to decay,
And make Time's spoils despised every where.
Give my love fame faster than Time wastes life;
So thou prevent'st his scythe and crooked knife.

5 *dyed*] *dy'd* Gildon. *died* Q.
7 *marjoram*] Sewell. *marierom* Q. *marjerom* ed. 1640.
9 *One*] Sewell. *Our* Q.
15 *sweet*] *scent* S. Walker conj. *colour*] ed. 1640. *culler* Q.
c. 4 *light?*] Gildon. *light.* Q.
8 *gives*] Q. *give* ed. 1640.
9 *resty*] *restive* Malone.
10 *have*] *hath* Gildon.
14 *prevent'st*] Gildon. *preuenst* Q. *scythe*] Ewing (Capell MS.). *scithe* Sewell. *sieth* Q. *sithe* ed. 1640.

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CI.

O truant Muse, what shall be thy amends
For thy neglect of truth in beauty dyed?
Both truth and beauty on my love depends;
So dost thou too, and therein dignified.
Make answer, Muse: wilt thou not haply say,
'Truth needs no colour, with his colour fix'd;
Beauty no pencil, beauty's truth to lay;
But best is best, if never intermix'd'?
Because he needs no praise, wilt thou be dumb?
Excuse not silence so, for 't lies in thee
To make him much outlive a gilded tomb
And to be praised of ages yet to be.
Then do thy office, Muse; I teach thee how
To make him seem long hence as he shows now.

CII.

My love is strengthen'd, though more weak in seeming;
I love not less, though less the show appear:
That love is merchandized whose rich esteeming
The owner's tongue doth publish every where.
Our love was new, and then but in the spring,
When I was wont to greet it with my lays;
As Philomel in summer's front doth sing,
And stops her pipe in growth of riper days:
Not that the summer is less pleasant now
Than when her mournful hymns did hush the night,

CI. 2 *dyed*] *dy'd* Gildon. *di'd* Q.
3 *Both*] *But* ed. 1640.
6—8 *'Truth.....intermix'd'?*] First printed as a quotation by Malone.
8 *intermix'd?*] Malone. *intermixt.* Q.
10 *for 't*] *for it* Malone.
11 *him*] *her* ed. 1640.
14 *him...he*] *her...she* ed. 1640.
CII. 1 *strengthen'd*] Malone. *strengthned* Q.
seeming;] Gildon. *seeming* Q.
3 *merchandized*] *marchandis'd* Q.
8 *her*] Housman. *his* Q.

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But that wild music burthens every bough,
And sweets grown common lose their dear delight.
Therefore, like her, I sometime hold my tongue,
Because I would not dull you with my song.

CIII.

Alack, what poverty my Muse brings forth,
That having such a scope to show her pride,
The argument, all bare, is of more worth
Than when it hath my added praise beside!
O, blame me not, if I no more can write!
Look in your glass, and there appears a face
That over-goes my blunt invention quite,
Dulling my lines and doing me disgrace.
Were it not sinful then, striving to mend,
To mar the subject that before was well?
For to no other pass my verses tend
Than of your graces and your gifts to tell;
And more, much more, than in my verse can sit,
Your own glass shows you when you look in it.

CIV.

To me, fair friend, you never can be old,
For as you were when first your eye I eyed,
Such seems your beauty still. Three winters cold
Have from the forests shook three summers' pride,
Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn turn'd
In process of the seasons have I seen,

11 *burthens*] *burdens* Sewell. *bough*] Gildon. *bow* Q.
12 *lose*] Gildon. *loose* Q.
CIII. 10 *well?*] Lintott and Gildon. *well*, Q.
13 *sit*] *fit* Delius conj.
CIV. 1 *friend*] Q. *love* ed. 1640.
3, 4 *winters...summers*'] Malone (Capell MS.). *winters.....summers* Q. *winters'...summers'* Dyce (1857).
5 *autumn*] *Autumne* Q (in italics). *autumns* Anon. conj.

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Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burn'd,
Since first I saw you fresh, which yet are green.
Ah, yet doth beauty, like a dial-hand,
Steal from his figure, and no pace perceived;
So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth stand,
Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceived:
For fear of which, hear this, thou age unbred;
Ere you were born was beauty's summer dead.

CV.

Let not my love be call'd idolatry,
Nor my beloved as an idol show,
Since all alike my songs and praises be
To one, of one, still such, and ever so.
Kind is my love to-day, to-morrow kind,
Still constant in a wondrous excellence;
Therefore my verse to constancy confined,
One thing expressing, leaves out difference.
'Fair, kind, and true,' is all my argument,
'Fair, kind, and true,' varying to other words;
And in this change is my invention spent,
Three themes in one, which wondrous scope affords.
'Fair, kind, and true,' have often lived alone,
Which three till now never kept seat in one.

CVI.

When in the chronicle of wasted time
I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
And beauty making beautiful old rhyme
In praise of ladies dead and lovely knights,

9 *dial-hand*] Hyphened by Gildon.
10 *pace*] *place* ed. 1640.
perceived] *perceiu'd* Q.
12 *deceived*] *deceiv'd* Gildon. *deceaued* Q.
14 *beauty's*] *beatties* ed. 1640.

CV. 1 *be*] *by* Gildon.
2 *idol*] *Idoll* Q. *idle* ed. 1806.
10 *varying*] Gildon. *varrying* Q.
14 *never kept seat*] *never sate* Gildon. *have never sate* Sewell.

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Then, in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
I see their antique pen would have express'd
Even such a beauty as you master now.
So all their praises are but prophecies
Of this our time, all you prefiguring;
And, for they look'd but with divining eyes,
They had not skill enough your worth to sing:
For we, which now behold these present days,
Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

CVII.

Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul
Of the wide world dreaming on things to come,
Can yet the lease of my true love control,
Supposed as forfeit to a confined doom.
The mortal moon hath her eclipse endured,
And the sad augurs mock their own presage;
Incertainties now crown themselves assured,
And peace proclaims olives of endless age.
Now with the drops of this most balmy time
My love looks fresh, and Death to me subscribes,
Since, spite of him, I'll live in this poor rhyme,
While he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes:
And thou in this shalt find thy monument,
When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are spent.

CVIII.

What's in the brain, that ink may character,
Which hath not figured to thee my true spirit?
What's new to speak, what new to register,
That may express my love, or thy dear merit?

CVI. 12 *skill*] Malone (Tyrwhitt conj. and Capell MS.). *still* Q.
CVII. 11 *rhyme*] *rime* Q. *time* Lintott.
CVIII. 2 *spirit?*] Gildon. *spirit*, Q.
3 *new...new*] Malone. *new...now* Q. *now...now* S. Walker conj.

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Nothing, sweet boy; but yet, like prayers divine,
I must each day say o'er the very same;
Counting no old thing old, thou mine, I thine,
Even as when first I hallowed thy fair name.
So that eternal love in love's fresh case
Weighs not the dust and injury of age,
Nor gives to necessary wrinkles place,
But makes antiquity for aye his page;
Finding the first conceit of love there bred,
Where time and outward form would show it dead.

CIX.

O, never say that I was false of heart,
Though absence seem'd my flame to qualify.
As easy might I from myself depart
As from my soul, which in thy breast doth lie:
That is my home of love: if I have ranged,
Like him that travels, I return again;
Just to the time, not with the time exchanged,
So that myself bring water for my stain.
Never believe, though in my nature reign'd
All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood,
That it could so preposterously be stain'd,
To leave for nothing all thy sum of good;
For nothing this wide universe I call,
Save thou, my rose; in it thou art my all.

CX.

Alas, 'tis true I have gone here and there,
And made myself a motley to the view,

5 *sweet boy*] Q. *sweet-love* ed. 1640.
8 *hallowed*] Q. *hallow'd* Gildon.
10 *injury*] *injuriés* ed. 1640.
CIX. 11 *stain'd*] *strain'd* Staunton conj. (Athen., 1874).

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Gored mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most dear,
Made old offences of affections new;
Most true it is that I have look'd on truth
Askance and strangely: but, by all above,
These blenches gave my heart another youth,
And worse essays proved thee my best of love.
Now all is done, have what shall have no end:
Mine appetite I never more will grind
On newer proof, to try an older friend,
A god in love, to whom I am confined.
Then give me welcome, next my heaven the best,
Even to thy pure and most most loving breast.

CXI.

O, for my sake do you with Fortune chide,
The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
That did not better for my life provide
Than public means which public manners breeds.
Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,
And almost thence my nature is subdued
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand:
Pity me then and wish I were renew'd;
Whilst, like a willing patient, I will drink
Potions of eisel 'gainst my strong infection;
No bitterness that I will bitter think,
Nor double penance, to correct correction.
Pity me then, dear friend, and I assure ye
Even that your pity is enough to cure me.

CX. 6 *Askance*] Ewing. *Ascance* Sewell. *Asconce* Q.
8 *essays*] *essaies* Q. *assaies* ed. 1640.
9 *have what*] *save what* Malone (Tyrwhitt conj.).
end:] Malone. *end*, Q.
10 *grind*] *grin'de* Q.
CXI. 1 *with*] Gildon. *wish* Q.
2 *harmful*] *harmelesse* ed. 1640.
8 *renew'd*] *renu'de* Q.
10 *eisel*] *Eysell* Q.
14 *Even*] *E'en* Sewell.

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CXII.

Your love and pity doth the impression fill
Which vulgar scandal stamp'd upon my brow;
For what care I who calls me well or ill,
So you o'er-green my bad, my good allow?
You are my all the world, and I must strive
To know my shames and praises from your tongue;
None else to me, nor I to none alive,
That my steel'd sense or changes right or wrong.
In so profound abysm I throw all care
Of others' voices, that my adder's sense
To critic and to flatterer stopped are.
Mark how with my neglect I do dispense:
You are so strongly in my purpose bred
That all the world besides methinks are dead.

CXIII.

Since I left you mine eye is in my mind,
And that which governs me to go about
Doth part his function and is partly blind,
Seems seeing, but effectually is out;
For it no form delivers to the heart
Of bird, of flower, or shape, which it doth latch:

CXII. 4 *o'er-green*] *o'er-skreen* Sewell. *o'er-grieve* Steevens conj.
5 *all the world, and*] *all-the-world, and* Malone. *all, the world and* Gildon.
8, 10 *sense*] *sense'* Dyce (1857).
8 *or changes*] *e'er changes* Malone conj. *so changes* Knight conj. *changes*] *charges* Anon. conj. (in Palgrave).
9 *abysm*] *Abyeme* Q (in italics).
11 *critic*] *cryttick* Q.
14 *besides methinks are*] Malone, 1780 (Capell MS. and Steevens conj.). *besides me thinkes y' are* Q. *besides me, thinks I'm* Sewell. *besides you thinks me* Malone conj. (withdrawn). *besides, methinks, is* Steevens conj. (withdrawn). *besides methinks they are* Malone (1790). *besides methinks they 're* Dyce (1857).
CXIII. 6 *bird, of*] *birds, or* ed. 1640. *latch*] Malone, 1790 (Capell MS.). *lack* Q.

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Of his quick objects hath the mind no part,
Nor his own vision holds what it doth catch;
For if it see the rudest or gentlest sight,
The most sweet favour or deformed'st creature,
The mountain or the sea, the day or night,
The crow or dove, it shapes them to your feature:
Incapable of more, replete with you,
My most true mind thus maketh mine untrue.

CXIV.

Or whether doth my mind, being crown'd with you,
Drink up the monarch's plague, this flattery?
Or whether shall I say, mine eye saith true,
And that your love taught it this alchemy,
To make of monsters and things indigest
Such cherubins as your sweet self resemble,
Creating every bad a perfect best,
As fast as objects to his beams assemble?
O, 'tis the first; 'tis flattery in my seeing,
And my great mind most kingly drinks it up:
Mine eye well knows what with his gust is 'greeing,
And to his palate doth prepare the cup:
If it be poison'd, 'tis the lesser sin
That mine eye loves it and doth first begin.

10 *sweet favour*] *sweet-favor* Q. *sweet-favour'd* Delius conj.
12 *crow*] ed. 1640. *Croe* Q.
13 *more, replete*] *more, repleat* Gildon. *more repleat*, Q.
14 *My*] *Thy* Malone conj., reading the rest of the line with Q. *maketh mine untrue*] Q. *makes mine eye untrue* Capell MS. and Malone conj. *maketh my eyne untrue* Collier conj. *mak'th mine eye untrue* Lettsom conj. *maketh mind untrue* Anon. conj. (in Tylor).

CXIV. 3 *saith*] *seeth* Anon. conj.
4 *alchemy,*] Dyce. *alchymy?* Ewing. *alcumy*, Malone (1780). *Alcumie?* Q (in italics). *Alcumie* ed. 1640.
8 *assemble?*] Gildon. *assemble:* Q.
10 *kingly*] Q. *kindly* ed. 1640.
11 *'greeing*] Gildon. *greeing* Q.

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CXV.

Those lines that I before have writ do lie,
Even those that said I could not love you dearer:
Yet then my judgement knew no reason why
My most full flame should afterwards burn clearer.
But reckoning Time, whose million'd accidents
Creep in 'twixt vows, and change decrees of kings,
Tan sacred beauty, blunt the sharp'st intents,
Divert strong minds to the course of altering things;
Alas, why, fearing of Time's tyranny,
Might I not then say 'Now I love you best,'
When I was certain o'er incertainty,
Crowning the present, doubting of the rest?
Love is a babe; then might I not say so,
To give full growth to that which still doth grow?

CXVI.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:
O, no! it is an ever-fixed mark,
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth 's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love 's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;

CXV. 2 *Even*] *E'en* Sewell.
3 *then*] *when* Lintott.
5 *million'd*] *milliond* Q. *million* Gildon.
10 *'Now...best,'*] Printed as a quotation first by Malone.
12 *rest?*] Gildon. *rest:* Q.
14 *grow?*] Gildon. *grow.* Q.
CXVI.] 119. Q.
8 *worth's*] *north's* S. Walker conj. *orb's* Kinnear conj.
height] *higth* Q.

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Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

CXVII.

Accuse me thus: that I have scanted all
Wherein I should your great deserts repay,
Forgot upon your dearest love to call,
Whereto all bonds do tie me day by day;
That I have frequent been with unknown minds,
And given to time your own dear-purchased right;
That I have hoisted sail to all the winds
Which should transport me farthest from your sight.
Book both my wilfulness and errors down,
And on just proof surmise accumulate;
Bring me within the level of your frown,
But shoot not at me in your waken'd hate;
Since my appeal says I did strive to prove
The constancy and virtue of your love.

CXVIII.

Like as, to make our appetites more keen,
With eager compounds we our palate urge;
As, to prevent our maladies unseen,
We sicken to shun sickness when we purge;

13, 14 *proved...loved*] Q. *prov'd...lov'd* Ewing.

CXVII. 5 *been*] Lintott. *binne* Q.

6 *time*] *them* Staunton conj. (Athen., 1874).

dear-purchased] Hyphened by Sewell (ed. 1).

7 *sail*] *sails* Sewell (ed. 2).

9 *errors*] Q. *errour* ed. 1640.

10 *surmise accumulate*] Malone. *surmise, accumilate* Q. *surmise, Accumulate* Sewell.

12 *waken'd*] Malone. *wakened* Q.

CXVIII. 1 *as, to make our*] *as you make your* Sewell (ed. 2).

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Even so, being full of your ne'er-cloying sweetness,
To bitter sauces did I frame my feeding;
And sick of welfare found a kind of meetness
To be diseased, ere that there was true needing.
Thus policy in love, to anticipate
The ills that were not, grew to faults assured,
And brought to medicine a healthful state,
Which, rank of goodness, would by ill be cured:
But thence I learn, and find the lesson true,
Drugs poison him that so fell sick of you.

CXIX.

What potions have I drunk of Siren tears,
Distill'd from limbecks foul as hell within,
Applying fears to hopes and hopes to fears,
Still losing when I saw myself to win!
What wretched errors hath my heart committed,
Whilst it hath thought itself so blessed never!
How have mine eyes out of their spheres been fitted,
In the distraction of this madding fever!
O benefit of ill! now I find true
That better is by evil still made better;
And ruin'd love, when it is built anew,
Grows fairer than at first, more strong, far greater.
So I return rebuked to my content,
And gain by ill thrice more than I have spent.

5 *ne'er-cloying*] Malone (Theobald conj.). *nere cloying* Q. *neare cloying* ed. 1640.
7 *welfare*] *wel-fare* Q.
10 *were not,*] Gildon. *were, not* Q.
10—12 *assured...cured*] Q. *assur'd... cur'd* Malone.
CXIX. 2—4 *within,.....win!*] Malone. *within,...win?* Q. *within?...win.* Gildon.
4 *losing*] Gildon. *loosing* Q.
6 *never!*] Malone. *neuer?* Q.
7 *been fitted*] *been flitted* Lettsom conj. *e'en flitted* Hudson conj.
8 *fever!*] Malone. *feuer?* Q.
13 *rebuked*] *rebuke* ed. 1640.
14 *ill*] Malone. *ills* Q.

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CXX.

That you were once unkind befriends me now,
And for that sorrow which I then did feel
Needs must I under my transgression bow,
Unless my nerves were brass or hammer'd steel.
For if you were by my unkindness shaken,
As I by yours, you 've pass'd a hell of time;
And I, a tyrant, have no leisure taken
To weigh how once I suffer'd in your crime.
O, that our night of woe might have remember'd
My deepest sense, how hard true sorrow hits,
And soon to you, as you to me, then tender'd
The humble salve which wounded bosoms fits!
But that your trespass now becomes a fee;
Mine ransoms yours, and yours must ransom me.

CXXI.

'Tis better to be vile than vile esteemed,
When not to be receives reproach of being;
And the just pleasure lost, which is so deemed
Not by our feeling, but by others' seeing:

CXX. 4 *hammer'd*] Gildon. *hammered* Q.
6 *you 've*] *y' haue* Q. *you have* Malone (Capell MS.).
7 *tyrant*] *truant* Staunton conj. (Athen., 1874).
8 *suffer'd*] Sewell (ed. 2). *suffered* Q.
9 *our*] *sour* Staunton conj.
remember'd] Malone. *remembred* Q.
11 *soon*] *shame* Staunton conj.
me, then] Malone (Capell MS.). *me then* Q. *me then*, Dyce, ed. 2 (S. Walker and Staunton conj.).
tender'd] Malone. *tendred* Q.
12 *bosoms*] *bosom* Malone (1780).
13 *that...becomes*] *let...become* Massey conj.
fee;] Malone (Capell MS.). *fee*, Q.
CXXI. 1 *vile esteemed*] Q. *vile esteem'd* Gildon. *vile-esteem'd* Staunton and Delius (S. Walker conj.).
3 *pleasure*] *pleasure's* Sewell.
deemed] Q. *deem'd* Sewell (ed. 2).
4, 5 *others'*] Malone (Capell MS.). *others* Q.

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For why should others' false adulterate eyes
Give salutation to my sportive blood?
Or on my frailties why are frailer spies,
Which in their wills count bad what I think good?
No, I am that I am, and they that level
At my abuses reckon up their own:
I may be straight, though they themselves be bevel;
By their rank thoughts my deeds must not be shown;
Unless this general evil they maintain,
All men are bad and in their badness reign.

CXXII.

Thy gift, thy tables, are within my brain
Full character'd with lasting memory,
Which shall above that idle rank remain,
Beyond all date, even to eternity:
Or, at the least, so long as brain and heart
Have faculty by nature to subsist;
Till each to razed oblivion yield his part
Of thee, thy record never can be miss'd.
That poor retention could not so much hold,
Nor need I tallies thy dear love to score;
Therefore to give them from me was I bold,
To trust those tables that receive thee more:
To keep an adjunct to remember thee
Were to import forgetfulness in me.

CXXIII.

No, Time, thou shalt not boast that I do change:
Thy pyramids built up with newer might

5 *false adulterate*] Hyphened by Staunton (S. Walker conj.).
11, 12 *bevel; By*] Ewing. *bevel By* Q. *bevel, By* Gildon.
12, 13 *shown; Unless*] Sewell. *shown, Unless* Gildon. *shown Vnlesse* Q.
CXXII. 1 *Thy*] *TThy* Q.
2 *lasting*] *a lasting* Gildon.

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To me are nothing novel, nothing strange;
They are but dressings of a former sight.
Our dates are brief, and therefore we admire
What thou dost foist upon us that is old;
And rather make them born to our desire
Than think that we before have heard them told.
Thy registers and thee I both defy,
Not wondering at the present nor the past,
For thy records and what we see doth lie,
Made more or less by thy continual haste.
This I do vow, and this shall ever be,
I will be true, despite thy scythe and thee.

CXXIV.

If my dear love were but the child of state,
It might for Fortune's bastard be unfather'd,
As subject to Time's love or to Time's hate,
Weeds among weeds, or flowers with flowers gather'd.
No, it was builded far from accident;
It suffers not in smiling pomp, nor falls
Under the blow of thralled discontent,
Whereto the inviting time our fashion calls:
It fears not policy, that heretic,
Which works on leases of short-number'd hours,
But all alone stands hugely politic,
That it nor grows with heat nor drowns with showers.

CXXIII. 7 *born*] Gildon. *borne* Q.
10 *past,*] Q. *past;* Sewell.
11 *doth*] *do* Malone (1790).
14 *scythe*] Ewing. *syeth* Q. *sithe* ed. 1640. *scithe* Sewell.
CXXIV. 1 *If*] *Yf* Q.
2 *unfather'd*] Sewell. *vnfathered* Q.
8 *our fashion*] *or fashion* Capell MS.
9 *heretic*] *Heriticke* Q (in italics).
10 *short-number'd*] Hyphened by Malone. *short numbred* Q.
12 *grows*] *dries* Capell MS. *glows* Steevens conj.

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To this I witness call the fools of time,
Which die for goodness, who have lived for crime.

CXXV.

Were 't aught to me I bore the canopy,
With my extern the outward honouring,
Or laid great bases for eternity,
Which prove more short than waste or ruining?
Have I not seen dwellers on form and favour
Lose all, and more, by paying too much rent,
For compound sweet forgoing simple savour,
Pitiful thrivers, in their gazing spent?
No, let me be obsequious in thy heart,
And take thou my oblation, poor but free,
Which is not mix'd with seconds, knows no art
But mutual render, only me for thee.
Hence, thou suborn'd informer! a true soul
When most impeach'd stands least in thy control.

CXXVI.

O thou, my lovely boy, who in thy power
Dost hold Time's fickle glass, his sickle, hour;

13 *fools*] Gildon. *fooles* ed. 1640. *foles* Q.

CXXV. 1—4 *Were't.....me.....ruining?*] *Where it ought to be,...ruining.* Sewell (ed. 2).

1 *aught*] Malone. *ought* Q.

2 *the*] *thy* or *thee* Staunton conj. (Athen., 1874).

3, 4 *bases...prove*] Sewell (ed. 2). *bases ...proves* Q. *basis...proves* Anon. conj.

7 *compound sweet forgoing*] Pointed as by Malone. *compound sweet; Forgoing* Q. *compound-sweet, foregoing* Gildon.

7, 8 *savour,...spent?*] Malone. *sauor, ...spent.* Q. *savour;...spent!* Sewell.

8 *gazing*] *gaining* Staunton conj. (Athen., 1873).

11 *seconds*] *seasonings* Bulloch conj. See note (IV).

13 *informer*] *Informer* Q (in italics).

CXXVI. 2 *Dost*] Malone (Capell MS.). *Doest* Q.
fickle] *tickle* Kinnear conj.
sickle, hour] *sickle, hower* Q. *fickle hower* Lintott. *sickle-hour* Hudson, 1881 (S. Walker conj.). *fickle mower* Bulloch conj. *fickle hour* Kinnear conj. See note (V).

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Who hast by waning grown, and therein show'st
Thy lovers withering as thy sweet self grow'st;
If Nature, sovereign mistress over wrack,
As thou goest onwards, still will pluck thee back,
She keeps thee to this purpose, that her skill
May time disgrace and wretched minutes kill.
Yet fear her, O thou minion of her pleasure!
She may detain, but not still keep, her treasure:
Her audit, though delay'd, answer'd must be,
And her quietus is to render thee.

CXXVII.

In the old age black was not counted fair,
Or if it were, it bore not beauty's name;
But now is black beauty's successive heir,
And beauty slander'd with a bastard shame:
For since each hand hath put on nature's power,
Fairing the foul with art's false borrow'd face,
Sweet beauty hath no name, no holy bower,
But is profaned, if not lives in disgrace.
Therefore my mistress' eyes are raven black,
Her eyes so suited, and they mourners seem
At such who, not born fair, no beauty lack,
Slandering creation with a false esteem:
Yet so they mourn, becoming of their woe,
That every tongue says beauty should look so.

4 *lovers*] *lover's* Delius conj.
7 *skill*] Lintott. *skill.* Q.
8 *wretched*] *wasteful* Kinnear conj. *minutes*] Malone. *minuits* Capell MS. *mynuit* Q.
11, 12 *audit...quietus*] *Audite...Quietus* Q (in italics). See note (VI).
CXXVII. 2 *were*] ed. 1640. *weare* Q.
6 *false borrow'd*] Hyphened by Malone.
7 *bower*] ed. 1640. *boure* Q. *hour* Malone.
8 *if not lives*] *if not, lives* Sewell (ed. 2).
9 *mistress'*] Sewell. *Mistersse* Q.
9, 10 *eyes...eyes*] Q. *eyes...hairs* Capell MS. *hairs...eyes* Hudson, 1881 (S. Walker and Delius conj.). *brows... eyes* Edd., Globe ed. (Staunton and Brae conj.). *eyes...brows* Staunton conj. *hairs...brows* Kinnear conj.
10 *and*] *that* Gildon. *as* Dyce (1857).

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CXXVIII.

How oft, when thou, my music, music play'st,
Upon that blessed wood whose motion sounds
With thy sweet fingers, when thou gently sway'st
The wiry concord that mine ear confounds,
Do I envy those jacks that nimble leap
To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,
Whilst my poor lips, which should that harvest reap,
At the wood's boldness by thee blushing stand!
To be so tickled, they would change their state
And situation with those dancing chips,
O'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait,
Making dead wood more blest than living lips.
Since saucy jacks so happy are in this,
Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiss.

CXXIX.

The expense of spirit in a waste of shame
Is lust in action; and till action, lust
Is perjured, murderous, bloody, full of blame,
Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust;
Enjoy'd no sooner but despised straight;
Past reason hunted; and no sooner had,
Past reason hated, as a swallowed bait,
On purpose laid to make the taker mad:

CXXVIII. 1 *my*] *thy* ed. 1640. *music play'st*] *musick-play'st* Sewell, ed. 2 (reading *thy*).
4 *wiry*] *wity* Gildon. *witty* Sewell.
6—8 *hand,...stand!*] Malone. *hand,... stand.* Q. *hand?...stand.* Sewell.
8 *thee*] *the* Lintott.
11 *thy*] Gildon. *their* Q. *gait*] Ewing. *gate* Q.
14 *thy fingers*] Gildon. *their fingers* Q.
CXXIX. 3 *bloody, full*] Lintott and Gildon. *blouddy full* Q.
7 *swallowed*] ed. 1640. *swollowed* Q. *swallow'd* Ewing.

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Mad in pursuit, and in possession so;
Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme;
A bliss in proof, and proved, a very woe;
Before, a joy proposed; behind, a dream.
All this the world well knows; yet none knows well
To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

CXXX.

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;
Coral is far more red than her lips' red:
If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.
I have seen roses damask'd, red and white,
But no such roses see I in her cheeks;
And in some perfumes is there more delight
Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.
I love to hear her speak, yet well I know
That music hath a far more pleasing sound:
I grant I never saw a goddess go,
My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground:
And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare
As any she belied with false compare.

CXXXI.

Thou art as tyrannous, so as thou art,
As those whose beauties proudly make them cruel;

9 *Mad*] Gildon. *Made* Q.
10 *quest to have, extreme*] Malone (Capell MS.). *quest, to haue extreame* Q.
11 *proved, a very*] *prov'd a very* Sewell (ed. 1). *prov'd, a very* Malone (Capell MS.). *proud and very* Q. *prov'd, and very* Gildon.
14 *heaven*] *haven* ed. 1640.

CXXX. 2 *Coral*] Gildon. *Currall* Q.
lips'] Malone (Capell MS.). *lips* Q.
5 *damask'd, red and*] *damask, red, and* Gildon.
CXXXI. 1 *art as...so as*] Q. *art a...so as* ed. 1640. *art as...yes so* Gildon. *art...so* Sewell (ed. 2).
so as] *yes so* Gildon.

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For well thou know'st to my dear doting heart
Thou art the fairest and most precious jewel.
Yet, in good faith, some say that thee behold,
Thy face hath not the power to make love groan:
To say they err I dare not be so bold,
Although I swear it to myself alone.
And to be sure that is not false I swear,
A thousand groans, but thinking on thy face,
One on another's neck, do witness bear
Thy black is fairest in my judgement's place.
In nothing art thou black save in thy deeds,
And thence this slander, as I think, proceeds.

CXXXII.

Thine eyes I love, and they, as pitying me,
Knowing thy heart torments me with disdain,
Have put on black and loving mourners be,
Looking with pretty ruth upon my pain.
And truly not the morning sun of heaven
Better becomes the grey cheeks of the east,
Nor that full star that ushers in the even
Doth half that glory to the sober west,
As those two mourning eyes become thy face:
O, let it then as well beseem thy heart
To mourn for me, since mourning doth thee grace,
And suit thy pity like in every part.
Then will I swear beauty herself is black,
And all they foul that thy complexion lack.

3 *dear doting*] *dear-doting* Dyce, ed. 2 (S. Walker conj.).
9, 10 *swear, A*] Pointed as by Gildon. No stop in Q.

CXXXII. 2 *heart torments*] ed. 1640. *heart torment* Q. *heart, torment* Malone. See note (VII).
6 *the east*] Sewell. *th' East* Q.
9 *mourning*] Gildon. *morning* Q.
12 *like*] *'like* Allen conj.

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CXXXIII.

Beshrew that heart that makes my heart to groan
For that deep wound it gives my friend and me!
Is't not enough to torture me alone,
But slave to slavery my sweet'st friend must be?
Me from myself thy cruel eye hath taken,
And my next self thou harder hast engrossed:
Of him, myself, and thee, I am forsaken;
A torment thrice threefold thus to be crossed.
Prison my heart in thy steel bosom's ward,
But then my friend's heart let my poor heart bail;
Whoe'er keeps me, let my heart be his guard;
Thou canst not then use rigour in my gaol:
And yet thou wilt; for I, being pent in thee,
Perforce am thine, and all that is in me.

CXXXIV.

So, now I have confess'd that he is thine
And I myself am mortgaged to thy will,
Myself I'll forfeit, so that other mine
Thou wilt restore, to be my comfort still:
But thou wilt not, nor he will not be free,
For thou art covetous and he is kind;
He learn'd but surety-like to write for me,
Under that bond that him as fast doth bind.
The statute of thy beauty thou wilt take,
Thou usurer, that put'st forth all to use,

CXXXIII. 3 *alone*] *along* ed. 1640.
4 *sweet'st*] Q. *sweetest* Gildon. *sweet* Sewell (ed. 1).
be?] Gildon. *be.* Q.
6—8 *engrossed...crossed*] *ingrossed... crossed* Q. *engross'd...cross'd* Sewell (ed. 2).
10 *bail*] Gildon. *baile* ed. 1640. *bale* Q.
12 *gaol*] Malone. *Iaile* Q.
CXXXIV. 4 *restore, to be my*] Lintott. *restore to be my* Q. *restore to me my* Gildon. *restore to me, my* Sewell.
7 *learn'd*] *learnd* Q. *learned* ed. 1640.

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And sue a friend came debtor for my sake;
So him I lose through my unkind abuse.
Him have I lost; thou hast both him and me:
He pays the whole, and yet am I not free.

CXXXV.

Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy 'Will,'
And 'Will' to boot, and 'Will' in overplus;
More than enough am I that vex thee still,
To thy sweet will making addition thus.
Wilt thou, whose will is large and spacious,
Not once vouchsafe to hide my will in thine?
Shall will in others seem right gracious,
And in my will no fair acceptance shine?
The sea, all water, yet receives rain still,
And in abundance addeth to his store;
So thou, being rich in 'Will,' add to thy 'Will'
One will of mine, to make thy large 'Will' more.
Let no unkind, no fair beseechers kill;
Think all but one, and me in that one 'Will.'

CXXXVI.

If thy soul check thee that I come so near,
Swear to thy blind soul that I was thy 'Will,'
And will, thy soul knows, is admitted there;
Thus far for love, my love-suit, sweet, fulfil.

12 *lose*] Gildon. *loose* Q.
14 *am I*] *I am* ed. 1640.
CXXXV. 1 '*Will*'] See note (VIII).
2 *to*] Sewell. *too* Q.
6—8 *thine?...shine?*] Gildon. *thine, ...shine:* Q.
13 *no unkind, no*] *no unkind 'No'* Dowden conj.
kill] *skill* Rossetti conj.
CXXXVI. 4 *love-suit, sweet,*] Pointed as by Malone. *love-suit (sweet)* Capell MS. *loue-sute sweet* Q.

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'Will' will fulfil the treasure of thy love,
Ay, fill it full with wills, and my will one.
In things of great receipt with ease we prove
Among a number one is reckon'd none:
Then in the number let me pass untold,
Though in thy store's account I one must be;
For nothing hold me, so it please thee hold
That nothing me, a something sweet to thee:
Make but my name thy love, and love that still,
And then thou lovest me, for my name is 'Will.'

CXXXVII.

Thou blind fool, Love, what dost thou to mine eyes,
That they behold, and see not what they see?
They know what beauty is, see where it lies,
Yet what the best is take the worst to be.
If eyes, corrupt by over-partial looks,
Be anchor'd in the bay where all men ride,
Why of eyes' falsehood hast thou forged hooks,
Whereto the judgement of my heart is tied?
Why should my heart think that a several plot
Which my heart knows the wide world's common place?
Or mine eyes seeing this, say this is not,
To put fair truth upon so foul a face?
In things right true my heart and eyes have erred,
And to this false plague are they now transferred.

6 *Ay, fill*] Malone (Capell MS.). *I fill* Q.
10 *store's*] Sewell (ed. 2). *stores'* Malone. *stores* Q.
12 *nothing me*] Hyphened by Gildon. *something sweet*] *something, sweet,* Dyce, ed. 2 (S. Walker conj.).
CXXXVII. 2 *see?*] Gildon. *see:* Q.
11, 12 *not, To*] Sewell. *not To* Q.
12 *face?*] Malone (Capell MS.). *face,* Q.
13 *right true*] *right-true,* Dyce, ed. 2 (S. Walker conj.).
13, 14 *erred...transferred*] Q. *err'd... transferr'd* Gildon.

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CXXXVIII.

When my love swears that she is made of truth,
I do believe her, though I know she lies,
That she might think me some untutor'd youth,
Unlearned in the world's false subtleties.
Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,
Although she knows my days are past the best,
Simply I credit her false-speaking tongue:
On both sides thus is simple truth suppress'd.
But wherefore says she not she is unjust?
And wherefore say not I that I am old?
O, love's best habit is in seeming trust,
And age in love loves not to have years told:
Therefore I lie with her and she with me,
And in our faults by lies we flatter'd be.

CXXXIX.

O, call not me to justify the wrong
That thy unkindness lays upon my heart;
Wound me not with thine eye, but with thy tongue;
Use power with power, and slay me not by art.
Tell me thou lovest elsewhere; but in my sight,
Dear heart, forbear to glance thine eye aside:
What need'st thou wound with cunning, when thy might
Is more than my o'er-press'd defence can bide?
Let me excuse thee: ah, my love well knows
Her pretty looks have been mine enemies;

CXXXVIII. See note (IX).
4 *subtleties*] *forgeries* ed. 1640.
7 *false-speaking*] Hyphened by Sewell (ed. 1).
12 *to have*] Passionate Pilgrim and Malone (Capell MS.). *t'haue* Q.
14 *flatter'd*] Malone (Capell MS.). *flattered* Q.
CXXXIX. 10 *mine*] Q. *my* ed. 1640.

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And therefore from my face she turns my foes,
That they elsewhere might dart their injuries:
Yet do not so; but since I am near slain,
Kill me outright with looks, and rid my pain.

CXL.

Be wise as thou art cruel; do not press
My tongue-tied patience with too much disdain;
Lest sorrow lend me words, and words express
The manner of my pity-wanting pain.
If I might teach thee wit, better it were,
Though not to love, yet, love, to tell me so;
As testy sick men, when their deaths be near,
No news but health from their physicians know;
For, if I should despair, I should grow mad,
And in my madness might speak ill of thee:
Now this ill-wresting world is grown so bad,
Mad slanderers by mad ears believed be.
That I may not be so, nor thou belied,
Bear thine eyes straight, though thy proud heart go wide.

CXLI.

In faith, I do not love thee with mine eyes,
For they in thee a thousand errors note;
But 'tis my heart that loves what they despise,
Who, in despite of view, is pleased to dote;
Nor are mine ears with thy tongue's tune delighted;
Nor tender feeling, to base touches prone,

CXL. 4 *pity-wanting*] Hyphened by Gildon.
5 *were*] ed. 1640. *weare* Q.
6 *yet, love,*] Malone. *yet loue* Q.
7 *sick men*] Hyphened in Q.
11 *ill-wresting*] Hyphened by Lintott.
13 *belied*] *bely'd* Gildon. *be-lide* ed. 1640. *be lyde* Q.

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Nor taste, nor smell, desire to be invited
To any sensual feast with thee alone:
But my five wits nor my five senses can
Dissuade one foolish heart from serving thee,
Who leaves unsway'd the likeness of a man,
Thy proud heart's slave and vassal wretch to be:
Only my plague thus far I count my gain,
That she that makes me sin awards me pain.

CXLII.

Love is my sin, and thy dear virtue hate,
Hate of my sin, grounded on sinful loving:
O, but with mine compare thou thine own state,
And thou shalt find it merits not reproving;
Or, if it do, not from those lips of thine,
That have profaned their scarlet ornaments
And seal'd false bonds of love as oft as mine,
Robb'd others' beds' revenues of their rents.
Be it lawful I love thee, as thou lovest those
Whom thine eyes woo as mine importune thee:
Root pity in thy heart, that, when it grows,
Thy pity may deserve to pitied be.
If thou dost seek to have what thou dost hide,
By self-example mayst thou be denied!

CXLI. 8 *thee*] *the* ed. 1640.
11 *leaves*] *lives* Boswell (a misprint).
14 *awards me*] *rewards me* Gildon. *rewards my* Ewing.
CXLII. 1 *thy*] *my* ed. 1640.
2 *my sin*] *sin* Gildon.
on] *on a* Sewell (reading *sin* with Gildon).
8 *beds' revenues*] Knight. *beds reuenues* Q. *beds, revenues* Sewell (ed. 1). *bed-revenues* Capell MS.
9 *Be it*] *Be't* Dyce (ed. 2).
12 *to pitied be*] *pitied to be* Capell MS.
13 *hide*] *chide* Staunton conj. (Athen., 1874).
14 *self-example*] Hyphened in Ewing. *denied!*] *deny'd!* Sewell. *denide.* Q. *denide*, ed. 1640.

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CXLIII.

Lo, as a careful housewife runs to catch
One of her feather'd creatures broke away,
Sets down her babe, and makes all swift dispatch
In pursuit of the thing she would have stay;
Whilst her neglected child holds her in chase,
Cries to catch her whose busy care is bent
To follow that which flies before her face,
Not prizing her poor infant's discontent:
So runn'st thou after that which flies from thee,
Whilst I thy babe chase thee afar behind;
But if thou catch thy hope, turn back to me,
And play the mother's part, kiss me, be kind:
So will I pray that thou mayst have thy 'Will,'
If thou turn back and my loud crying still.

CXLIV.

Two loves I have of comfort and despair,
Which like two spirits do suggest me still:
The better angel is a man right fair,
The worser spirit a woman colour'd ill.
To win me soon to hell, my female evil
Tempteth my better angel from my side,
And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,
Wooing his purity with her foul pride.
And whether that my angel be turn'd fiend
Suspect I may, yet not directly tell;
But being both from me, both to each friend,
I guess one angel in another's hell:
Yet this shall I ne'er know, but live in doubt,
Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

CXLIII. 1 *housewife*] Ewing. *huswife* Q.
2 *feather'd*] Gildon. *fethered* Q.
CXLIV. See note (IX).
2 *suggest*] ed. 1640. *sugiest* Q.
6 *side*] Passionate Pilgrim and Malone (Capell MS.). *sight* Q.
9 *fiend*] Malone (Capell MS.). *finde* Q. *feend* Passionate Pilgrim.

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CXLV.

Those lips that Love's own hand did make
Breathed forth the sound that said 'I hate,'
To me that languish'd for her sake:
But when she saw my woeful state,
Straight in her heart did mercy come,
Chiding that tongue that ever sweet
Was used in giving gentle doom;
And taught it thus anew to greet;
'I hate' she alter'd with an end,
That follow'd it as gentle day
Doth follow night, who, like a fiend,
From heaven to hell is flown away;
'I hate' from hate away she threw,
And saved my life, saying 'not you.'

CXLVI.

Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,
..... these rebel powers that thee array,

CXLV. 7 *doom*] *doome* ed. 1640. *dome* Q.
8 *taught*] ed. 1640. *tought* Q.
anew] *a-new* Gildon. *a new* Q.
9 *alter'd*] *alterd* Q. *altered* ed. 1640.
13 '*I...threw*] *I hate—away from hate she flew* Steevens conj.

CXLVI. 1 *centre*] *tenant* Sebastian Evans conj.
1, 2 *earth,.....these rebel*] *earth, My sinfull earth these rebbell* Q. *earth, Fool'd by those rebel* Malone. *earth, Starv'd by the rebel* Steevens conj. *earth, My sinful earth, these* Capell MS. *earth, Fool'd by these rebel* Dyce. *earth, Thrall to these rebel* Anon. conj. *earth, Slave of these rebel* Cartwright conj. *earth, Leagued with these rebel* Hudson, 1881 (Brae conj.). *earth,* [*Foil'd by*] *these rebel* Palgrave conj. *earth,* [*Hemm'd with*] *these rebel* Furnivall conj. *earth,* [*Press'd by*] *these rebel* Dowden. *earth,* [*Why feed'st*] *these rebel* Tyler.
earth,...array,] *earth,—My sinful earth these rebel powers array,—* Massey conj. *earth, Feeding..... warray,* Sebastian Evans conj. *earth, My sins, those...array,* Bulloch conj. *earth, Sinful, thro'...array,* Nicholson conj. (N. & Q., 1891).
array,] *aray,* Hudson, 1881 (Ingleby conj.). *array?* Tyler.

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Why dost thou pine within and suffer dearth,
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?
Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
Eat up thy charge? is this thy body's end?
Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,
And let that pine to aggravate thy store;
Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;
Within be fed, without be rich no more:
So shalt thou feed on Death, that feeds on men,
And Death once dead, there's no more dying then.

CXLVII.

My love is as a fever, longing still
For that which longer nurseth the disease;
Feeding on that which doth preserve the ill,
The uncertain sickly appetite to please.
My reason, the physician to my love,
Angry that his prescriptions are not kept,
Hath left me, and I desperate now approve
Desire is death, which physic did except.
Past cure I am, now reason is past care,
And frantic-mad with evermore unrest;
My thoughts and my discourse as madmen's are,
At random from the truth vainly express'd;

4 *so costly gay*] *in costly gay* ed. 1640. *in costly clay* Sewell.
6 *fading*] *faded* Sewell.
7 *inheritors*] *in heritors* ed. 1640.
10 *thy store*] Q. *my store* Lintott. See note (x).
CXLVII. 4 *uncertain sickly*] Hyphened by Dyce, ed. 2 (Capell MS.).
7, 8 *approve Desire*] *approve, Desire* ed. 1640. *approoue. Desire* Q. *approve; Desire* Gildon.
10 *frantic-mad*] Hyphened by Malone. *evermore*] *euer-more* Q. *ever more* Anon. conj.
11 *madmen's*] Ewing. *mad mens* Q.
12 *random*] Sewell. *randon* Q. *randome* ed. 1640.

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For I have sworn thee fair, and thought thee bright,
Who art as black as hell, as dark as night.

CXLVIII.

O me, what eyes hath Love put in my head,
Which have no correspondence with true sight!
Or, if they have, where is my judgement fled,
That censures falsely what they see aright?
If that be fair whereon my false eyes dote,
What means the world to say it is not so?
If it be not, then love doth well denote
Love's eye is not so true as all men's: no,
How can it? O, how can Love's eye be true,
That is so vex'd with watching and with tears?
No marvel then, though I mistake my view;
The sun itself sees not till heaven clears.
O cunning Love! with tears thou keep'st me blind,
Lest eyes well-seeing thy foul faults should find.

CXLIX.

Canst thou, O cruel! say I love thee not,
When I against myself with thee partake?
Do I not think on thee, when I forgot
Am of myself, all tyrant, for thy sake?
Who hateth thee that I do call my friend?
On whom frown'st thou that I do fawn upon?

CXLVIII. 2 *sight!*] Gildon. *sight*, Q.
7 *love*] *that* Hudson, 1881 (Lettsom conj.).
8 *all*] om. Sewell.
all men's: no,] *all mens: no*, Q. *all men's: no.* S. Walker conj. *all men's 'No.'* Edd., Globe ed. (Lettsom conj.), taking *eye* as a pun on 'Ay.'
13 *Love!*] *Love*, Gildon. *loue*, Q. *love!* Hudson, 1881 (S. Walker conj.).

CXLIX. 2 *partake?*] Sewell. *pertake:* Q.
4 *Am*] *All* Sewell.
all tyrant,] Malone. *all tirant* Q. *all, tyrant*, Sewell. *all truant* Malone conj.
5 *hateth thee*] *hateth thou* Gildon. *hatest thou* Sewell.
friend?] Sewell (ed. 2). *friend*, Q.
6 *upon?*] Sewell. *vpon*, Q.

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Nay, if thou lour'st on me, do I not spend
Revenge upon myself with present moan?
What merit do I in myself respect,
That is so proud thy service to despise,
When all my best doth worship thy defect,
Commanded by the motion of thine eyes?
But, love, hate on, for now I know thy mind;
Those that can see thou lovest, and I am blind.

CL.

O, from what power hast thou this powerful might
With insufficiency my heart to sway?
To make me give the lie to my true sight,
And swear that brightness doth not grace the day?
Whence hast thou this becoming of things ill,
That in the very refuse of thy deeds
There is such strength and warrantise of skill,
That, in my mind, thy worst all best exceeds?
Who taught thee how to make me love thee more,
The more I hear and see just cause of hate?
O, though I love what others do abhor,
With others thou shouldst not abhor my state:
If thy unworthiness raised love in me,
More worthy I to be beloved of thee.

CLI.

Love is too young to know what conscience is;
Yet who knows not conscience is born of love?
Then, gentle cheater, urge not my amiss,
Lest guilty of my faults thy sweet self prove:

10 *despise,*] *despise?* Gildon.
12 *eyes?*] Ewing. *eyes.* Q.
13 *love,*] *loue* Q. *Love,* Gildon.
CL. 2 *sway?*] Gildon. *sway,* Q.
8 *best*] *bests* Gildon.
10 *hate?*] Gildon. *hate,* Q.
CLI. 2 *born*] Gildon. *borne* Q.
love?] Gildon. *loue,* Q.

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For, thou betraying me, I do betray
My nobler part to my gross body's treason;
My soul doth tell my body that he may
Triumph in love; flesh stays no farther reason,
But rising at thy name doth point out thee
As his triumphant prize. Proud of this pride,
He is contented thy poor drudge to be,
To stand in thy affairs, fall by thy side.
No want of conscience hold it that I call
Her 'love' for whose dear love I rise and fall.

CLII.

In loving thee thou know'st I am forsworn,
But thou art twice forsworn, to me love swearing;
In act thy bed-vow broke, and new faith torn,
In vowing new hate after new love bearing.
But why of two oaths' breach do I accuse thee,
When I break twenty? I am perjured most;
For all my vows are oaths but to misuse thee,
And all my honest faith in thee is lost:
For I have sworn deep oaths of thy deep kindness,
Oaths of thy love, thy truth, thy constancy;
And, to enlighten thee, gave eyes to blindness,
Or made them swear against the thing they see;
For I have sworn thee fair; more perjured I,
To swear against the truth so foul a lie!

6 *gross*] Gildon. *grose* Q. *grosse* ed. 1640. *great* Boswell.
7, 8 *may Triumph*] Lintott. *may, Triumph* Q.
8 *farther*] *further* Hudson (1881).
10 *prize. Proud*] *prize; proud* Sewell. *prize, proud* Q.
this] *his* S. Walker conj.
13 *call*] Sewell. *call,* Q.

CLII. 6 *twenty?*] Gildon. *twenty:* Q.
13 *I*] Sewell. *eye* Q.

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CLIII.

Cupid laid by his brand and fell asleep:
A maid of Dian's this advantage found,
And his love-kindling fire did quickly steep
In a cold valley-fountain of that ground;
Which borrow'd from this holy fire of Love
A dateless lively heat, still to endure,
And grew a seething bath, which yet men prove
Against strange maladies a sovereign cure.
But at my mistress' eye Love's brand new-fired,
The boy for trial needs would touch my breast;
I, sick withal, the help of bath desired,
And thither hied, a sad distemper'd guest,
But found no cure: the bath for my help lies
Where Cupid got new fire, my mistress' eyes.

CLIV.

The little Love-god lying once asleep
Laid by his side his heart-inflaming brand,
Whilst many nymphs that vow'd chaste life to keep
Came tripping by; but in her maiden hand
The fairest votary took up that fire
Which many legions of true hearts had warm'd;
And so the general of hot desire
Was sleeping by a virgin hand disarm'd.

CLIII. 5 *this*] *his* Sewell.
6 *dateless lively*] *dateless-lively* Dyce, ed. 2 (S. Walker conj.).
8 *strange*] ed. 1640. *strang* Q.
9—11 *new-fired...desired*] *new fired... desired* Q. *new-fir'd...desir'd* Malone (1790).
11 *withal*] *withall* Q. *with all* ed. 1640.
bath] See note (XI).
12 *thither*] Gildon. *thether* Q.
sad distemper'd] *sad distempered* ed. 1640. Hyphened by Delius.
14 *eyes*] ed. 1640. *eye* Q.
CLIV. 2 *heart-inflaming*] Malone. *heart inflaming* Q. *heart in flaming* ed. 1640.
8 *virgin hand*] Hyphened by Ewing.

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This brand she quenched in a cool well by,
Which from Love's fire took heat perpetual,
Growing a bath and healthful remedy
For men diseased; but I, my mistress' thrall,
Came there for cure, and this by that I prove,
Love's fire heats water, water cools not love.

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NOTES.

Note I.

LXIX. 14. As the verb 'to soil' is not uncommon in old English, meaning 'to solve,' as, for example: 'This question could not one of theim all soile' (Udal's *Erasmus, Luke*, fol. 154 *b*), so the substantive 'soil' may be used in the sense of 'solution.' The play upon words thus suggested is in the author's manner.

Note II.

LXX. 6. The conjecture of Malone's correspondent 'C.' (probably Capell) is given differently in his two editions: 'wood oftime' (1780) and 'wood of time' (1790).

Note III.

LXXVII. 13, 14. In place of the two concluding lines of this Sonnet, Ewing's edition, by a strange error, gives the final couplet of Sonnet CVIII.:

'Finding the first conceit of love there bred,
Where time and outward form would shew it dead.'

Note IV.

CXXV. 11. Mr Dyce in his edition of 1832 suggests that 'seconds' is a misprint.

Note V.

CXXVI. 2. Capell in his copy of Lintott's edition has corrected 'hower' to 'hoar,' leaving 'fickle.' Doubtless he intended to read 'sickle hoar.'

Note VI.

CXXVI. 12. After the last line an omission of two lines is marked in the Quarto by two pairs of parentheses.

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Note VII.

CXXXII. 2. Mr Collier attributes this emendation, 'torments' for 'torment,' to a correspondent of his, Mr J. O'Connell. It is found in the edition of 1640, and in those of Sewell and Ewing. The same correction was made by Capell in his copy of Lintott's edition.

Note VIII.

CXXXV. In Sonnets CXXXV., CXXXVI., and CXLIII., we have printed 'Will' wherever *Will* (in italics) is found in the original edition.

Mr Massey says: "The lady's Will is a personification of her wilfulness; the speaker's 'Will' is his name." The latter he marks by inverted commas, thus: in Sonnet CXXXV., my '*will*' (line 6), my '*will*' (line 8), One '*will*' (line 12), and one ('*Will*' line 14); in Sonnet CXXXVI., thy '*will*' (line 2), my 'Will' (line 4), and '*Will*' (line 14). He also prints 'rich' (line 11 of the former Sonnet) in capital letters, supposing this and other Sonnets to be addressed by William Lord Herbert to Lady Rich.

In line 13 of Sonnet LVII., which he classes in the same series, he prints 'Will' as a proper name.

Note IX.

CXXXVIII. The edition of 1640 has this Sonnet in the form in which it appears in the *Passionate Pilgrim*. The same may be said of Sonnet CXLIV.

Note X.

CXLVI. 10. Malone says that the original copy and all the subsequent impressions read 'my' instead of 'thy.' The copies of the edition of 1609 in the Bodleian, one of which belonged to Malone himself, in the Bridgewater Library, and in the Capell collection, as well as Steevens's reprint, have 'thy.'

Note XI.

CLIII. 11. Steevens supposes that 'bath' should be printed 'Bath' as being a proper name. In the original Quarto it is printed 'bath.'

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A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

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A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

FROM off a hill whose concave womb re-worded
A plaintful story from a sistering vale,
My spirits to attend this double voice accorded,
And down I laid to list the sad-tuned tale;
Ere long espied a fickle maid full pale,
Tearing of papers, breaking rings a-twain,
Storming her world with sorrow's wind and rain.

Upon her head a platted hive of straw,
Which fortified her visage from the sun,
Whereon the thought might think sometime it saw
The carcass of a beauty spent and done:
Time had not scythed all that youth begun,
Nor youth all quit; but, spite of heaven's fell rage,
Some beauty peep'd through lattice of sear'd age.

Oft did she heave her napkin to her eyne,
Which on it had conceited characters,
Laundering the silken figures in the brine
That season'd woe had pelleted in tears,
And often reading what contents it bears;

3 *to attend*] Malone. *t' attend* Q.
double] *doble* Q.
4 *laid*] *lay* Malone.
sad-tuned] Hyphened by Sewell.
6 *a-twain*] Hyphened by Sewell.
7 *world*] *words* Sewell.
sorrow's wind] Sewell (ed. 2). *sorrows wind* Gildon. *sorrowes, wind* Q.
12 *scythed*] Ewing. *sithed* Q.
14 *lattice*] Sewell (ed. 2). *lettice* Q.
sear'd] *sere* Hudson (1881).
18 *season'd*] Gildon. *seasoned* Q.
19 *contents*] *content* Delius.

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As often shrieking undistinguish'd woe,
In clamours of all size, both high and low.

Sometimes her levell'd eyes their carriage ride,
As they did battery to the spheres intend;
Sometime diverted their poor balls are tied
To the orbed earth; sometimes they do extend
Their view right on; anon their gazes lend
To every place at once, and nowhere fix'd
The mind and sight distractedly commix'd.

Her hair, nor loose nor tied in formal plat,
Proclaim'd in her a careless hand of pride;
For some, untuck'd, descended her sheaved hat,
Hanging her pale and pined cheek beside;
Some in her threaden fillet still did bide,
And, true to bondage, would not break from thence,
Though slackly braided in loose negligence.

A thousand favours from a maund she drew
Of amber, crystal, and of beaded jet,
Which one by one she in a river threw,
Upon whose weeping margent she was set;
Like usury, applying wet to wet,
Or monarch's hands that lets not bounty fall
Where want cries some, but where excess begs all.

20 *shrieking*] *shriking* Q.
23 *to the*] *to these* ed. 1640.
24 *Sometime*] *Sometimes* Gildon.
26 *gazes*] ed. 1640. *gases* Q.
lend] *tend* Anon. conj. (N. & Q., 1884).
28 *commix'd*] *commixt* ed. 1640. *commxit* Q.
31 *sheaved*] *sheav'd* Sewell (ed. 1). *sheu'd* Q. *she'd* ed. 1640. *shav'd* Sewell (ed. 2).
33 *threaden*] Gildon. *threeden* Q.
37 *amber, crystal*] *amber, christall* ed. 1640. *amber christall* Q.
beaded] Sewell. *beded* Gildon. *bedded* Q.
39 *weeping margent*] *margent weeping* Malone conj.
40 *usury*] ed. 1640. *vsery* Q.
41 *monarch's*] Ewing. *monarches* Q. *monarchs'* Malone (Capell MS.).
lets] *let* Sewell.
42 *cries*] *craves* Malone conj.
some] Printed in italics by Malone.

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Of folded schedules had she many a one,
Which she perused, sigh'd, tore, and gave the flood;
Crack'd many a ring of posied gold and bone,
Bidding them find their sepulchres in mud;
Found yet moe letters sadly penn'd in blood,
With sleided silk feat and affectedly
Enswathed, and seal'd to curious secrecy.

These often bathed she in her fluxive eyes,
And often kiss'd, and often 'gan to tear;
Cried 'O false blood, thou register of lies,
What unapproved witness dost thou bear!
Ink would have seem'd more black and damned here!'
This said, in top of rage the lines she rents,
Big discontent so breaking their contents.

A reverend man that grazed his cattle nigh—
Sometime a blusterer, that the ruffle knew
Of court, of city, and had let go by
The swiftest hours, observed as they flew—
Towards this afflicted fancy fastly drew;
And, privileged by age, desires to know
In brief the grounds and motives of her woe.

So slides he down upon his grained bat,
And comely-distant sits he by her side;
When he again desires her, being sat,
Her grievance with his hearing to divide:
If that from him there may be aught applied

43 *schedules*] Gildon. *schedulls* Q.
44 *flood*] *flud* Q.
47 *moe*] *mo* Q. *more* Sewell (ed. 2).
51 *'gan to tear*] Malone. *gaue to teare* Q. *gave a tear* Gildon.
53 *thou*] Q. *him* ed. 1640.
54 *here*] ed. 1640. *heare* Q.
56 *discontent so*]Gildon. *discontent, so* Q.
57—60 *nigh—...flew—*] *ny,..flew,* Q.
58—60 *Sometime...hours,*] Put in a parenthesis by Malone.
60 *swiftest hours, observed*] *swift hours, unobserved* Capell MS.
64 *grained*] *greyned* Q.
65 *comely-distant*] Hyphened by Malone.
68 *aught*] Malone. *ought* Q.

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Which may her suffering ecstasy assuage,
'Tis promised in the charity of age.

'Father,' she says, 'though in me you behold
The injury of many a blasting hour,
Let it not tell your judgement I am old;
Not age, but sorrow, over me hath power:
I might as yet have been a spreading flower,
Fresh to myself, if I had self-applied
Love to myself, and to no love beside.

'But, woe is me! too early I attended
A youthful suit—it was to gain my grace—
Of one by nature's outwards so commended,
That maidens' eyes stuck over all his face:
Love lack'd a dwelling and made him her place;
And when in his fair parts she did abide,
She was new lodged and newly deified.

'His browny locks did hang in crooked curls;
And every light occasion of the wind
Upon his lips their silken parcels hurls.
What's sweet to do, to do will aptly find:
Each eye that saw him did enchant the mind;
For on his visage was in little drawn
What largeness thinks in Paradise was sawn.

'Small show of man was yet upon his chin;
His phœnix down began but to appear,
Like unshorn velvet, on that termless skin,

76 *self-applied*] Hyphened in Ewing.
79 *suit—it...grace—*] *suit; it...grace:* Sewell. *suit it...grace;* Q.
80 *Of one*] Malone (Tyrwhitt conj.). *Oone* Q. *O! one* Gildon. *outwards*] *outward* Anon. conj.
87 *hurls*] *purls* Boswell conj.
90, 91 *drawn What largeness thinks... sawn*] *sawn What large, methinks,... drawn* Lettsom conj.

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Whose bare out-bragg'd the web it seem'd to wear:
Yet show'd his visage by that cost more dear;
And nice affections wavering stood in doubt
If best were as it was, or best without.

'His qualities were beauteous as his form,
For maiden-tongued he was, and thereof free;
Yet, if men moved him, was he such a storm
As oft 'twixt May and April is to see,
When winds breathe sweet, unruly though they be.
His rudeness so with his authorized youth
Did livery falseness in a pride of truth.

'Well could he ride, and often men would say,
"That horse his mettle from his rider takes:
Proud of subjection, noble by the sway,
What rounds, what bounds, what course, what stop he makes!"
And controversy hence a question takes,
Whether the horse by him became his deed,
Or he his manage by the well-doing steed.

'But quickly on this side the verdict went:
His real habitude gave life and grace
To appertainings and to ornament,
Accomplish'd in himself, not in his case:
All aids, themselves made fairer by their place,

95 *wear*] *weare* ed. 1640. *were* Q.
96 *show'd*] *shew'd* Sewell. *shewed* Q. *more*] *most* Lintott and Gildon.
98 *were*] *'twere* Gildon.
100 *maiden-tongued*] Hyphened by Sewell.
102 *oft*] *of* ed. 1640.
103 *breathe*] Sewell. *breath* Q.
106—109 *say,...makes!*] Sewell. No stops in Q.
107 *mettle*] Ewing. *mettell* Q. *mettall* ed. 1640.
112 *his manage*] *his mannad'g*, Q. *his mannag'd*, ed. 1640. *his, manag'd* Sewell (ed. 2).
113 *this*] *his* Malone conj. and Capell MS.

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Came for additions; yet their purposed trim
Pieced not his grace, but were all graced by him.

'So on the tip of his subduing tongue
All kind of arguments and question deep,
All replication prompt and reason strong,
For his advantage still did wake and sleep:
To make the weeper laugh, the laugher weep,
He had the dialect and different skill,
Catching all passions in his craft of will;

'That he did in the general bosom reign
Of young, of old, and sexes both enchanted,
To dwell with him in thoughts, or to remain
In personal duty, following where he haunted:
Consents bewitch'd, ere he desire, have granted,
And dialogued for him what he would say,
Ask'd their own wills and made their wills obey.

'Many there were that did his picture get,
To serve their eyes, and in it put their mind;
Like fools that in the imagination set
The goodly objects which abroad they find
Of lands and mansions, theirs in thought assign'd;
And labouring in moe pleasures to bestow them
Than the true gouty landlord which doth owe them:

118 *Came...trim*] *Can for addicions, yet their purpos'd trimme* Q. *Can for Additions yet their purpose trim*, Sewell (ed. 2).
Came] Sewell (ed. 1), reading as Gildon. *Can* Q.
purposed] *purpos'd* Q. *purpose* Gildon.
121 *question*] *questions* ed. 1640.
123 *wake*] *weke* ed. 1640.
124 *laugher*] *laughter* ed. 1640.
126 *will;*] Sewell. *will*, ed. 1640. *will.* Q.
131 *Consents*] Malone. *Consent's* Q.
desire, have] Malone. *desire have* Q.
139 *moe*] Q. *more* Ewing.
140 *which*] *who* Gildon.
owe] *own* Sewell.

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'So many have, that never touch'd his hand,
Sweetly supposed them mistress of his heart.
My woeful self, that did in freedom stand,
And was my own fee-simple, not in part,
What with his art in youth and youth in art,
Threw my affections in his charmed power,
Reserved the stalk and gave him all my flower.

'Yet did I not, as some my equals did,
Demand of him, nor being desired yielded;
Finding myself in honour so forbid,
With safest distance I mine honour shielded:
Experience for me many bulwarks builded
Of proofs new-bleeding, which remain'd the foil
Of this false jewel, and his amorous spoil.

'But, ah, who ever shunn'd by precedent
The destined ill she must herself assay?
Or forced examples, 'gainst her own content,
To put the by-past perils in her way?
Counsel may stop awhile what will not stay;
For when we rage, advice is often seen
By blunting us to make our wits more keen.

'Nor gives it satisfaction to our blood,
That we must curb it upon others' proof;
To be forbod the sweets that seem so good,
For fear of harms that preach in our behoof.
O appetite, from judgement stand aloof!

142 *mistress*] *mistress'* Dyce (ed. 2).
144 *fee-simple, not in part,*] *fee simple, not in part,* Gildon. *fee simple (not in part)* Q. *fee simple not (in part)* ed. 1640.
151 *mine*] *my* ed. 1640.
153 *new-bleeding*] Hyphened by Malone.
159 *awhile*] Evans. *a-while* Sewell (ed. 1). *a while* Q.
160 *advice*] ed. 1640. *aduise* Q.
164 *To be*] *Or be* Capell MS.
forbod] Q. *forbid* ed. 1640.
sweets that seem] *Sweets, that seem* Gildon. *sweets that seemes* Q. *sweet that seems* Capell MS.

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The one a palate hath that needs will taste,
Though Reason weep, and cry "It is thy last."

'For further I could say "This man's untrue,"
And knew the patterns of his foul beguiling;
Heard where his plants in others' orchards grew,
Saw how deceits were gilded in his smiling;
Knew vows were ever brokers to defiling;
Thought characters and words merely but art,
And bastards of his foul adulterate heart.

'And long upon these terms I held my city,
Till thus he 'gan besiege me: "Gentle maid,
Have of my suffering youth some feeling pity,
And be not of my holy vows afraid:
That's to ye sworn to none was ever said;
For feasts of love I have been call'd unto,
Till now did ne'er invite, nor never woo.

'"All my offences that abroad you see
Are errors of the blood, none of the mind;
Love made them not: with acture they may be,
Where neither party is nor true nor kind:
They sought their shame that so their shame did find;
And so much less of shame in me remains
By how much of me their reproach contains.

'"Among the many that mine eyes have seen,
Not one whose flame my heart so much as warmed,

169 *For further I*] *For, father, I* Hudson, 1881 (Staunton conj.).
174 *Thought characters*] *Thought, characters* Malone.
175 *foul adulterate*] *foul-adulterate* Dyce, ed. 2 (S. Walker conj.).
180 *That's*] Malone (Capell MS.). *Thats* Q. *What's* Gildon.
182 *woo*] Dyce, 1857 (Capell MS. and Collier conj.). *vow* Q.
191—194 *warmed...charmed...harmed*] Q. *warmed...charmed...harm'd* ed. 1640. *warm'd...charm'd...harm'd* Malone.

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Or my affection put to the smallest teen,
Or any of my leisures ever charmed:
Harm have I done to them, but ne'er was harmed;
Kept hearts in liveries, but mine own was free,
And reign'd, commanding in his monarchy.

'"Look here, what tributes wounded fancies sent me,
Of paled pearls and rubies red as blood;
Figuring that they their passions likewise lent me
Of grief and blushes, aptly understood
In bloodless white and the encrimson'd mood;
Effects of terror and dear modesty,
Encamp'd in hearts, but fighting outwardly.

'"And, lo, behold these talents of their hair,
With twisted metal amorously impleach'd,
I have received from many a several fair,
Their kind acceptance weepingly beseech'd,
With the annexions of fair gems enrich'd,
And deep-brain'd sonnets that did amplify
Each stone's dear nature, worth and quality.

'"The diamond, why, 'twas beautiful and hard,
Whereto his invised properties did tend;
The deep-green emerald, in whose fresh regard
Weak sights their sickly radiance do amend;
The heaven-hued sapphire and the opal blend

192 *the*] *th*, Q.
197 *here*] ed. 1640. *heare* Q. *fancies*] *fancy* Gildon.
198 *paled*] Malone. *palyd* Q. *palid* ed. 1640. *pallid* Sewell.
204 *hair*] *haire* ed. 1640. *heir* Q.
205 *metal*] Sewell (ed. 2). *mettle* Q.
208 *the annexions*] Malone (Capell MS.). *th' annexions* Q.
209 *deep-brain'd*] Hyphened by Sewell.
211 *diamond,*] *diamond?* Q. *diamond!* Gildon.
212 *invised*] *inviv'd* Capell MS.
213 *deep-green*] Hyphened by Malone (Capell MS.).
215 *heaven-hued*] Hyphened by Gildon. *opal*] *opall* Q. *ophal* Lintott and Gildon.

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With objects manifold: each several stone,
With wit well blazon'd, smiled or made some moan.

'"Lo, all these trophies of affections hot,
Of pensived and subdued desires the tender,
Nature hath charged me that I hoard them not,
But yield them up where I myself must render,
That is, to you, my origin and ender;
For these, of force, must your oblations be,
Since I their altar, you enpatron me.

'"O, then, advance of yours that phraseless hand,
Whose white weighs down the airy scale of praise;
Take all these similes to your own command,
Hallow'd with sighs that burning lungs did raise;
What me your minister, for you obeys,
Works under you; and to your audit comes
Their distract parcels in combined sums.

'"Lo, this device was sent me from a nun,
Or sister sanctified, of holiest note;
Which late her noble suit in court did shun,
Whose rarest havings made the blossoms dote;
For she was sought by spirits of richest coat,
But kept cold distance, and did thence remove,
To spend her living in eternal love.

218 *trophies*] *trophice* Lintott.
219 *pensived*] *pensiv'd* Q. *pensive* Hudson, 1881 (Lettsom conj.). *passive* Ingleby conj.
224 *enpatron*] Gildon. *enpatrone* ed. 1640. *en patrone* Q.
225 *of yours*] Put in a parenthesis in Q.
227 *similes to*] *similies to* Q. *similes unto* Gildon. *smiles unto* Ewing.
228 *Hallow'd*] Sewell. *Hollowed* Q. *Hollow'd* Gildon.
229 *minister,*] *minister* Q. *minister?* ed. 1640.
231 *in combined*] *incombined* ed. 1640.
232 *device*] *devise* Sewell.
233 *Or*] *A* Dyce, ed. 2 (Malone conj.).
235 *blossoms*] *bosoms* Barron Field conj.
236 *coat*] Gildon. *cote* Q.

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'"But, O my sweet, what labour is't to leave
The thing we have not, mastering what not strives,
Playing the place which did no form receive,
Playing patient sports in unconstrained gyves?
She that her fame so to herself contrives,
The scars of battle 'scapeth by the flight,
And makes her absence valiant, not her might.

'"O, pardon me, in that my boast is true:
The accident which brought me to her eye
Upon the moment did her force subdue,
And now she would the caged cloister fly:
Religious love put out Religion's eye:
Not to be tempted, would she be immured,
And now, to tempt all, liberty procured.

'"How mighty then you are, O, hear me tell!
The broken bosoms that to me belong
Have emptied all their fountains in my well,
And mine I pour your ocean all among:

239 *labour is't*] Gildon. *labour ist* Q. *labourist* Lintott.
240 *have*] *love* Hudson, 1881 (Barron Field conj.).
240—242 *strives, ... unconstrained gyves?*] *strives? ..... unconstrained gyves:* Malone. *strives, ... unconstraind gives,* Q. *strives? ... unconstrain'd gives?* Gildon. *strives? ... unconstrained gives?* Sewell.
241, 242 *Playing...Playing*] Q. *Planing...Playing* Capell MS. *Paling the place which does no fawn receive?—Play* Malone conj. (withdrawn). *Paling the place which did no form receive;—Man* Malone (1790). *Paling...Playing* Boswell. *Salving the place which did no harm receive, Playing* Lettsom conj. *Filling ... Playing* Staunton conj. *Painting.....Playing* Anon. conj. *Flying.....Plying* Bulloch conj. *Playning...Playing* Orson conj.
244 *the flight*] *her flight* Steevens conj.
250 *Religion's*] *religious* Lintott.
251, 252 *immured...procured*] Gildon. *enur'd...procure* Q. *inur'd...procur'd* ed. 1640. *in mure...procure* Capell MS.
252 *now, to tempt all,*] Malone. *now to tempt all* Q. *now to tempt, all* Gildon.

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I strong o'er them, and you o'er me being strong,
Must for your victory us all congest,
As compound love to physic your cold breast.

'"My parts had power to charm a sacred nun,
Who disciplined, ay, dieted in grace,
Believed her eyes when they to assail begun,
All vows and consecrations giving place:
O most potential love! vow, bond, nor space,
In thee hath neither sting, knot, nor confine,
For thou art all, and all things else are thine.

'"When thou impressest, what are precepts worth
Of stale example? When thou wilt inflame,
How coldly those impediments stand forth
Of wealth, of filial fear, law, kindred, fame!
Love's arms are peace, 'gainst rule, 'gainst sense, 'gainst shame;
And sweetens, in the suffering pangs it bears,
The aloes of all forces, shocks and fears.

'"Now all these hearts that do on mine depend,
Feeling it break, with bleeding groans they pine;

260 *nun*] Dyce, 1857 (Capell MS. and Malone conj.). *Sunne* Q.
261 *Who*] Q. *Tho'* Gildon.
ay, dieted] Dyce, 1857 (Capell MS.). *I dieted* Q. *and dieted* Malone. See note.
262 *they to assail*] *they t' assaile* Q. *I the assail* Malone (1780).
265 *sting*] *string* Capell MS. *strength* Kinnear conj.
268 *Of*] *Or* Capell MS.
270 *kindred, fame*] ed. 1640. *kindred fame* Q.
271 *Love's arms are peace,*] *Love's arms are proof* Hudson, 1881 (Capell MS. and Malone conj.). *Love aims at peace,* Steevens conj. *Love arms our peace* Dyce conj. *Love charms our peace* Lettsom conj. *Love's ardour speaks* Bulloch conj. *Love's shaft can pierce* Kinnear conj. *Love aims a piece* Orson conj.
272 *And*] *Yet* Steevens conj.
pangs] *pangues* Q. *pang* ed. 1640.
275 *bleeding*] *beeding* Lintott.

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And supplicant their sighs to you extend,
To leave the battery that you make 'gainst mine,
Lending soft audience to my sweet design,
And credent soul to that strong-bonded oath
That shall prefer and undertake my troth."

'This said, his watery eyes he did dismount,
Whose sights till then were levell'd on my face;
Each cheek a river running from a fount
With brinish current downward flow'd apace:
O, how the channel to the stream gave grace!
Who glazed with crystal gate the glowing roses
That flame through water which their hue encloses.

'O father, what a hell of witchcraft lies
In the small orb of one particular tear!
But with the inundation of the eyes
What rocky heart to water will not wear?
What breast so cold that is not warmed here?
O cleft effect! cold modesty, hot wrath,
Both fire from hence and chill extincture hath.

'For, lo, his passion, but an art of craft,
Even there resolved my reason into tears;
There my white stole of chastity I daff'd,
Shook off my sober guards and civil fears;
Appear to him, as he to me appears,

279 *strong-bonded*] Hyphened by Malone (Capell MS.).
284 *flow'd*] Sewell. *flowed* Q. *apace*] ed. 1640. *a pace* Q.
286 *crystal gate*] *crystal, gate* Malone.
292 *here?*] Gildon. *heare*, Q. *here*, ed. 1640.
293 *O cleft effect!*] *Oh! cleft effect!* Gildon. *Or cleft effect*, Q. *wrath,*] *wrath!* Sewell (ed. 2).
297 *chastity*] Q. *chastite* ed. 1640. *daff'd*] Malone (1790). *daft* Q.
298 *off*] *of* ed. 1640.

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All melting; though our drops this difference bore,
His poison'd me, and mine did him restore.

'In him a plenitude of subtle matter,
Applied to cautels, all strange forms receives,
Of burning blushes, or of weeping water,
Or swounding paleness; and he takes and leaves,
In either's aptness, as it best deceives,
To blush at speeches rank, to weep at woes,
Or to turn white and swound at tragic shows:

'That not a heart which in his level came
Could 'scape the hail of his all-hurting aim,
Showing fair nature is both kind and tame;
And, veil'd in them, did win whom he would maim:
Against the thing he sought he would exclaim;
When he most burn'd in heart-wish'd luxury,
He preach'd pure maid and praised cold chastity.

'Thus merely with the garment of a Grace
The naked and concealed fiend he cover'd;
That the unexperient gave the tempter place,
Which, like a cherubin, above them hover'd.
Who, young and simple, would not be so lover'd?
Ay me! I fell, and yet do question make
What I should do again for such a sake.

303 *cautels*] Malone. *cautills* Q. *cautles* ed. 1640. *cautless* Ewing. *strange*] ed. 1640. *straing* Q.
305 *swounding*] Edd. *sounding* Q. *swouning* Gildon. *swooning* Sewell.
308 *swound*] Edd. *sound* Q. *swoon* Gildon.
310 *hail*] *haile* Q. *ill* Malone conj. *all-hurting*] Hyphened by Sewell.
311 *kind*] *wild* Sewell.
312 *veil'd*] Sewell. *vaild* Q.
314 *burn'd*] *burnt* Q.
318 *unexperient*] *unexperienc'd* Gildon.
319 *cherubin*] *cherubim* Sewell (ed. 2).
320 *lover'd?*] Gildon. *louerd.* Q.
321 *Ay me!*] *Ah! me* Gildon. *Ah me!* Sewell.

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'O, that infected moisture of his eye,
O, that false fire which in his cheek so glow'd,
O, that forced thunder from his heart did fly,
O, that sad breath his spongy lungs bestow'd,
O, all that borrow'd motion seeming owed,
Would yet again betray the fore-betray'd,
And new pervert a reconciled maid!'

324 *glow'd*] *glowd* Q. *glowed* Collier.
326 *bestow'd*] Gildon. *bestowed* Q.
327 *borrow'd*] Sewell (ed. 2). *borrowed* Q.
328 *fore-betray'd*] *fore-betrai'd* ed. 1640. *fore-betrayed* Q.
329 *new pervert*] Hyphened in Capell MS.

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NOTE.

261. Malone in his edition of 1780, quotes the reading of the Quarto in this line as 'I dieted,' and in his edition of 1790 as 'I died.' The Bridgewater Quarto, and that from which Capell supplemented in manuscript his own imperfect copy, read 'I dieted.' Both the copies in the Bodleian have the same reading.

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THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

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THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

I.

When my love swears that she is made of truth,
I do believe her, though I know she lies,
That she might think me some untutor'd youth,
Unskilful in the world's false forgeries.
Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,
Although I know my years be past the best,
I smiling credit her false-speaking tongue,
Outfacing faults in love with love's ill rest.
But wherefore says my love that she is young?
And wherefore say not I that I am old?
O, love's best habit is a soothing tongue,
And age, in love, loves not to have years told.
Therefore I'll lie with love, and love with me,
Since that our faults in love thus smother'd be.

II.

Two loves I have, of comfort and despair,
That like two spirits do suggest me still;
My better angel is a man right fair,
My worser spirit a woman colour'd ill.

I. See Sonnet CXXXVIII.
7 *false-speaking*] Hyphened by Delius.
11 *soothing*] *smoothing* Gildon.

II. See Sonnet CXLIV.
4 *spirit*] ed. 1612. *spirite* ed. 1599.

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To win me soon to hell, my female evil
Tempteth my better angel from my side,
And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,
Wooing his purity with her fair pride.
And whether that my angel be turn'd fiend,
Suspect I may, yet not directly tell:
For being both to me, both to each friend,
I guess one angel in another's hell:
The truth I shall not know, but live in doubt,
Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

III.

Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,
'Gainst whom the world could not hold argument,
Persuade my heart to this false perjury?
Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.
A woman I forswore; but I will prove,
Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee:
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;
Thy grace being gain'd cures all disgrace in me.
My vow was breath, and breath a vapour is;
Then, thou fair sun, that on this earth doth shine,
Exhale this vapour vow; in thee it is:
If broken, then it is no fault of mine.
If by me broke, what fool is not so wise
To break an oath, to win a paradise?

III. See Love's Labour's Lost, IV. 3. 56—69.
2 *could not*] *cannot* Malone, 1780 (from Love's Labour's Lost).
3 *perjury*] *periurie:* edd. 1599, 1612.
10, 11 *that on this earth doth shine, Exhale*] *which on my earth dost shine, Exhal'st* Malone, 1780 (from Love's Labour's Lost).

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IV.

Sweet Cytherea, sitting by a brook
With young Adonis, lovely, fresh and green,
Did court the lad with many a lovely look,
Such looks as none could look but beauty's queen.
She told him stories to delight his ear,
She show'd him favours to allure his eye;
To win his heart, she touch'd him here and there;
Touches so soft still conquer chastity.
But whether unripe years did want conceit,
Or he refused to take her figured proffer,
The tender nibbler would not touch the bait,
But smile and jest at every gentle offer:
Then fell she on her back, fair queen, and toward:
He rose and ran away; ah, fool too froward.

V.

If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?
O never faith could hold, if not to beauty vowed:
Though to myself forsworn, to thee I 'll constant prove;
Those thoughts, to me like oaks, to thee like osiers bowed.
Study his bias leaves, and make his book thine eyes,
Where all those pleasures live that art can comprehend.
If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice;
Well learned is that tongue that well can thee commend:
All ignorant that soul that sees thee without wonder;
Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire:

IV. 5 *ear*] Malone. *eares* edd. 1599, 1612.
8 *soft still*] *soft, still* ed. 1612.
10 *figured*] *sugar'd* Collier conj.
12 *jest*] ed. 1640. *ieast* edd. 1599, 1612.
V. See Love's Labour's Lost, IV. 2. 100—113.
1 *swear*] *swere* ed. 1599 and Lintott. *sweare* ed. 1612.
2—4 *vowed...bowed*] *vow'd...bow'd* Gildon.
6 *live*] *lives* ed. 1640.

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Thine eye Jove's lightning seems, thy voice his dreadful thunder,
Which, not to anger bent, is music and sweet fire.
Celestial as thou art, O do not love that wrong,
To sing heaven's praise with such an earthly tongue.

VI.

Scarce had the sun dried up the dewy morn,
And scarce the herd gone to the hedge for shade,
When Cytherea, all in love forlorn,
A longing tarriance for Adonis made
Under an osier growing by a brook,
A brook where Adon used to cool his spleen:
Hot was the day; she hotter that did look
For his approach, that often there had been.
Anon he comes, and throws his mantle by,
And stood stark naked on the brook's green brim:
The sun look'd on the world with glorious eye,
Yet not so wistly as this queen on him.
He, spying her, bounced in, whereas he stood:
'O Jove,' quoth she, 'why was not I a flood!'

VII.

Fair is my love, but not so fair as fickle,
Mild as a dove, but neither true nor trusty,
Brighter than glass and yet, as glass is, brittle,
Softer than wax and yet as iron rusty:
A lily pale, with damask dye to grace her,
None fairer, nor none falser to deface her.

14 *heaven's*] Gildon. *heavens* edd. 1599, 1612. *the heavens'* Malone. *tongue*] ed. 1612. *toung* ed. 1599.
VI. 1 *dewy*] Lintott and Gildon. *deawy* edd. 1599, 1612.
14 *flood!*] *flood?* edd. 1599, 1612.
VII. 5 *lily*] *little* Lintott.

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Her lips to mine how often hath she joined,
Between each kiss her oaths of true love swearing!
How many tales to please me hath she coined,
Dreading my love, the loss thereof still fearing!
Yet in the midst of all her pure protestings,
Her faith, her oaths, her tears, and all were jestings.

She burn'd with love, as straw with fire flameth;
She burn'd out love, as soon as straw out-burneth;
She framed the love, and yet she foil'd the framing;
She bade love last, and yet she fell a-turning.
Was this a lover, or a lecher whether?
Bad in the best, though excellent in neither.

VIII.

If music and sweet poetry agree,
As they must needs, the sister and the brother,
Then must the love be great 'twixt thee and me,
Because thou lovest the one and I the other.
Dowland to thee is dear, whose heavenly touch
Upon the lute doth ravish human sense;
Spenser to me, whose deep conceit is such
As passing all conceit needs no defence.
Thou lovest to hear the sweet melodious sound
That Phœbus' lute, the queen of music, makes;

7—9 *joined...coined*] Collier. *join'd... coined* Gildon. *join'd...coin'd* Sewell.
10 *thereof*] ed. 1612. *whereof* ed. 1599.
11 *midst*] ed. 1640. *mids* edd. 1599, 1612.
13, 14 *burn'd...burn'd*] Malone (1790). *burnt* edd. 1599, 1612.
13 *flameth*] *flaming* Sewell (ed. 1).
14 *out-burneth*] Hyphened by Malone (1790). *out burning* Sewell.
16 *bade*] Malone. *bad* edd. 1599, 1612. *a-turning*] Hyphened by Dyce (1857).
VIII. 1 See note (I).
7 *Spenser*] *Spencer* ed. 1612.

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And I in deep delight am chiefly drown'd
When as himself to singing he betakes.
One god is god of both, as poets feign;
One knight loves both, and both in thee remain.

IX.

Fair was the morn when the fair queen of love,
.....
Paler for sorrow than her milk-white dove,
For Adon's sake, a youngster proud and wild;
Her stand she takes upon a steep-up hill:
Anon Adonis comes with horn and hounds;
She, silly queen, with more than love's good will,
Forbade the boy he should not pass those grounds:
'Once,' quoth she, 'did I see a fair sweet youth
Here in these brakes deep-wounded with a boar,
Deep in the thigh, a spectacle of ruth!
See, in my thigh,' quoth she, 'here was the sore.'
She showed hers: he saw more wounds than one,
And blushing fled, and left her all alone.

X.

Sweet rose, fair flower, untimely pluck'd, soon vaded,
Pluck'd in the bud and vaded in the spring!
Bright orient pearl, alack, too timely shaded!
Fair creature, kill'd too soon by death's sharp sting!
Like a green plum that hangs upon a tree,
And falls through wind before the fall should be.

12 *When as*] *Whenas* Malone.

IX. 2 The omission of a line first marked by Malone. *As a long-parted mother from her child* Bulloch conj.

5 *steep-up*] Hyphened by Sewell.

10 *deep-wounded*] Hyphened by Malone.

X. 1, 2 *vaded*] *faded* Gildon.

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I weep for thee and yet no cause I have;
For why thou left'st me nothing in thy will:
And yet thou left'st me more than I did crave;
For why I craved nothing of thee still:
O yes, dear friend, I pardon crave of thee,
Thy discontent thou didst bequeath to me.

XI.

Venus, with young Adonis sitting by her
Under a myrtle shade, began to woo him:
She told the youngling how god Mars did try her,
And as he fell to her, so fell she to him.
'Even thus,' quoth she, 'the warlike god embraced me,'
And then she clipp'd Adonis in her arms;
'Even thus,' quoth she, 'the warlike god unlaced me,'
As if the boy should use like loving charms;
'Even thus,' quoth she, 'he seized on my lips,'
And with her lips on his did act the seizure:
And as she fetched breath, away he skips,
And would not take her meaning nor her pleasure.
Ah, that I had my lady at this bay,
To kiss and clip me till I run away!

XII.

Crabbed age and youth cannot live together:
Youth is full of pleasance, age is full of care;

8 *why thou*] Dyce (1857). *why: thou* edd. 1599, 1612. *why? thou* Gildon.
8, 9 *left'st*] Malone. *lefts* edd. 1599, 1612. *left's* Ewing.
10 *why I*] Dyce (1857). *why: I* edd. 1599, 1612. *why? I* Gildon.
XI. 1 *Venus, with young*] *Venus and yong* Griffin. *Venus with* ed. 1599, 1612. *Fair Venus with* Malone (Farmer conj.). *Venus with coy* Anon. conj. MS. (in Bodleian copy of 1612).
4 *so fell she*] Griffin. *she fell* edd. 1599, 1612.
5 *warlike*] *wanton* Griffin.
6 *clipp'd*] *clasp'd* Griffin.
9—14 See note (II).
11 *And*] edd. 1599, 1612. *But* Dyce (1857).
XII. 1—12 *Crabbed.....long.*] Twelve lines in edd. 1599, 1612. Twenty in Malone.

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Youth like summer morn, age like winter weather;
Youth like summer brave, age like winter bare.
Youth is full of sport, age's breath is short;
  Youth is nimble, age is lame;
Youth is hot and bold, age is weak and cold;
  Youth is wild, and age is tame.
Age, I do abhor thee; youth, I do adore thee;
  O, my love, my love is young!
Age, I do defy thee: O, sweet shepherd, hie thee,
  For methinks thou stay'st too long.

XIII.

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good;
A shining gloss that vadeth suddenly;
A flower that dies when first it 'gins to bud;
A brittle glass that's broken presently:
  A doubtful good, a gloss, a glass, a flower,
  Lost, vaded, broken, dead within an hour.

And as goods lost are seld or never found,
As vaded gloss no rubbing will refresh,
As flowers dead lie wither'd on the ground,
As broken glass no cement can redress,

12 *stay'st*] Ewing. *stayst* Sewell. *staies* edd. 1599, 1612. *stays* Lintott.

XIII. 1, 5 *doubtful*] *fleeting* Anon. MS. (Gent. Mag. xx. 521). See note (III).

2 *vadeth*] *fadeth* Gildon.

3 *first...bud*] *almost in the bud* Anon. MS. (Gent. Mag.).

4 *that's broken*] *thats broken* Lintott. *that breaketh* Anon. MS. (Gent. Mag.).

6, 8 *vaded faded* Gildon.

7 *And...found*] *As goods, when lost, are wond'rous seldom found* Anon. MS. (Gent. Mag.).

8—10 *will refresh...redress*] *can excite ...unite* Anon. MS. (Gent. Mag.).

9 *dead lie wither'd*] *when dead, are trampled* Anon. MS. (Gent. Mag.). *wither'd*] Malone. *withered* edd. 1599, 1612.

10 *cement*] Sewell. *symant* edd. 1599, 1612. *scement* Gildon.

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So beauty blemish'd once 's for ever lost,
In spite of physic, painting, pain and cost.

XIV.

Good night, good rest. Ah, neither be my share:
She bade good night that kept my rest away;
And daff'd me to a cabin hang'd with care,
To descant on the doubts of my decay.
'Farewell,' quoth she, 'and come again to-morrow:'
Fare well I could not, for I supp'd with sorrow.

Yet at my parting sweetly did she smile,
In scorn or friendship, nill I construe whether:
'T may be, she joy'd to jest at my exile,
'T may be, again to make me wander thither:
'Wander,' a word for shadows like myself,
As take the pain, but cannot pluck the pelf.

XV.

Lord, how mine eyes throw gazes to the east!
My heart doth charge the watch; the morning rise
Doth cite each moving sense from idle rest.
Not daring trust the office of mine eyes,

11 *once 's for ever*] Edd. (Globe ed.). *once, for ever* edd. 1599, 1612. *once, for ever's* Gildon. *once, is ever* Anon. MS. (Gent. Mag.).
12 *pain*] *pains* Anon. MS. (Gent. Mag.).
XIV. 1 *rest.*] Malone. *rest,* edd. 1599, 1612. *rest;* Sewell (ed. 2).
2 *bade*] Ewing. *bad* edd. 1599, 1612.
3 *daff'd*] Malone (1790). *daft* edd. 1599, 1612.
cabin] Boswell. *cabbin* Ewing. *cabben* edd. 1599, 1612.
care] *eare* ed. 1612.
6 *Fare well*] *Farewel* Lintott and Gildon.
8 *construe*] Ewing. *conster* edd. 1599, 1612.
9, 10 *'T may be*] edd. 1599, 1612. *It may be* Gildon. *May be* Malone (1780).
11 *a word*] As in Malone. Put in a parenthesis in edd. 1599, 1612.
XV. 2 *charge*] *change* Delius conj.
3 *cite*] Sewell (ed. 2). *scite* edd. 1599, 1612.
3, 4 *rest. Not...eyes,*] Malone. *rest, Not...eies.* edd. 1599, 1612.

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While Philomela sits and sings, I sit and mark,
And wish her lays were tuned like the lark;

For she doth welcome daylight with her ditty,
And drives away dark dreaming night:
The night so pack'd, I post unto my pretty;
Heart hath his hope and eyes their wished sight;
Sorrow changed to solace and solace mix'd with sorrow;
For why, she sigh'd, and bade me come to-morrow.

Were I with her, the night would post too soon;
But now are minutes added to the hours;
To spite me now, each minute seems a moon;
Yet not for me, shine sun to succour flowers!
Pack night, peep day; good day, of night now borrow:
Short, night, to-night, and length thyself to-morrow.

[XVI.]

It was a lording's daughter, the fairest one of three,
That liked of her master as well as well might be,

5 *sits and*] om. Edd. conj.
7 *ditty*] ed. 1612. *ditte* ed. 1599.
8 *And drives*] *And daylight drives* Anon. conj.
dark dreaming] *darke dreaming* edd. 1599, 1612. *darkdreaming* Sewell. *dark dismal-dreaming* Malone. *dark dreary dreaming* Anon. conj.
10 *Heart*] Lintott and Gildon. *Hart* edd. 1599, 1612.
11 *and solace*] *solace* Malone.
12 *why, she*] Dyce (1857). *why? she* Sewell (ed. 2). *why, she* ed. 1599, 1612.
sigh'd,] Gildon. *sight*, edd. 1599, 1612.
bade] Ewing. *bad* edd. 1599, 1612.
15 *each*] ed. 1612. *ech* ed. 1599.
a moon] Malone, 1790 (Steevens conj.). *an houre* edd. 1599, 1612.
16 *flowers !*] Malone. *flowers.* edd. 1599, 1612.
18 *Short, night, to-night*] Malone. *Short night to night* edd. 1599, 1612. *Short night, to night* Gildon. *Show, night, to-night* Dyce, ed. 2 (a misprint).
[XVI.] 1 *It...three,*] Two lines in ed. 1612.
lording's] *lordling's* ed. 1806.
2 *her master*] *a master* S. Walker conj.

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Till looking on an Englishman, the fair'st that eye could see,
Her fancy fell a-turning.
Long was the combat doubtful that love with love did fight,
To leave the master loveless, or kill the gallant knight:
To put in practice either, alas, it was a spite
Unto the silly damsel!
But one must be refused; more mickle was the pain
That nothing could be used to turn them both to gain,
For of the two the trusty knight was wounded with disdain:
Alas, she could not help it!
Thus art with arms contending was victor of the day,
Which by a gift of learning did bear the maid away:
Then, lullaby, the learned man hath got the lady gay;
For now my song is ended.

XVII.

On a day, alack the day!
Love, whose month was ever May,
Spied a blossom passing fair,
Playing in the wanton air:
Through the velvet leaves the wind
All unseen 'gan passage find;
That the lover, sick to death,
Wish'd himself the heaven's breath,
'Air,' quoth he, 'thy cheeks may blow;
Air, would I might triumph so!
But, alas! my hand hath sworn

3 *Till...see,*] Two lines in ed. 1612. *fair'st that*] Dyce (1857). *fairest that* ed. 1599. *fairest* ed. 1612.
4 *a-turning*] Hyphened by Dyce (1857).
5 *Long...fight,*] Two lines in ed. 1612.
9 *refused*] *refus'd* Ewing.
11 *For...disdain:*] Two lines, the first ending *was*, in ed. 1612.
15 *Then, lullaby,*] *Then lullaby* edd. 1599, 1612.
XVII. See Love's Labour's Lost, IV. 3. 97—116.
7 *lover,*] *Sheepheard* England's Helicon.

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Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:
Vow, alack! for youth unmeet:
Youth, so apt to pluck a sweet.
Thou for whom Jove would swear
Juno but an Ethiope were;
And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love.'

[XVIII.]

My flocks feed not,
My ewes breed not,
My rams speed not;
All is amiss:
Love's denying,
Faith's defying,
Heart's renying,
Causer of this.
All my merry jigs are quite forgot,
All my lady's love is lost, God wot:
Where her faith was firmly fix'd in love,
There a nay is placed without remove.
One silly cross
Wrought all my loss;
O frowning Fortune, cursed, fickle dame!

12 *thorn*] Malone (from England's Helicon). *throne* edd. 1599, 1612.
14 *sweet.*] *sweet. Do not call it sin in me, That I am forsworn for thee;* Malone (from Love's Labour's Lost).
15 *Jove*] *ev'n Jove* Gildon.

XVIII. Printed as by Malone. As three stanzas of twelve lines each in the older editions.

5 *Love's denying*] Malone. *Loue is dying* edd. 1599, 1612. *Loue is denying* England's Helicon.
6 *Faith's*] Gildon. *Faithes* ed. 1599, 1612. *Faith is* England's Helicon.
7 *Heart's renying*] Malone. *Harts renying* England's Helicon. *Harts nenying* ed. 1599. *Harts denying* ed. 1612. *Hearts denying* Lintott.
8 *Causer*] *'Cause* Steevens conj.
9 *my merry*] *our merry* Weelkes's Madrigals.
11 *her*] *our* Weelkes's Madrigals.
12 *a nay*] *annoy* Weelkes's Madrigals.
13 *One silly*] *Our seely* Weelkes's Madrigals.

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For now I see
Inconstancy
More in women than in men remain.

In black mourn I,
All fears scorn I,
Love hath forlorn me,
Living in thrall:
Heart is bleeding,
All help needing,
O cruel speeding,
Fraughted with gall.
My shepherd's pipe can sound no deal:
My wether's bell rings doleful knell;
My curtal dog, that wont to have play'd,
Plays not at all, but seems afraid;
My sighs so deep
Procure to weep,
In howling wise, to see my doleful plight.
How sighs resound
Through heartless ground,
Like a thousand vanquish'd men in bloody fight!

18 *women*] *wowen* ed. 1599. *men remain*] *many men to be* Weelkes's Madrigals.
19 *mourn I*] *mourne I* ed. 1640 and England's Helicon. *morne I* ed. 1599, 1612.
20 *fears*] *fear* Weelkes's Madrigals.
21 *Love hath forlorn me*] *Love forlorn I* Steevens conj.
26 *Fraughted*] *Fraught* Weelkes's Madrigals.
27 *can*] *will* Weelkes's Madrigals.
28 *wether's*] *weather's* Gildon. *weathers* edd. 1599, 1612. *wethers'* Malone.
29 *curtal*] *curtaile* edd. 1599, 1612.
30 *not at all*] *not all* ed. 1612.
31, 32 *My sighs...Procure to*] Malone, 1790 (Weelkes's Madrigals). *With sighes...procures to* edd. 1599, 1612. *With sighs...procures to* England's Helicon. *With sighs...Poor curs do* Malone conj. (withdrawn).
33 *In howling wise*] *In howling-wise* Malone (England's Helicon). *With howling noise* Weelkes's Madrigals.
34 *How*] *His* Malone conj.
34 *heartless*] *harkless* Malone, 1790 (Weelkes's Madrigals).

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Clear wells spring not,
Sweet birds sing not,
Green plants bring not
Forth their dye;
Herds stand weeping,
Flocks all sleeping,
Nymphs back peeping
Fearfully:
All our pleasure known to us poor swains,
All our merry meetings on the plains,
All our evening sport from us is fled,
All our love is lost, for Love is dead.
Farewell, sweet lass,
Thy like ne'er was
For a sweet content, the cause of all my moan:
Poor Corydon
Must live alone;
Other help for him I see that there is none.

39, 40 *Green...dye*] *Loud bells ring not Cheerfully* Malone, 1790 (Weelkes's Madrigals).
40 *Forth their dye*] *forth their die* edd. 1599, 1612. *Forth; they die* Malone (1780).
41 *stand*] England's Helicon and Gildon. *stands* edd. 1599, 1612.
43 *back peeping*] *backe peeping* England's Helicon. *blacke peeping* edd. 1599, 1612. *back creeping* Malone, 1790 (Weelkes's Madrigals).
45 *pleasure*] *pleasures* Weelkes's Madrigals.
46 *meetings*] *meeting* England's Helicon.
47 *sport.....is*] *sports.....are* England's Helicon and Weelkes's Madrigals.
48 *love is lost*] *loves are lost* Weelkes's Madrigals.
49 *lass*] Malone, 1790 (Weelkes's Madrigals). *loue* edd. 1599, 1612 and England's Helicon.
51 *a sweet*] *sweete* England's Helicon.
the cause...moan] *of all my moan the cause* Malone conj.
the cause] *thou cause* Malone conj. *though cause* Hudson, 1881 (Dyce conj.).
moan] Malone. *moane* England's Helicon. *woe* edd. 1599, 1612.
54 *see that there is*] *know there's* Weelkes's Madrigals.

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XIX.

When as thine eye hath chose the dame,
And stall'd the deer that thou shouldst strike,
Let reason rule things worthy blame,
As well as fancy, partial wight:
Take counsel of some wiser head,
Neither too young nor yet unwed.

And when thou comest thy tale to tell,
Smooth not thy tongue with filed talk,
Lest she some subtle practice smell,—
A cripple soon can find a halt;—
But plainly say thou lovest her well,
And set thy person forth to sell.

What though her frowning brows be bent,
Her cloudy looks will calm ere night:
And then too late she will repent
That thus dissembled her delight;

XIX. 1 *When as*] *Whenas* Sewell (ed. 2). *When y*^{t} MS.
2 *stall'd*] Evans (Capell MS.). *stalde* edd. 1599, 1612. *stal'd* Gildon. *deer*] Gildon. *deare* edd. 1599, 1612. *that*] om. Sewell. *shouldst*] *would'st* Malone (1790) and MS.
4 *fancy, partial wight:*] Edd. (Capell MS. and Malone conj. withdrawn). *fancy* (*party all might*) edd. 1599, 1612. *fancy* (*partly all might*) ed. 1640. *fancy, partial might:* Malone (1780). *fancy, partial tike:* Malone, 1790 (Steevens conj.). *fancy, partial like,* MS quoted by Malone. *partial fancy like:* Collier (from a MS. copy). *fancy partial might* Staunton. *fancy martial might:* Staunton conj. *fancy's partial might* Furnivall conj.
5 *wiser*] *other* MS. quoted by Collier.
6 *too young*] *vnwise* MS. quoted by Collier. *unwed*] *vnwayde* MS.
8 *Smooth*] *Whett* MS.
10 *a halt*] *one hault* MS.
12 *thy...sell*] Malone, 1790 (from a MS. copy). *her...sale* edd. 1599, 1612. *her...sell* Steevens conj. *person*] *body* Anon. MS. quoted by Collier.
13—24 *What...then.*] Transferred by Malone (1790) from a MS. copy to follow line 36.
14 *calm ere*] *calme ere* ed. 1640. *calme yer* edd. 1599, 1612. *calm e'er* Gildon. *clear ere* Malone, 1790 (from his MS.).
15 *then...will*] *she perhappes will sone* MS.
16 *thus*] *she* MS.

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And twice desire, ere it be day,
That which with scorn she put away.

What though she strive to try her strength,
And ban and brawl, and say thee nay,
Her feeble force will yield at length,
When craft hath taught her thus to say;
'Had women been so strong as men,
In faith, you had not had it then.'

And to her will frame all thy ways;
Spare not to spend, and chiefly there
Where thy desert may merit praise,
By ringing in thy lady's ear:
The strongest castle, tower and town,
The golden bullet beats it down.

Serve always with assured trust,
And in thy suit be humble true;
Unless thy lady prove unjust,
Press never thou to choose anew:
When time shall serve, be thou not slack
To proffer, though she put thee back.

The wiles and guiles that women work,
Dissembled with an outward show,

17 *ere*] ed. 1640. *yer* edd. 1599, 1612. *yet* Gildon. *y'ere* (i.e. *you ere*) Steevens conj.
18 *which with*] *with such* Malone (1790) and MS.
20 *ban*] *chide* MS.
thee] ed. 1612. *the* ed. 1599.
22 *When*] *And* MS.
24 *not had*] *not got* MS.
27 *desert*] Gildon. *desart* edd. 1599, 1612. *expences* MS.
merit] *sound thy* MS.
28 *in thy lady's ear*] *always in her ear* Malone (1790) and MS.
30 *and*] *or* MS.
31 *beats it*] *hathe beat* MS.
32 *humble true*] edd. 1599, 1612. *humble, true* Sewell. *humble-true* Staunton (Capell MS.).
34 *Press*] *Prease* edd. 1599, 1612. *Presse* Gildon. *Please* Sewell. *Seek* Malone (1790).
anew] Lintott. *a new* edd. 1599, 1612.
35 *shall*] *doth* MS.
be thou] *then be* MS.
36 *thee*] ed. 1599. *it* ed. 1612 and MS.
37—42 Placed after l. 48 in MS.
37 *women work*] *in them lurkes* MS.

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The tricks and toys that in them lurk,
The cock that treads them shall not know.
Have you not heard it said full oft,
A woman's nay doth stand for nought?

Think women still to strive with men,
To sin and never for to saint:
There is no heaven, by holy then,
When time with age shall them attaint.
Were kisses all the joys in bed,
One woman would another wed.

But, soft! enough—too much, I fear—
Lest that my mistress hear my song:
She will not stick to round me on th' ear,
To teach my tongue to be so long:
Yet will she blush, here be it said,
To hear her secrets so bewray'd.

[XX.]

Live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove

39 *that...lurk*] *and meanes to woorke* MS.
41 *it*] *that* MS.
42 *nought?*] Sewell. *nought.* edd. 1599, 1612.
43—46 *Think...attaint.*] See note (IV).
44 *saint:*] *saint?* Doggett conj.
45 *by holy*] *be holy* Collier. *by th' holy!* or *by holy!* Doggett conj.
49 *But, soft!*] *Now hoe* MS. *soft! enough*] *soft; enough* Malone. *soft enough* edd. 1599, 1612.
50 *Lest that...song:*] *Least that...song;* Sewell (*Lest* ed. 2). *Least that... song,* edd. 1599, 1612. *For if...song,* Malone (1790), from his MS. *my*] *this* MS.
51 *She will*] *She'll* Malone (1780). *round me on th' ear*] Gildon. *round me on th' are* ed. 1599. *round me on th' ere* ed. 1612. *ring mine ear* Malone (1790). *round me i' th' ear* Malone (1780). *wring mine ear* Boswell conj. *warm my ear* Collier, from a MS. copy. *ring my ear* Delius. *ringe my eare* MS.
52 *will*] *would* MS.
54 *so*] *thus* MS.
[XX.] See Merry Wives of Windsor, III. 1. 15, &c.
1 *Live*] *Come liue* England's Helicon, and Walton.
2 *pleasures*] *pleasure* Gildon.

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That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
And all the craggy mountains yields.
There will we sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, by whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee a bed of roses,
With a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.

A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs;
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Then live with me and be my love.

LOVE'S ANSWER.

If that the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee and be thy love.

[XXI.]

As it fell upon a day
In the merry month of May,

3, 4 *dales and fields.....mountains yields*] *dales and fields...mountaines yeelds* ed. 1640. *dales and fields ...mountaines yeeld* edd. 1599, 1612. *hills and fields...mountaines yeelds* England's Helicon. *dale and field .....mountains yield* Gildon. *dales and fields...mountain yields* Collier.

6 *And see*] *Seeing* England's Helicon.

7 *by*] *to* Collier, from England's Helicon and Merry Wives of Windsor.

7, 8 *falls...madrigals.*] *fals...Madrigals.* ed. 1599. *tales...Madrigales.* ed. 1612. *falls.....Madrigals.* Lintott.

9 *a bed*] *beds* England's Helicon and Gildon.

11 *kirtle*] *girdle* Gildon.

12 *Embroider'd*] *Imbroider'd* Sewell. *Imbrodered* edd. 1599, 1612. *Imbroydred* England's Helicon. See note (v).

[XXI.] 1 See note (I).

2 *month*] *moneth* ed. 1640.

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Sitting in a pleasant shade
Which a grove of myrtles made,
Beasts did leap and birds did sing,
Trees did grow and plants did spring;
Every thing did banish moan,
Save the nightingale alone:
She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
Lean'd her breast up-till a thorn,
And there sung the dolefull'st ditty,
That to hear it was great pity:
'Fie, fie, fie,' now would she cry;
'Tereu, Tereu!' by and by;
That to hear her so complain,
Scarce I could from tears refrain;
For her griefs so lively shown
Made me think upon mine own.
Ah, thought I, thou mourn'st in vain!
None takes pity on thy pain:
Senseless trees they cannot hear thee;
Ruthless beasts they will not cheer thee:
King Pandion he is dead;
All thy friends are lapp'd in lead;
All thy fellow birds do sing,
Careless of thy sorrowing.
Even so, poor bird, like thee,
None alive will pity me.
Whilst as fickle Fortune smiled,
Thou and I were both beguiled.

10 *up-till*] *against* England's Helicon.
14 *Tereu, Tereu*] Sewell (ed. 2). *Teru, Teru* edd. 1599, 1612.
17 *lively*] *lovely* ed. 1640.
22 *beasts*] England's Helicon. *Beares* edd. 1599, 1612 and Barnfield.
23 *Pandion*] *Paudion* ed. 1640.
27, 28 *Even...me.*] England's Helicon. Omitted in edd. 1599, 1612 and by Barnfield.
29—58 *Whilst...foe.*] Omitted in England's Helicon.

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Every one that flatters thee
Is no friend in misery.
Words are easy, like the wind;
Faithful friends are hard to find:
Every man will be thy friend
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend;
But if store of crowns be scant,
No man will supply thy want.
If that one be prodigal,
Bountiful they will him call,
And with such-like flattering,
'Pity but he were a king;'
If he be addict to vice,
Quickly him they will entice;
If to women he be bent,
They have at commandment:
But if Fortune once do frown,
Then farewell his great renown;
They that fawn'd on him before
Use his company no more.
He that is thy friend indeed,
He will help thee in thy need:
If thou sorrow, he will weep;
If thou wake, he cannot sleep;
Thus of every grief in heart
He with thee doth bear a part.
These are certain signs to know
Faithful friend from flattering foe.

42 *'Pity...king;'*] Marked as a quotation first by Malone.
were] *was* Sewell.
43—46 *If he...commandment:*] Omitted in Pepysian MS.
44 *him they*] ed. 1612. *him, they* ed. 1599.
46 *have at*] edd. 1599, 1612. *have him at* Sewell.
commandment] *commaundement* ed. 1599. *commandement* ed. 1612.
56 *doth*] ed. 1640. *doeth* edd. 1599, 1612. *does* Collier.

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NOTES.

Note I.

VIII. 1. This sonnet is printed by Barnfield among the '*Poems: in diuers humors*' with the following heading: 'To his friend Maister R. L. In praise of Musique and Poetrie.' There are no variations except in spelling and punctuation. Number [XXI] occurs in the same collection.

Note II.

XI. 9—14. Instead of these six lines, the following are printed in Griffin's *Fidessa:*

'But he a wayward boy refusde her offer,
And ran away, the beautious Queene neglecting:
Shewing both folly to abuse her proffer,
And all his sex of cowardise detecting.
Oh that I had my mistris at that bay,
To kisse and clippe me till I ranne away!'

Note III.

XIII. A second copy of this poem 'from a corrected Manuscript' appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, XXX. 39. The readings are the same as those of the other copy quoted in the notes, except that in line 1 it has 'a fleeting' for 'and fleeting,' and in line 8 'fading' for 'faded.'

Note IV.

XIX. 43—46. Malone, quoting from a MS. copy in the possession of Mr Lysons, reads in his edition of 1790:

'Think, women love to match with men,
And not to live so like a saint:
Here is no heaven; they holy then
Begin, when age doth them attaint.'

We have printed the text of the old copies.

Dyce (ed. 2) reads with Malone in the third line, and in the rest follows the old copies.

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In Halliwell's Folio Shakespeare, vol. 16, a facsimile is given of a MS. copy, which is apparently the same as that quoted by Malone. The readings from this are referred to in the notes as 'MS.'

Note V.

[xx.] 12. Here the edition of 1640 inserts from *England's Helicon* the following lines:

'A gowne made of the finest wooll,
Which from our pretty Lambes we pull,
Faire lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold.'

After the next stanza the same edition gives from the same source the following:

'The Shepheards Swaines shall dance and sing,
For thy delight each May morning;
If these delights thy minde may move,
Then live with me and be my love.'

In the different versions of this song found in *England's Helicon*, and Walton's *Complete Angler*, edd. 1 and 2, there are many minor variations recorded by Mr Dyce in his edition of Marlowe, Vol. III. pp. 299, 300. It probably, as Walton says, was written by Marlowe. In *England's Helicon*, Love's answer is called 'The Nimphs reply to the Sheepheard,' and is in six quatrains, the whole of which are given in the edition of 1640.

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THE PHŒNIX AND TURTLE.

Let the bird of loudest lay,
On the sole Arabian tree,
Herald sad and trumpet be,
To whose sound chaste wings obey.

But thou shrieking harbinger,
Foul precurrer of the fiend,
Augur of the fever's end,
To this troop come thou not near!

From this session interdict
Every fowl of tyrant wing,
Save the eagle, feather'd king:
Keep the obsequy so strict.

Let the priest in surplice white,
That defunctive music can,
Be the death-divining swan,
Lest the requiem lack his right.

And thou treble-dated crow,
That thy sable gender makest
With the breath thou givest and takest,
'Mongst our mourners shalt thou go.

1 *loudest*] *lowest* ed. 1640.
2 *On the sole*] *Sole on the* Anon. apud Malone conj.
11 *feather'd*] Gildon. *feathered* ed. 1640. *feath'red* Chester.
14 *can*] *ken* Ewing.
15 *death-divining*] *death-deuining* Chester. No hyphen in ed. 1640.
17 *treble-dated*] Hyphened by Sewell.

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Here the anthem doth commence:
Love and constancy is dead;
Phœnix and the turtle fled
In a mutual flame from hence.

So they loved, as love in twain
Had the essence but in one;
Two distincts, division none:
Number there in love was slain.

Hearts remote, yet not asunder;
Distance, and no space was seen
'Twixt the turtle and his queen:
But in them it were a wonder.

So between them love did shine,
That the turtle saw his right
Flaming in the phœnix' sight;
Either was the other's mine.

Property was thus appalled,
That the self was not the same;
Single nature's double name
Neither two nor one was called.

Reason, in itself confounded,
Saw division grow together,
To themselves yet either neither,
Simple were so well compounded;

21 *commence:*] *commence:*— Malone. *commence*, The rest.
27 *division none*] *but in none* ed. 1640.
31 *the turtle*] *thy turtle* ed. 1640.
34 *right*] *light* Malone conj.
37—40 *appalled....called*] *appall'd.... call'd* Malone.
39 *nature's double*] Malone. *natures double* Chester and ed. 1640. *natures, double* Sewell.
43 *either neither*] Hyphened by Malone.

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That it cried, How true a twain
Seemeth this concordant one!
Love hath reason, reason none,
If what parts can so remain.

Whereupon it made this threne
To the phœnix and the dove,
Co-supremes and stars of love,
As chorus to their tragic scene.

THRENOS.

Beauty, truth, and rarity,
Grace in all simplicity,
Here enclosed in cinders lie.

Death is now the phœnix' nest;
And the turtle's loyal breast
To eternity doth rest,

Leaving no posterity:
'Twas not their infirmity,
It was married chastity.

Truth may seem, but cannot be;
Beauty brag, but 'tis not she;
Truth and beauty buried be.

To this urn let those repair
That are either true or fair;
For these dead birds sigh a prayer.

THRENOS.] THRENES. ed. 1640. 55 *Here*] *Hence* ed. 1640.

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THE

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

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A pleasant conceited Comedie, of Syr *Iohn Falstaffe*, and the merry Wiues of *VVindsor*.

Enter Iustice Shallow, *Syr* Hugh, *Maister* Page, *and* Slender. [ACT I. SCENE I.]

Shal. NEre talke to me, Ile make a star-chamber matter of it.
The Councell shall know it. (mee.
Pag. Nay good maister *Shallow* be perswaded by
Slen. Nay surely my vncle shall not put it vp so.
Sir Hu. Wil you not heare reasons M. *Slenders?*
You should heare reasons.
Shal. Tho he be a knight, he shall not thinke to carrie it so away.
M. *Page* I will not be wronged. For you
Syr, I loue you, and for my cousen
He comes to looke vpon your daughter.
Pa. And heres my hand, and if my daughter
Like him so well as I, wee'l quickly haue it a match:
In the meane time let me intreat you to soiourne
Here a while. And on my life Ile vndertake
To make you friends.
Sir Hu. I pray you M. *Shallowes* let it be so.
*The matter is pud to arbitarments.
The first man is M. *Page*, videlicet M. *Page*.
The second is my selfe, videlicet my selfe. (tyr.
And the third and last man, is mine host of the gar-

Enter Syr Iohn Falstaffe, Pistoll, Bardolfe, *and* Nim.

Here is sir *Iohn* himselfe now, looke you.
Fal. Now M. *Shallow*, youle complaine of me to the Councell, I heare?

NOTE. The asterisk * marks the beginning of a page in the original.

6 *Slenders*] *Slender* Q_2. 14 *haue it*] *haue 't* Q_2. 18 *Shallowes*] *Shallow* Q_2. 19 *pud*] *put* Q_2. 22 *And*] om. Q_2.

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Shal. Sir *Iohn*, sir *Iohn*, you haue hurt my keeper,
Kild my dogs, stolne my deere.
Fal. But not kissed your keepers daughter.
Shal. Well this shall be answered.
Fal. Ile answere it strait. I haue done all this.
This is now answred.
Shal. Well, the Councell shall know it.
Fal. Twere better for you twere knowne in
Youle be laught at. (counsell
Sir Hu. Good vrdes sir *Iohn*, good vrdes.
Fal. Good vrdes, good Cabidge.
Slender I brake your head,
What matter haue you against mee?
Slen. I haue matter in my head against you and your cogging companions, *Pistoll* and *Nym*. They carried mee to the Tauerne and made mee drunke, and afterward picked my pocket.
Fal. What say you to this *Pistoll*, did you picke Maister *Slenders* purse *Pistoll*?
Slen. I by this handkercher did he. Two faire shouell boord shillings, besides seuen groats in mill sixpences.
**Fal.* What say you to this *Pistoll*?
Pist. Sir *Iohn*, and Maister mine, I combat craue
Of this same laten bilbo. I do retort the lie
Euen in thy gorge, thy gorge, thy gorge.
Slen. By this light it was he then.
Nym. Syr my honor is not for many words,
But if you run bace humors of me,
I will say mary trap. And there's the humor of it.
Fal. You heare these matters denide gentlemē,
You heare it.

Enter Mistresse Foord, *Mistresse* Page, *and her daughter* Anne.

Pa. No more now,
I thinke it be almost dinner time,
For my wife is come to meet vs.
Fal. Mistresse *Foord*, I thinke your name is,
If I mistake not.
Syr Iohn kisses her.
Mis. Ford. Your mistake sir is nothing but in the Mistresse. But my husbands name is *Foord* sir.
Fal. I shall desire your more acquaintance.

30 *strait*] *straight* Halliwell.

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The like of you good misteris *Page.*
Mis. Pa. With all my hart sir *Iohn.*
Come husband will you goe?
Dinner staies for vs.
Pa. With all my hart, come along Gentlemen.

Exit all, but Slender *and mistresse* Anne.

**Anne.* Now forsooth why do you stay me?
What would you with me?
Slen. Nay for my owne part, I would litle or nothing with you. I loue you well, and my vncle can tell you how my liuing stands. And if you can loue me why so. If not, why then happie man be his dole.
An. You say well M. *Slender.*
But first you must giue me leaue to
Be acquainted with your humor,
And afterward to loue you if I can.
Slen. Why by God, there's neuer a man in christendome can desire more. What haue you Beares in your Towne mistresse *Anne*, your dogs barke so?
An. I cannot tell M. *Slender*, I thinke there be.
Slen. Ha how say you? I warrant your afeard of a Beare let loose, are you not?
An. Yes trust me.
Slen. Now that's meate and drinke to me,
Ile run yon to a Beare, and take her by the mussell,
You neuer saw the like.
But indeed I cannot blame you,
For they are maruellous rough things.
Anne. Will you goe in to dinner M. *Slendor?*
The meate staies for you.
Slen. No faith not I. I thanke you,
I cannot abide the smell of hot meate
Nere since I broke my shin. Ile tel you how it came
By my troth. A Fencer and I plaid three venies
For a dish of stewd prunes, and I with my ward
Defending my head, he hot my shin. Yes faith.

**Enter Maister* Page.

Pa. Come, come Maister *Slender*, dinner staies for you.
Slen. I can eate no meate, I thanke you.

86 *your*] *y' are* Q_2 (and elsewhere). 90 *yon*] om. Q_2.

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Pa. You shall not choose I say.
Slen. Ile follow you sir, pray leade the way.
Nay be God misteris *Anne*, you shall goe first,
I haue more manners then so, I hope.
An. Well sir, I will not be troublesome.
Exit omnes.

Enter sir Hugh *and* Simple, *from dinner.* [SC. II.]

Sir Hu. Hark you *Simple*, pray you beare this letter to Doctor *Cayus* house, the French Doctor. He is twell vp along the street, and enquire of his house for one mistris *Quickly*, his woman, or his try nurse, and deliuer this Letter to her, it tis about Maister *Slender*. Looke you, will you do it now?
Sim. I warrant you Sir.
Sir Hu. Pray you do, I must not be absent at the grace.
I will goe make an end of my dinner,
There is pepions and cheese behinde.
Exit omnes.

Enter sir Iohn Falstaffes *Host of the Garter*, Nym, Bardolfe, Pistoll, *and the boy.* [SC. III.]

Fal. Mine Host of the Garter.
**Host.* What ses my bully Rooke?
Speake schollerly and wisely.
Fal. Mine Host, I must turne away some of my followers.
Host. Discard bully, *Hercules* cassire.
Let them wag, trot, trot.
Fal. I sit at ten pound a weeke.
Host. Thou art an Emperour *Cæsar*, *Phesser* and *Kesar* bully.
Ile entertaine *Bardolfe*. He shall tap, he shall draw.
Said I well, bully *Hector*?
Fal. Do good mine Host.
Host. I haue spoke. Let him follow. *Bardolfe*
Let me see thee froth, and lyme. I am at
A word. Follow, follow.
Exit Host.
Fal. Do *Bardolfe*, a Tapster is a good trade,
An old cloake will make a new Ierkin,
A withered seruingman, a fresh Tapster:
Follow him *Bardolfe*.
Bar. I will sir, Ile warrant you Ile make a good shift to liue.
Exit Bardolfe.

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Pis. O base gongarian wight, wilt thou the spicket willd?

Nym. His minde is not heroick. And theres the humor of it.

Fal. Well my Laddes, I am almost out at the heeles.

Pis. Why then let cybes insue.

Nym. I thanke thee for that humor.

**Fal.* Well I am glad I am so rid of this tinder Boy.

His stealth was too open, his filching was like
An vnskilfull singer, he kept not time.

Nym. The good humor is to steale at a minutes rest.

Pis. Tis so indeed *Nym*, thou hast hit it right.

Fal. Wel, afore God, I must cheat, I must conycatch.

Which of you knowes *Foord* of this Towne?

Pis. I ken the wight, he is of substance good.

Fal. Well my honest Lads, Ile tell you what
I am about.

Pis. Two yards and more.

Fal. No gibes now *Pistoll:* indeed I am two yards
In the wast, but now I am about no wast:
Briefly, I am about thrift you rogues you,
I do intend to make loue to *Foords* wife,
I espie entertainment in her. She carues, she
Discourses. She giues the lyre of inuitation,
And euery part to be constured rightly is, I am
Syr *Iohn Falstaffes.*

Pis. He hath studied her well, out of honestie
Into English.

Fal. Now the report goes, she hath all the rule
Of her husbands purse. She hath legians of angels.

Pis. As many diuels attend her.
And to her boy say I.

Fal. Heree's a Letter to her. Heeres another to misteris *Page.*

**Who euen now gaue me good eies too, examined my exteriors with such a greedy intentiõ, with the beames of her beautie, that it seemed as she would a scorged me vp like a burning glasse. Here is another Letter to her, shee beares the purse too. They shall be Excheckers to me, and Ile be cheaters to them both. They shall be my East and West Indies,

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and Ile trade to them both. Heere beare thou this
Letter to mistresse *Foord*. And thou this to mistresse
Page. Weele thriue Lads, we will thriue.
Pist. Shall I sir Panderowes of *Troy* become?
And by my sword were steele.
Then Lucifer take all.
Nym. Here take your humor Letter againe,
For my part, I will keepe the hauior
Of reputation. And theres the humor of it.
Fal. Here sirrha beare me these Letters titely,
Saile like my pinnice to the golden shores:
Hence slaues, avant. Vanish like hailstones, goe.
Falstaffe will learne the humor of this age,
French thrift you rogue, my selfe and scirted Page.
Exit Falstaffe,
and the Boy.
Pis. And art thou gone? Teaster Ile haue in pouch
When thou shalt want, base Phrygian Turke.
Nym. I haue operations in my head, which are
humors of reuenge.
Pis. Wilt thou reuenge?
Nym. By *Welkin* and her Fairies.
Pis. By wit, or sword?
Nym. With both the humors I will disclose this
loue to *Page*. Ile poses him with Iallowes,
*And theres the humor of it.
Pis. And I to *Foord* will likewise tell
How *Falstaffe* varlot vilde,
Woulde haue her loue, his doue would proue,
And eke his bed defile.
Nym. Let vs about it then. (on.
Pis. Ile second thee: sir Corporall *Nym* troope
Exit omnes.

Enter Mistresse Quickly, *and* Simple. [Sc. IV.]

Quic. M. *Slender* is your Masters name say you?
Sim. I indeed that is his name.
Quic. How say you? I take it hee is somewhat a
weakly man:
And he has as it were a whay coloured beard.
Sim. Indeed my maisters beard is kane colored.
Quic. Kane colour, you say well.
And is this Letter from sir *Yon*, about Misteris *An*,
Is it not?
Sim. I indeed is it.

72 *were*] *weare* Q_3. 96 *Let vs*] *Let's* Q_3.

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Quic. So: and your Maister would haue me as it twere to speak to misteris *Anne* concerning him: I promise you my M. hath a great affectioned mind to mistresse *Anne* himselfe. And if he should know that I should as they say, giue my verdit for any one but himselfe, I should heare of it throughly: For I tell you friend, he puts all his priuities in me.

Sim. I by my faith you are a good staie to him.

Quic. Am I? I and you knew all yowd say so: Washing, brewing, baking, all goes through my Or else it would be but a woe house. (hands,

Sim. I beshrow me, one woman to do all this, *Is very painfull.

Quic. Are you auised of that? I, I warrant you, Take all, and paie all, all goe through my hands, And he is such a honest man, and he should chance To come home and finde a man here, we should Haue no who with him. He is a parlowes man.

Sim. Is he indeed?

Quic. *Is* he quoth you? God keepe him abroad: Lord blesse me, who knocks there? For Gods sake step into the Counting-house, While *I* goe see whose at doore.

He steps into the Counting-house.

What *Iohn Rugby*, *Iohn*, Are you come home sir alreadie?

And she opens the doore.

Doct. *I* begar *I* be forget my oyntment, VVhere be *Iohn Rugby*?

Enter Iohn.

Rug. Here sir, do you call?

Doc. *I* you be *Iohn Rugbie*, and you be *Iack Rugby* Goe run vp met your heeles, and bring away De oyntment in de vindoe present: Make hast *Iohn Rugbie*. O *I* am almost forget My simples in a boxe in de Counting-house: O *Ie*shu vat be here, a deuella, a deuella? My Rapier *Iohn Rugby*, Vat be you, vat make You in my Counting-house? *I* tinck you be a teefe.

Quic. *Ie*shu blesse me, we are all vndone.

Sim. O Lord sir no: *I* am no theefe,

19, 26 *and*] *if* Q_2. 28 *who*] *hoe* Q_2. 33 *whose*] *who's* Q_2. *doore*] *the doore* Q_2. 35 *home*] om. Q_2.

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I am a Seruingman:
*My name is *Iohn Simple*, *I* brought a Letter sir
From my M. *Slender*, about misteris *Anne Page*
Sir: *I*ndeed that is my comming.
Doc. *I* begar is dat all? *Iohn Rugby* giue a ma pen
An *I*nck: tarche vn pettit tarche a little.
The Doctor writes.
Sim. O God what a furious man is this?
Quic. Nay it is well he is no worse:
I am glad he is so quiet.
Doc. Here giue dat same to sir *Hu*, it ber ve chalēge
Begar tell him *I* will cut his nase, will you?
Sim. *I* sir, *I*le tell him so. (may.
Doc. Dat be vell, my Rapier *Iohn Rugby*, follow
Exit Doctor.
Quic. VVell my friend, *I* cannot tarry, tell your
Maister *I*le doo what *I* can for him,
And so farewell.
Sim. Mary will *I*, *I* am glad *I* am got hence.
Exit omnes.

Enter Mistresse Page, *reading of a Letter.* [ACT II. SCENE I.]

(reason,
Mis. Pa. Mistresse P*age* *I* loue you. Aske me no
Because theyr impossible to alledge. Your faire,
And *I* am fat. Yon loue sack, so do *I*:
As *I* am sure *I* haue no mind but to loue,
So *I* know you haue no hart but to grant (knowes
A souldier doth not vse many words, where a
A letter may serue for a sentence. *I* loue you,
And so *I* leaue you.
Yours Syr Iohn Falstaffe.
*Now Ieshu blesse me, am I methomorphised? I thinke I knowe not my selfe. Why what a Gods name doth this man see in me, that thus he shootes at my honestie? Well but that I knowe my owne heart, I should scarcely perswade my selfe I were hand. Why what an vnreasonable woolsack is this. He was neuer twice in my companie, and if then I thought I gaue such assurauce with my eies, Ide pul them out, they should neuer see more holie daies. Well, I shall trust fat men the worse while I liue for

ii. 1. 5 *grant*] *grant.* Halliwell. 6 *a*] *he* Q_2.
10 *methomorphised*] *metaphorphosed* Q_2. 16 *twice*] *but twice* Q_2.

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his sake. O God that I knew how to be reuenged of him. But in good time, heeres mistresse *Foord.*

Enter Mistresse Foord.

Mis. For. How now Mistris *Page*, are you reading Loue Letters? How do you woman?

Miss Pa. O woman I am I know not what: In loue vp to the hard eares. I was neuer in such a case in my life.

Mis. Ford. In loue, now in the name of God with whom?

Mis. Pa. With one that sweares he loues me, And I must not choose but do the like againe: I prethie looke on that Letter.

Mis. For. Ile match your letter iust with the like, Line for line, word for word. Only the name Of misteris *Page*, and misteris *Foord* disagrees: Do me the kindnes to looke vpon this.

Mis. Pa. Why this is right my letter. O most notorious villaine! Why what a bladder of iniquitie is this? Lets be reuenged what so ere we do.

Mis. For. Reuenged, if we liue weel be reuenged. *O Lord if my husband should see this Letter, Ifaith this would euen giue edge to his Iealousie.

Enter Ford, Page, Pistoll and Nym.

Mis. Pa. See where our husbands are, Mine 's as far from Iealousie, As I am from wronging him.

Pis. Ford the words I speake are forst: Beware, take heed, for *Falstaffe* loues thy wife: When *Pistoll* lies do this.

Ford. Why sir my wife is not young.

Pis. He wooes both yong and old, both rich and poore None comes amis. I say he loues thy wife: Faire warning did I giue, take heed, For sommer comes, and Cuckoo birds appeare; *Page* belieue him what he ses. Away sir Corporall *Nym.*

Exit Pistoll:

Nym. Syr the humor of it is, he loues your wife, I should ha borne the humor Letter to her: I speake and I auouch tis true: My name is *Nym.* Farwell, I loue not the humor of bread and cheese: And theres the humor of it. *Exit Nym.*

Pa. The humor of it, quoth you:

35 *kindnes*] *kindness* Halliwell. 56 *ha*] *haue* Q_2.

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Heres a fellow frites humor out of his wits.
Mis. Pa. How now sweet hart, how dost thou?
Enter Mistresse Quickly.
Pa. How now man? How do you mistris *Ford?*
Mis. For. Well I thanke you good M. *Page.*
How now husband, how chaunce thou art so melancholy?
Ford. Melancholy, I am not melancholy.
Goe get you in, goe.
Mis. For. God saue me, see who yonder is:
*Weele set her a worke in this businesse.
Mis. Pa. O sheele serue excellent.
Now you come to see my daughter *An* I am sure.
Quic. I forsooth that is my comming.
Mis. Pa. Come go in with me. Come Mis. *Ford.*
Mis. For. I follow you Mistresse *Page.*
Exit Mistresse Ford, *Mis.* Page, *and* Quickly.
For. M. *Page* did you heare what these fellowes
Pa. Yes M. *Ford*, what of that sir? (said?
For. Do you thinke it is true that they told vs?
Pa. No by my troth do I not,
I rather take them to be paltry lying knaues,
Such as rather speakes of enuie,
Then of any certaine they haue
Of any thing. And for the knight, perhaps
He hath spoke merrily, as the fashion of fat men
Are: But should he loue my wife,
Ifaith Ide turne her loose to him:
And what he got more of her,
Then ill lookes, and shrowd words,
Why let me beare the penaltie of it.
For. Nay I do not mistrust my wife,
Yet Ide be loth to turne them together,
A man may be too confident.
Enter Host and Shallow.
Pa. Here comes my ramping host of the garter,
Ther's either licker in his hed, or mony in his purse,
That he lookes so merily. Now mine Host?
Host. God blesse you my bully rookes, God blesse
Cauelera Iustice I say. (you.
Shal. At hand mine host, at hand. M. *Ford* god den
God den an twentie good M. *Page.* (to you.
*I tell you sir we haue sport in hand.

65 *melancholy?*] *melancholy.* Halliwell. 72 *I am*] *Ime* Q_2. 73 *that is*] *that's* Q_2. 81 *speakes*] *speake* Q_2. 82 *certaine*] *certainty* Q_2. 98 *to you*] *t'e* Q_2.

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Host. Tell him cauelira Iustice: tell him bully
Ford. Mine Host a the garter: (rooke.
Host. What ses my bully rooke?
Ford. A word with you sir.
Ford *and the Host talkes.*
Shal. Harke you sir, Ile tell you what the sport
Doctor *Cayus* and sir *Hu* are to fight, (shall be,
My merrie Host hath had the measuring
Of their weapons, and hath (eare:
Appointed them contrary places. Harke in your
Host: Hast thou no shute against my knight,
My guest, my cauellira:
For. None I protest: But tell him my name
Is *Rrooke*, onlie for a Iest.
Host: My hand bully: Thou shalt
Haue egres and regres, and thy
Name shall be *Brooke:* Sed I well bully Hector?
Shal. I tell you what M. *Page*, I beleeue
The Doctor is no Iester, heele laie it on:
For tho we be Iustices and Doctors,
And Church men, yet we are
The sonnes of women M. *Page*:
Pa: True maister *Shallow*:
Shal: It will be found so maister *Page:*
Pa. Maister *Shallow*, you your selfe
Haue bene a great fighter,
Tho now a man of peace:
Shal: M. *Page*, I haue seene the day that yong
Tall fellowes with their stroke & their passado,
I haue made them trudge Maister *Page*,
A tis the hart, the hart doth all: I
*Haue seene the day, with my two hand sword
I would a made you foure tall Fencers
Scipped like Rattes.
Host. Here boyes, shall we wag, shall we wag?
Shal. Ha with you mine host.
Exit Host and Shallow.
Pa. Come M. *Ford*, shall we to dinner?
I know these fellowes sticks in your minde.
For. No in good sadnesse not in mine:
Yet for all this Ile try it further,
I will not leaue it so:
Come M. *Page*, shall we to dinner?

102 *a*] *of* Q_2. 113 *Rrooke*] *Brooke* Q_2. 114 *My*] *Thy* Q_2.

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Pa. With all my hart sir, *I*le follow you.

Exit omnes.

Enter Syr Iohn, and Pistoll. [SC. II.]

Fal. *I*le not lend thee a peny.

Pis. *I* will retort the sum in equipage.

Fal. Not a pennie: *I* haue beene content you shuld lay my countenance to pawne: *I* haue grated vpon my good friends for 3. repriues, for you and your Coach-fellow *Nym*, else you might a looked thorow a grate like a geminy of babones. *I* am damned in hell for swearing to Gentlemen your good souldiers and tall fellowes: And when mistrisse *Briget* lost the handle of her Fan, *I* tooked on my hothou hadst it not.

Pis. Didst thou not share? hadst thou not fifteene pence?

Fal. Reason you rogue, reason. Doest thou thinke *I*le indanger my soule gratis? *I*n briefe, hang no more about mee, *I* am no gybit for you. A short knife and a throng to your manner *of pickt hatch, goe. Youle not beare a Letter for me you rogue you: you stand vpon your honor. Why thou vnconfinable baseness thou, tis as much as I can do to keep the termes of my honor precise. I, I my selfe sometimes, leauing the feare of God on the left hand, am faine to shuffel, to filch & to lurch. And yet you stand vpon your honor, you rogue. You, you.

Pis. I do recant: what woulst thou more of man?

Fal. Well, gotoo, away, no more.

Enter Mistresse Quickly.

Quic. Good you god den sir.

Fal. Good den faire wife.

Quic. Not so ant like your worship.

Fal. Faire mayd then.

Quic. That I am Ile be sworne, as my mother (was The first houre I was borne.

Sir I would speake with you in priuate.

Fal. Say on I prethy, heeres none but my owne houshold.

Quic. Are they so? Now God blesse them, and make them his seruants. Syr I come from Mistresse *Foord*.

3 *beene*] *bin* Q_2. 6 *a*] *haue* Q_2. 9 *mistrisse*] *mistresse* Halliwell.
10 *ho-*] *honesty* Q_2. 17 *A*] *I* Halliwell.

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Fal. So from Mistresse *Foord.* Goe on.
Quic. I sir, she hath sent me to you to let you
Vnderstand she hath receiued your Letter, (dit.
And let me tell you, she is one stands vpon her cre-
Fal. Well, come Misteris *Ford*, Misteris *Ford.*
Quic. I sir, and as they say, she is not the first
Hath bene led in a fooles paradice.
Fal. Nay prethy be briefe my good she *Mercury.*
Quic. Mary sir, sheed haue you meet her between
eight and nine.
**Fal.* So betweene eight and nine: (birding,
Quic. I forsooth, for then her husband goes a
Fal. Well commend me to thy mistris, tel her
I will not faile her: Boy giue her my purse.
Quic. Nay sir I haue another arant to do to you
From misteris *Page*:
Fal. From misteris *Page?* I prethy what of her?
Quic. By my troth *I* think you work by *I*nchant-
Els they could neuer loue you as they doo: (ments,
Fal. Not *I*, *I* assure thee: setting the atraction of my
Good parts aside, *I* vse no other inchantments:
Quic. Well sir, she loues you extreemly:
And let me tell you, shees one that feares God,
And her husband giues her leaue to do all:
For he is not halfe so iealousie as M. *Ford* is. (*Ford*,
Fal. But harke thee, hath misteris *Page* & mistris
Acquainted each other how dearly they loue me?
Quic. O God no sir: there were a iest indeed.
Fol. Well farwel, commend me to misteris *Ford*,
I will not faile her say.
Quic. God be with your worship.
Exit Mistresse Quickly.
Enter Bardolfe.
Bar. Sir heer's a Gentleman,
One M. *Brooke*, would speak with you,
He hath sent you a cup of sacke.
Fal. M. *Brooke*, hees welcome: Bid him come vp.
Such *Brookes* are alwaies welcome to me:
A *Iack*, will thy old bodie yet hold out?
Wilt thou after the expence of so much mony
Be now a gainer? Good bodie *I* thanke thee,
And *I*le make more of thee then *I* ha done:

43 *let me*] *I* Q_2.
stands vpon] *that stands on* Q_2.
58 *they could*] *could they* Q_2.
64 *iealousie*] *iealous* Q_2.
78 *bodie*] *booty* Q_2.
79 *ha*] *haue* Q_2.

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*Ha, ha, misteris F*ord*, and misteris P*age*, haue
I caught you a the hip? go too.
Enter Foord *disguised like* Brooke.
F*or.* God saue you sir.
F*al.* And you too, would you speak with me?
Fal. Mary would *I* sir, *I* am somewhat bolde to (trouble you,
My name is *Brooke.*
Fal. Good M. *Brooke* your verie welcome.
*For. I*faith sir *I* am a gentleman and a traueller,
That haue seen somewhat. And *I* haue often heard
That if mony goes before, all waies lie open.
Fal. Mony is a good souldier sir, and will on.
*For. I*faith sir, and *I* haue a bag here,
Would you wood helpe me to beare it.
Fal. O Lord, would *I* could tell how to deserue
To be your porter.
For. That may you easily sir *Iohn:* I haue an ear- (nest
Sute to you. But good sir *Iohn* when I haue
Told you my griefe, cast one eie of your owne
Estate, since your selfe knew what tis to be
Such an offender.
Fal. Verie well sir, proceed.
For. Sir I am deeply in loue with one *Fords* wife
Of this Towne. Now sir *Iohn* you are a gentleman
Of good discoursing, well beloued among Ladies,
A man of such parts that might win 20. such as she.
Fal. O good sir. (loue
For. Nay beleeue it sir *Iohn*, for tis time. Now my
Is so grounded vpon her, that without her loue
I shall hardly liue.
Fal. Haue you importuned her by any means?
Ford. No neuer Sir.
*F*al.* Of what qualitie is your loue then?
F*ord.* Ifaith sir, like a faire house set vpon
Another mans foundation. (me?
F*al.* And to what end haue you vnfolded this to
F*or.* O sir, when I haue told you that, I told you
For she sir stands so pure in the firme state (all:
Of her honestie, that she is too bright to be looked
Against: Now could I come against her
With some detectiõ, I should sooner perswade her
From her marriage vow, and a hundred such nice
Tearmes that sheele stand vpon.

81 *a the*] *ath the* Q_2. 92 *wood*] *would* Q_2.

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Fal. Why would it apply well to the veruensie
of your affection, (ioy?
That another should possesse what you would en-
Meethinks you prescribe verie proposterously
To your selfe.
For. No sir, for by that meanes should I be cer-
taine of that which I now misdoubt.
Fal. Wel M. *Brooke*, Ile first make bold with your
Next, giue me your hand. Lastly, you shall (mony,
And you will, enioy *Fords* wife.
For. O good sir.
Fal. M. *Brooke*, I say you shall.
Ford. Want no mony Syr *Iohn*, you shall want
Fal. Want no Misteris *Ford* M. *Brooke*, (none.
You shall want none. Euen as you came to me,
Her spokes mate, her go between parted from me:
I may tell you M. *Brooke*, I am to meet her
Between 8. and 9. for at that time the Iealous
Cuckally knaue her husband wil be from home,
Come to me soone at night, you shall know how
I speed M. *Brooke.*
**Ford.* Sir do you know *Ford?* (him not,
Fal. Hang him poore cuckally knaue, I know
And yet I wrong him to call him poore. For they
Say the cuckally knaue hath legions of angels,
For the which his wife seemes to me well fauored,
And Ile vse her as the key of the cuckally knaues
Coffer, and there's my randeuowes.
Ford. Meethinkes sir it were good that you
Ford, that you might shun him. (knew
Fal. Hang him cuckally knaue, Ile stare him
Out of his wits, Ile keepe him in awe
With this my cudgell: It shall hang like a meator
Ore the wittolly knaues head, M. *Brooke* thou shalt
See I will predominate ore the peasant,
And thou shalt lie with his wife. M. *Brooke*
Thou shalt know him for knaue and cuckold,
Come to me soone at night.
Exit Falstaffe.
Ford. What a damned epicurian is this?
My wife hath sent for him, the plot is laid:
Page is an Asse, a foole. A secure Asse,
Ile sooner trust an Irishman with my

131 *And*] *If* Q_3. 125 *proposterously*] *preposterously* Q_3.

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Aquauita bottle, Sir *Hu* our parson with my cheese,
A theefe to walke my ambling gelding, thē my wife
With her selfe: then she plots, then she ruminates,
And what she thinkes in her hart she may effect,
Sheele breake her hart but she will effect it.
God be praised, God be praised for my iealousie:
Well Ile goe preuent him, the time drawes on,
Better an houre too soone, then a minit too late,
Gods my life cuckold, cuckold.

Exit Ford.

**Enter the Doctor and his man.* [SC. III.]

Doc. *Iohn Rugbie* goe looke met your eies ore de
And spie and you can see de parson. (stall,
Rug. Sir I cannot tell whether he be there or no,
But I see a great many comming.
Doc. Bully moy, mon rapier *Iohn Rugabie*, begar
Hearing be not so dead as I shall make him. de

Enter Shallow, Page, my Host, and Slender.

Pa. God saue you M. Doctor *Cayus*.
Shal. How do you M. Doctor? (thee,
Host. God blesse thee my bully doctor, God blesse
Doc. Vat be all you, Van to tree com for, a?
Host. Bully to see thee fight, to see thee foine, to see thee trauerse, to see thee here, to see thee there, to see thee passe the punto. The stock, the reuerse, the distance: the montnce is a dead my francoyes? Is a dead my Ethiopian? Ha what ses my gallon? my escuolapis? Is a dead bullies taile, is a dead?
Doc. Begar de preest be a coward Iack knaue,
He dare not shew his face.
Host. Thou art a castallian king vrinall.
Hector of *Greece* my boy.
Shal. He hath showne himselfe the wiser man M. Doctor:
Sir *Hugh* is a Parson, and you a Phisition. You must Goe with me M. Doctor.
Host. Pardon bully Iustice. A word monsire
Doc. Mockwater, vat me dat? (mockwater.
Host. That is in our English tongue, Vallor bully, vallor.
**Doc.* Begar den I haue as mockuater as de Inglish Iack dog, knaue.

2 *de*] *the* Q_2. 7 my Host,] Host, Q_2. 26 *me*] *be* Q_2.

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Host. He will claperclaw thee titely bully.
Doc. Claperclawe, vat be dat?
Host. That is, he will make thee amends.
Doc. Begar I do looke he shal claperclaw me dē,
And Ile prouoke him to do it, or let him wag:
And moreouer bully, but M. *Page* and M. S*hallow*,
And eke cauellira S*lender*, go you all ouer the fields to Frogmore?
Pa. Sir *Hugh* is there, is hee?
Host. He is there: goe see what humor hee is in,
Ile bring the Doctor about by the fields:
Will it do well?
S*hal.* We wil do it my host. Farwel M. Doctor.
Exit all but the Host and Doctor.
Doc. Begar I will kill de cowardly Iack preest,
He is make a foole of moy.
Host. Let him die, but first sheth your impatience,
Throw cold water on your collor, com go with me
Through the fields to *Frogmore*, and Ile bring thee
Where mistris *An Page* is a feasting at a farm house,
And thou shalt wear hir cried game: sed *I* wel bully
Doc. Begar excellent vel: and if you speak pour moy, I shall procure you de gesse of all de gentlemē mon patinces. I begar *I* sall.
Host. For the which Ile be thy aduersary
To misteris *An Page*: Sed *I* well?
Doc. I begar excellent.
Host. Let vs wag then.
Doc. Alon, alon, alon.
Exit omnes.

**Enter Syr Hugh and Simple.* [ACT III. Sc. I.]

Sir Hu. *I* pray you do so much as see if you can (espie
Doctor *Cayus* comming, and giue me intelligence,
Or bring me vrde if you please now.
Sim. *I* will Sir.
Sir Hu. *I*eshu ples mee, how my hart trobes, and
And then she made him bedes of Roses, (trobes,
And a thousand fragrant poses,
To shallow riueres. Now so kad vdge me, my hart
Swelles more and more. Mee thinkes *I* can cry
Verie well. There dwelt a man in *Babylon*,
To shallow riuers and to falles,

49 *a feasting*] *feasting* Q_2. 52 *gesse*] *guests* Q_2 (and elsewhere).
50 *bully*] *bully.* Q_2. 58 *patinces*] *patients* Q_2.

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Melodious birds sing Madrigalles.

Sim. Sir here is M. *Page*, and M. *Shallow*,
Comming hither as fast as they can. (sword,

Sir Hu. Then it is verie necessary *I* put vp my
Pray give me my cowne too, marke you.

Enter Page, shallow, and Slender.

Pa. God saue you Sir *Hugh.*

Shal. God saue you M. parson. (now.

Sir Hu. God plesse you all from his mercies sake

Pa. What the word and the sword, doth that agree well?

Sir Hu. There is reasons and causes in all things, *I* warrant you now.

Pa. Well sir *Hugh*, we are come to craue
Your helpe and furtherance in a matter.

Sir Hu. What is *I* pray you?

Pa. *I*faith tis this sir *Hugh.* There is an auncient friend of ours, a man of verie good sort, so at oddes *with one patience, that *I* am sure you would hartily grieue to see him. Now Sir *Hugh*, you are a scholler well red, and verie perswasiue, we would intreate you to see if you could intreat him to patience.

Sir Hu. *I* pray you who is it? Let vs know that.

Pa. I am shure you know him, tis Doctor *Cayus.*

Sir Hu. *I* had as leeue you should tel me of a messe
He is an arant lowsie beggerly knaue: (of poredge,
And he is a coward beside.

Pa. Why Ile laie my life tis the man
That he should fight withall.

Enter Doctor and the Host, they offer to fight.

Shal. Keep them asunder, take away their weapons.

Host. Disarme, let them question. (pons.

Shal. Let them keep their limbs hole, and hack our English.

Doc. Hark van vrd in your eare. You be vn daga
And de *I*ack, coward preest.

Sir Hu. Harke you, let vs not be laughing stockes to other mens humors. By Ieshu *I* will knock your vrinalls about your knaues cockcomes, for missing your meetings and appointments.

Doc. O Ieshu mine host of de garter, *Iohn Rogoby*,
Haue *I* not met him at de place he make apoint,
Haue I not?

26 *is*] *is it* Q_2. 34 *I am*] *Ime* Q_2. 48 *cockcomes*] *coxcomb* Q_2.

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Sir Hu. So kad vdge me, this is the pointment
Witnes by my Host of the garter. (place,
Host. Peace I say gawle and gawlia, French and
Soule curer, and bodie curer. (Wealch,
Doc. This be verie braue, excellent.
Host. Peace *I* say, heare mine host of the garter,
*Am *I* wise? am I polliticke? am *I* Matchauil?
Shall *I* lose my doctor? No, he giues me the motiõs
And the potions. Shall *I* lose my parson, my sir *Hu*?
No, he giues me the prouerbes, and the nouerbes:
Giue me thy hand terestiall,
So giue me thy hand celestiall:
So boyes of art I haue deceiued you both,
I haue directed you to wrong places,
Your hearts are mightie, you skins are whole,
Bardolfe laie their swords to pawne. Follow me lads
Of peace, follow me. Ha, ra, la. Follow. *Exit Host.*
Shal. Afore God a mad host, come let vs goe.
Doc. *I* begar haue you mocka may thus?
I will be euen met you my Iack Host.
Sir Hu. Giue me your hand Doctor *Cayus*
We be all friends:
But for mine hosts foolish knauery, let me alone.
Doc. *I* dat be vell begar *I* be friends. (*Exit omnes.*

Enter M. Foord. [Sc. II.]

For. The time drawes on he shuld come to my
Well wife, you had best worke closely, (house,
Or *I* am like to goe beyond your cunning:
I now wil seek my guesse that comes to dinner,
And in good time see where they all are come.

Enter Shallow, Page, host, Slender, Doctor, and sir Hugh.

By my faith a knot well met: your welcome all.
Pa. I thanke you good M. *Ford.*
For. Welcome good M. *Page*,
I would your daughter were here.
Pa. I thank you sir, she is very well at home.
Slen. Father *Page* *I* hope I haue your consent
For Misteris *Anne*?
**Pa.* You haue sonne *Slender*, but my wife here,
Is altogether for maister Doctor.
Doc. Begar I tanck her hartily:
Host. But what say you to yong Maister *Fenton*?
He capers, he daunces, he writes verses, he smelles

70 *let vs*] *let's* Q_2. ii. 4 *guesse that comes*] *guests that come* Q_2.

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All April and May: he wil cary it, he wil carit,
Tis in his betmes he wil carite.
Pa. My host not with my cõsent: the gentleman is
Wilde, he knowes too much: If he take her,
Let him take her simply: for my goods goes
With my liking, and my liking goes not that way.
For. Wel I pray go home with me to dinner:
Besides your cheare Ile shew you wonders: Ile
Shew you a monster. You shall go with me
M. *Page*, and so shall you sir *Hugh*, and you Maister
Doctor. (two:
S. Hu. If there be one in the company, I shal make
Doc. And dere be ven to, I sall make de tird:
Sir Hu. In your teeth for shame, (fairer
Shal: wel, wel, God be with you, we shall haue the
Wooing at Maister *Pages:*
Exit Shallow and Slender,
Host Ile to my honest knight sir *Iohn Falstaffe*,
And drinke Canary with him. *Exit host.*
Ford. I may chance to make him drinke in pipe
First come gentlemen. *Exit omnes.* (wine,

Enter Mistresse Ford, with two of her men, and a great buck basket. [Sc. III.]

Mis. For. Sirrha, if your M. aske you whither
You carry this basket, say to the Launderers,
I hope you know how to bestow it?
Ser. I warrant you misteris. *Exit seruant.*
**Mis. For.* Go get you in. Well sir *Iohn*,
I beleeue I shall serue you such a trick,
You shall haue little mind to come againe.
Enter Sir Iohn.
Fal. Haue I caught my beauenlie Iewel?
Why now let me die. *I* haue liued long inough,
This is the happie houre *I* haue desired to see,
Now shall I sin in my wish,
I would thy husband were dead.
Mis. For. Why how then sir *Iohn?*
Fal. By the Lord, Ide make thee my Ladie.
Mis. For. Alas sir *Iohn*, *I* should be a verie simple
Ladie.
Fal. Goe too, I see how thy eie doth emulate
the Diamond.
And how the arched bent of thy brow
Would become the ship tire, the tire vellet,

30 *to*] *two* Q_2.

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Or anie Venetian attire, I see it. (better.
Mis. For. A plaine kercher sir *Iohn*, would fit me
Fal. By the Lord thou art a traitor to saie so:
What made me loue thee? Let that perswade thee
Ther's somewhat extraordinarie in thee: Goe too
I loue thee:
Mistris *Ford*, *I* cannot cog, *I* cannot prate, like one
Of these fellowes that smels like Bucklers-berie,
In simple time, but *I* loue thee,
And none but thee.
Mis. For. Sir *Iohn*, I am afraid you loue misteris
Fal. I thou mightest as well saie (*Page.*
I loue to walke by the Counter gate,
VVhich is as hatefull to me
As the reake of a lime kill.

**Enter Mistresse Page.*

Mis. Pa. Mistresse *Ford*, Mis. *Ford*, where are you?
Mis. For. O Lord step aside good sir *Iohn*.
Falstaffe stands behind the aras.
How now Misteris *Page* whats the matter?
Mis. Pa. Why your husband woman is cõming,
With halfe *Windsor* at his heeles,
To looke for a gentleman that he ses
Is hid in his house: his wifes sweet hart.
Mis. For. Speak louder. But *I* hope tis not true
Misteris *Page.*
Mis. Pa. Tis too true woman. Therefore if you
Haue any here, away with him, or your vndone for
euer.
Mis. For. Alas mistresse *Page*, what shall *I* do?
Here is a gentleman my friend, how shall I do?
Mis. Pa. Gode body woman, do not stand what
shal I do, and what shall *I* do. Better any shift, rather
then you shamed. Looke heere, here's a buck-bas-
ket, if hee be a man of any reasonable sise, heele in
here.
Mis. For. Alas I feare he is too big.
Fal. Let me see, let me see, Ile in, Ile in,
Follow your friends counsell. (*Aside.*
Mis. Pa. Fie sir *Iohn* is this your loue? Go too.
Fal. I loue thee, and none but thee:
Helpe me to conuey me hence,
Ile neuer come here more.

42 *his*] *this* Q_3. 50 *Gode*] *Gods* Q_3.

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**Sir Iohn goes into the basket, they put cloathes ouer him, the two men carries it away*: F*oord meetes it, and all the rest, Page, Doctor, Priest, Slender, Shallow.*

Ford. Come pray along, you shall see all.
How now who goes heare? whither goes this?
Whither goes it? set it downe.
Mis. For. Now let it go, you had best meddle with buck-washing.
Ford. Buck, good buck, pray come along,
Maister *Page* take my keyes: helpe to search. Good
Sir *Hugh* pray come along, helpe a little, a little,
Ile shew you all.
Sir Hu. By Ieshu these are iealosies & distemperes.
Exit omnes.
Mis. Pa. He is in a pittifull taking.
Mis. I wonder what he thought
Whē my husband bad them set downe the basket.
Mis. Pa. Hang him dishonest slaue, we cannot vse
Him bad inough. This is excellent for your
Husbands iealousie.
Mi. For. Alas poore soule it grieues me at the hart,
But this will be a meanes to make him cease
His iealous fits, if *Falstaffes* loue increase.
Mis. Pa. Nay we wil send to *Falstaffe* once again,
Tis great pittie we should leaue him:
What wiues may be merry, and yet honest too.
Mi. For. Shall we be cōdemnd because we laugh?
Tis old, but true: still sowes eate all the draffe.
Enter all.
Mis. Pa. Here comes your husband, stand aside.
For. *I* can find no body within, it may be he lied.
Mis. Pa. Did you heare that?
Mis. For. I, I, peace.
For. Well Ile not let it go so, yet Ile trie further.
S. Hu. By Ieshu if there be any body in the kitchin
Or the cuberts, or the presse, or the buttery,
I am an arrant Iew: Now God plesse me:
You serue me well, do you not?
Pa. Fie M. F*ord* you are too blame:
Mis. Pa. Ifaith tis not well M. *Ford* to suspect
Her thus without cause.
Doc. No by my trot it be no vell:
For. Wel I pray bear with me, M. P*age* pardō me.
I suffer for it, *I* suffer for it: (now:
Sir Hu: You suffer for a bad conscience looke you

83 *What*] *What*, Q_2. 97 *cause*] *a cause* Q_2.

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Ford: Well *I* pray no more, another time *I*le tell you all:
The mean time go dine with me, pardō me wife,
I am sorie. M. *Page* pray goe in to dinner,
Another time *I*le tell you all.
Pa: Wel let it be so, and to morrow I inuite you all
To my house to dinner: and in the morning weele
A birding, *I* haue an excellent Hauke for the bush.
Ford: Let it be so: Come M. *Page*, come wife:
I pray you come in all, your welcome, pray come
Sir Hu: By so kad vdgme, M. *Fordes* is (in.
Not in his right wittes:

Exit omnes:

Enter Sir Iohn Falstaffe. [Sc. v.]

Fal: *Bardolfe* brew me a pottle sack presently:
Bar: With Egges sir?
Fal: Simply of it selfe, *I*le none of these pullets
*I*n my drinke: goe make haste. (sperme
Haue *I* liued to be carried in a basket
and throwne into the Thames like a barow of Butchers offoll. Well, and I be serued such another tricke, Ile giue them leaue to take out my braines and butter them, and giue them to a dog for a new-yeares gift. Sblood, the rogues slided me in with as little remorse as if they had gone to drowne a blind bitches puppies in the litter: and they might know by my sise I haue a kind of alacritie in sinking: and the bottom had bin as deep as hell I should downe. I had bene drowned, but that the shore was sheluie and somewhat shallowe: a death that I abhorre. For you know the water swelles a man: and what a thing should I haue bene whē I had bene swelled? By the Lord a mountaine of money. Now is the Sacke brewed?
Bar. I sir, there's a woman below would speake with you.
Fal. Bid her come vp. Let mē put some Sacke among this cold water, for my belly is as cold as if I had swallowed snow-balles for pilles.

Enter Mistresse Quickly.

Now whats the newes with you?
Quic. *I* come from misteris *Ford* forsooth.
Fal. Misteris *Ford*, I haue had Ford inough,
I haue bene throwne into the Ford, my belly is full

112 *Fordes*] *Foord* Q_2. [Sc. v.] Q_2 adds *and Bardolfe*. 6, 13 *and*] *if* Q_3.

Of Ford: she hath tickled mee.

Quic. O Lord sir, she is the sorrowfullest woman that her seruants mistooke, that euer liued. And sir, she would desire you of all loues you will meet her once againe, to morrow sir, betweene ten and eleuen, and she hopes to make amends for all.

F*al.* Ten, and eleuen, saiest thou?

**Quic.* I forsooth.

Fal. Well, tell her Ile meet her. Let her but think
Of mans frailtie: Let her iudge what man is,
And then thinke of me. And so farwell.

Quic. Youle not faile sir?

Exit mistresse Quickly.

F*al.* *I* will not faile. Commend me to her.
I wonder *I* heare not of M. *Brooke*, *I* like his
Mony well. By the masse here he is.

Enter Brooke.

F*or.* God saue you sir.

F*al.* Welcome good M. *Brooke*. You come to know how matters goes.

Ford. Thats my comming indeed sir *Iohn*.

Fal. M. *Brooke* I will not lie to you sir,
I was there at my appointed time.

For. And how sped you sir?

F*al.* Verie ilfauouredly sir.

For. Why sir, did she change her determination?

Fal. No M. *Brooke*, but you shall heare. After we had kissed and imbraced, and as it were euen amid the prologue of our incounter, who should come, but the iealous knaue her husband, and a rabble of his companions at his heeles, thither prouoked and instigated by his distemper. And what to do thinke you? to search for his wiues loue. Euen so, plainly so.

For. While ye were there?

Fal. Whilst *I* was there.

For. And did he search and could not find you?

Fal. You shall heare sir, as God would haue it,
A litle before comes me one *Pages* wife,
*Giues her intelligence of her husbands
Approach: and by her inuention, and *Fords* wiues
Distraction, conueyd me into a buck-basket.

F*ord.* A buck basket!

F*al.* By the Lord a buck basket, rammed me in

55 *euen*] om. Q_2.

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With foule shirts, stokins, greasie napkins,
That M. *Brooke*, there was a compound of the most
Villanous smel, that euer offended nostrill.
*I*le tell you M. *Brooke*, by the Lord for your sake
I suffered three egregious deaths: First to be
Crammed like a good bilbo, in the circomference
Of a pack, Hilt to point, heele to head: and then to
Be stewed in my owne grease like a Dutch dish:
A man of my kidney; by the Lord it was maruell I
Escaped suffication; and in the heat of all this,
To be throwne into Thames like a horshoo hot:
Maister *Brooke*, thinke of that hissing heate, Maister
Brooke.
Ford. Well sir then my shute is void?
Youle vndertake it no more?
Fal. M. *Brooke*, *I*le be throwne into Etna
As *I* haue bene in the Thames,
Ere I thus leaue her: *I* haue receiued
Another appointment of meeting,
Between ten and eleuen is the houre.
Ford: Why sir, tis almost ten alreadie:
Fal: Is it? why then will *I* addresse my selfe
For my appointment: M. *Brooke*, come to me soone
At night, and you shall know how *I* speed,
And the end shall be, you shall enioy her loue:
You shall cuckold *Ford*: Come to mee soone at
at night. *Exit Falstaffe.*
**For*. *Is* this a dreame? *Is* it a vision?
Maister *Ford*, maister *Ford*, awake maister *Ford*,
There is a hole made in your best coat M. *Ford*,
And a man shall not only endure this wrong,
But shall stand vnder the taunt of names,
Lucifer is a good name, *Barbason* good: good
Diuels names: But cuckold, wittold, godeso
The diuel himselfe hath not such a name:
And they may hang hats here, and napkins here
Vpon my hornes: Well *I*le home, *I* ferit him,
And vnlesse the diuel himselfe should aide him,
Ile search vnpossible places: *I*le about it,
Least I repent too late:
Exit omnes.
Enter M. *Fenton*, *Page*, *and mistresse* [Sc. IV.]
Quickly. (resolue,
Fen: Tell me sweet *Nan*, how doest thou yet

89 *I thus*] *thus I* Q_2. 97, 98 *at at*] *at* Q_2. [Sc. iv.] Page] Anne Page Q_2.

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Shall foolish *Slender* haue thee to his wife?
Or one as wise as he, the learned Doctor?
Shall such as they enioy thy maiden hart?
Thou knowst that *I* haue alwaies loued thee deare,
And thou hast oft times swore the like to me.
An: Good M. *Fenton*, you may assure your selfe
My hart is setled vpon none but you,
Tis as my father and mother please:
Get their consent, you quickly shall haue mine.
Fen: Thy father thinks I loue thee for his wealth,
Tho I must needs confesse at first that drew me,
But since thy vertues wiped that trash away,
I loue thee *Nan*, and so deare is it set,
That whilst I liue, I nere shall thee forget.
[*Quic:*] *Godes pitie here comes her father.
Enter M. Page his wife, M. Shallow, and Slender.
Pa. M. *Fenton* I pray what make you here?
You know my answere sir, shees not for you:
Knowing my vow, to blame to vse me thus.
Fen. But heare me speake sir.
Pa. Pray sir get you gon: Come hither daughter,
Sonne *Slender* let me speak with you. (*they whisper.*
Quic. Speake to Misteris P*age*.
Fen. Pray misteris P*age* let me haue your cõsent.
Mis. P*a.* Ifaith M. *Fentõ* tis as my husband please.
For my part Ile neither hinder you, nor further
Quic. How say you this was my doings? (you.
I bid you speake to misteris P*age*.
Fen. Here nurse, theres a brace of angels to drink,
Worke what thou canst for me, farwell. (*Exit Fen.*
Quic. By my troth so I will, good hart. (*Slẽder*
Pa. Come wife, you an *I* will in, weele leaue M.
And my daughter to talke together. M. *Shallow*,
You may stay sir if you please.
Exit P*age and his wife.*
Shal. Mary *I* thanke you for that:
To her cousin, to her.
Slen. Ifaith *I* know not what to say.
An. Now M. *Slender*, whats your will? (*An,*
Slen. Godeso, theres a *Iest* indeed: why misteris
I neuer made wil yet: *I* thãk God I am wise inough
Shal. Fie cusse fie, thou art not right, (for that.
O thou hadst a father.

16 [Quic:] from the catchword. 19 *to blame*] *too blame you are* Q_2.
32 *an*] & Q_2.

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Slen. I had a father misteris *Anne*, good vncle
Tell the Iest how my father stole the goose out of
The henloft. All this is nought, harke you mistresse
Anne.

Shal. He will make you ioynter of three hundred pound a yeare, he shall make you a Gentlewoman.

Slend. I be God that I vill, come cut and long taile, as good as any is in *Glostershire*, vnder the degree of a Squire.

An. O God how many grosse faults are hid,
And couered in three hundred pound a yeare?
Well M. *Slender*, within a day or two Ile tell you more.

Slend. I thanke you good misteris *Anne*, vncle I shall haue her.

Quic. M. *Shallow*, M. *Page* would pray you to come you, and you M. *Slender*, and you mistris *An.*

Slend. Well Nurse, if youle speake for me,
Ile giue you more then Ile talke of.

Exit omnes but Quickly.

Quic. Indeed I will, Ile speake what I can for you,
But specially for M. *Fenton*:
But specially of all for my Maister.
And indeed I will do what I can for them all three.

Exit.

Enter misteris Ford and her two men. [ACT IV. SC. II.]

Mis. For. Do you heare? when your M. comes take vp this basket as you did before, and if your M. bid you set it downe, obey him.

Ser. I will forsooth.

Enter Syr Iohn.

Mis. For. Syr *Iohn* welcome.

Fal. What are you sure of your husband now?

Mis. For. He is gone a birding sir *Iohn*, and I hope will not come home yet.

Enter mistresse Page.

Gods body here is misteris *Page*,
Step behind the arras good sir *Iohn.*

He steps behind the arras.

Mis. Pa. Misteris *Ford*, why woman your husband is in his old vaine againe, hees comming to search for your sweet heart, but I am glad he is not here.

50 *be*] *by* Q_2. *vill*] *will* Q_2. 60 *come you*] *come in* Q_3.
62 omnes] all Q_3. IV. ii. 8 *home*] om. Q_3.

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Mis. For. O God misteris *Page* the knight is here,
What shall I do?
Mis. Pa. Why then you'r vndone woman, vnles
you make some meanes to shift him away.
Mis. For. Alas I know no meanes, vnlesse
we put him in the basket againe.
Fal. No Ile come no more in the basket,
Ile creep vp into the chimney. (ling peeces.
Mis. *For.* There they vse to discharge their Fow-
Fal. Why then Ile goe out of doores.
Mi. Pa. Then your vndone, your but a dead man.
Fal. For Gods sake deuise any extremitie,
Rather then a mischiefe.
Mis. Pa. Alas I know not what meanes to make,
If there were any womans apparell would fit him,
He might put on a gowne and a mufler,
And so escape.
Mi. For. Thats wel remembred, my maids Aunt
Gillian of *Brainford*, hath a gowne aboue.
Mis. Pa. And she is altogether as fat as he.
Mis. For. I that will serue him of my word.
Mis. Pa. Come goe with me sir *Iohn*, Ile helpe to
dresse you.
Fal. Come for God sake, any thing.
Exit Mis. Page, & Sir Iohn.

**Enter M. Ford,* Page, *Priest, Shallow, the two men carries the basket, and Ford meets it.*

For. Come along *I* pray, you shal know the cause,
How now whither goe you? Ha whither go you?
Set downe the basket you ssaue,
You panderly rogue set it downe. (thus?
Mis. For. What is the reason that you vse me
For. Come hither set downe the basket,
Misteris *Ford* the modest woman,
Misteris *Ford* the vertuous woman,
She that hath the iealous foole to her husband,
I mistrust you without cause do I not?
Mis. For. I Gods my record do you. And if
you mistrust me in any ill sort.
Ford. Well sed brazen face, hold it out,
You youth in a basket, come out here,

38 Priest] Hugh Q_3. 40 *ssaue*] *slaue* Q_2. 48 *And if*] *If* Q_2.

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Pull out the cloathes, search. (cloathes?
Hu. Ieshu plesse me, will you pull vp your wiues
Pa. Fie M. *Ford* you are not to go abroad if you be in these fits.
Sir Hu. By so kad vdge me, tis verie necessarie He were put in pethlem.
For. M. P*age*, as *I* am an honest man M. P*age*, There was one conueyd out of my house here yesterday out of this basket, why may he not be here now?
Mi. For. Come mistris P*age*, bring the old womã
For. Old woman, what old woman? (downe.
Mi. For. Why my maidens Ant, *Gilliã* of *Brainford.* A witch, haue I not forewarned her my house, Alas we are simple we, we know not what
**Is* brought to passe vnder the colour of fortune-Telling. Come downe you witch, come downe.
Enter Falstaffe disguised like an old woman, and misteris Page with him, Ford beates him, and hee runnes away.
Away you witch get you gone. (indeed,
Sir H*u.* By Ieshu I verily thinke she is a witch I espied vnder her mufler a great beard.
Ford. Pray come helpe me to search, pray now.
Pa. Come weele go for his minds sake.
Exit omnes.
Mi. For. By my troth he beat him most extreamly.
Mi. Pa. I am glad of it, what shall we proceed any further?
Mi. For. No faith, now if you will let vs tell our husbands of it. For mine I am sure hath almost fretted himselfe to death.
Mi. Pa. Content, come weele goe tell them all, And as they agree, so will we proceed. *Exit both.*
Enter Host and Bardolfe. [Sc. III.]
Bar. Syr heere be three Gentlemen come from the Duke the Stanger sir, would haue your horse.
Host. The Duke, what Duke? let me speake with the Gentlemen, do they speake English?
Bar. Ile call them to you sir.
Host. No *Bardolfe*, let them alone, Ile sauce them: They haue had my house a weeke at command, I haue turned away my other guesse,

56 *By so*] *So* Q_2. 62 *Come*] om. Q_2. 64 *maidens*] *maids* Q_2.
65 *A witch*,] For. *A witch*, Q_2. 78 *I am*] *Ime* Q_2. III. 2 *Stanger*] *stranger* Q_2.

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They shall haue my horses *Bardolfe*,
They must come off, Ile sawce them. *Exit omnes.*

Enter Ford, Page, their wiues, Shallow, and Slender. Syr Hu. [Sc. IV.]

**Ford.* Well wife, heere take my hand, vpon my soule I loue thee dearer then I do my life, and ioy I hnue so true and constant wife, my iealousie shall neuer more offend thee.

Mi. For. Sir *I* am glad, & that which I haue done,
Was nothing else but mirth and modestie.

Pa. I misteris *Ford*, *Falstaffe* hath all the griefe,
And in this knauerie my wife was the chiefe.

Mi. Pa. No knauery husband, it was honest mirth.

Hu. Indeed it was good pastimes & merriments.

Mis. For. But sweete heart shall wee leaue olde *Falstaffe* so?

Mis. Pa. O by no meanes, send to him againe.

Pa. I do not thinke heele come being so much deceiued.

For. Let me alone, Ile to him once again like *Brooke*, and know his mind whether heele come or not. (come.

Pa. There must be some plot laide, or heele not

Mis. Pa. Let vs alone for that. Heare my deuice.
Oft haue you heard since *Horne* the hunter dyed,
That women to affright their litle children,
Ses that he walkes in shape of a great stagge.
Now for that *Falstaffe* hath bene so deceiued,
As that he dares not venture to the house,
Weele send him word to meet vs in the field,
Disguised like *Horne*, with huge horns on his head,
The houre shalbe iust betweene twelue and one,
And at that time we will meet him both:
Then would I haue you present there at hand,
With litle boyes disguised and dressed like Fayries,
For to affright fat *Falstaffe* in the woods.
*And then to make a period to the Iest,
Tell *Falstaffe* all, I thinke this will do best.

Pa. Tis excellent, and my daughter *Anne*,
Shall like a litle Fayrie be disguised.

Mis. Pa. And in that Maske Ile make the Doctor steale my daughter *An*, & ere my husband knowes it, to carrie her to Church, and marrie her. (boyes?

Mis. For. But who will buy the silkes to tyre the

11 and Slender.] Slender, and Q_2.

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Pa. That will *I* do, and in a robe of white
Ile cloath my daughter, and aduertise *Slender*
To know her by that signe, and steale her thence,
And vnknowne to my wife, shall marrie her.
Hu. So kad vdge me the deuises is excellent.
I will also be there, and be like a *Iackanapes*,
And pinch him most cruelly for his lecheries.
Mis. Pa. Why then we are reuenged sufficiently.
First he was carried and throwne in the Thames,
Next beaten well, *I* am sure youle witnes that.
Mi. For. Ile lay my life this makes him nothing fat.
Pa. Well lets about this stratagem, I long
To see deceit deceiued, and wrong haue wrong.
For, Well send to *Falstaffe*, and if he come thither,
Twill make vs smile and laugh one moneth togi-
ther. *Exit omnes.*

Enter Host and Simple. (skin? [Sc. v.]

Host. What would thou haue boore, what thick-
Speake, breath, discus, short, quick, briefe, snap.
Sim. Sir, I 'am sent frō my M. to sir *Iohn Falstaffe*.
Host. Sir *Iohn*, theres his Castle, his standing bed,
his trundle bed, his chamber is painted about with
the story of the prodigall, fresh and new, go knock,
heele speak like an Antripophiginian to thee:
*Knock *I* say.
Sim. Sir I should speak with an old woman that
went vp into his chamber.
Host. An old woman, the knight may be robbed,
Ile call bully knight, bully sir *Iohn*. Speake from thy
Lungs military: it is thine host, thy Ephesian calls.
Fal. Now mine Host.
Host: Here is a Bohemian tarter bully, tarries the
comming downe of the fat woman: Let her descēd
bully, let her descend, my chambers are honorable,
pah priuasie, fie.
Fal. Indeed mine host there was a fat woman with
But she is gone. (me,

Enter Sir Iohn.

Sim. Pray sir was it not the wise woman of *Brain-*
ford?
Fal. Marry was it Musselshell, what would you?
Sim. Marry sir my maister *Slender* sent me to her.
To know whether one *Nim* that hath his chaine,
Cousoned him of it, or no.

45 *deuises*] *deuice* Q_2 v. 7 *Antripophiginian*] *Antripophigian* Q_2.
14 Q_2 adds, he speakes aboue.

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Fal. I talked with the woman about it.
Sim. And I pray sir what ses she?
Fal. Marry she ses the very same man that
Beguiled maister *Slender* of his chaine,
Cousoned him of it.
Sim. May I be bolde to tell my maister so sir?
Fal. *I* tike, who more bolde.
Sim. *I* thanke you sir, I shall make my maister a
glad man at these tydings, God be with you sir.
Host. Thou art clarkly sir *Iohn*, thou art clarkly,
Was there a wise woman with thee?
Fal. Marry was there mine host, one that taught
*Me more wit then I learned this 7. yeare,
And I paid nothing for it,
But was paid for my learning.
Enter Bardolfe.
Bar. O Lord sir cousonage, plaine cousonage.
Host. Why man, where be my horses? where be
the Germanes?
Bar. Rid away with your horses:
After I came beyond Maidenhead,
They flung me in a slow of myre, & away they ran.
Enter Doctor.
Doc. Where be my Host de gartyre?
Host. O here sir in perplexitie.
Doc. I cannot tell vad be dad,
But begar I will tell you van ting,
Dear be a Garmaine Duke come to de Court,
Has cosened all de host of *Branford*,
And *Redding:* begar I tell you for good will,
Ha, ha, mine Host, am I euen met you? *Exit.*
Enter Sir *Hugh.*
Sir *Hu.* Where is mine Host of the gartyr?
Now my Host, I would desire you looke you now,
To haue a care of your entertainments,
For there is three sorts of cosen garmombles,
Is cosen all the Host of Maidenhead & Readings,
Now you are an honest man, and a scuruy beg-
gerly lowsie knaue beside:
And can point wrong places,
I tell you for good will, grate why mine Host. *Exit.*
Host. *I* am cosened *Hugh*, and coy *Bardolfe*,
Sweet knight assist me, *I* am cosened. *Exit.*
Fal. Would all the worell were cosened for me,

28 *pray*] *pray you* Q_2. 53 *host*] *Hosts* Q_2.

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*For I am cousoned and beaten too.
Well, *I* neuer prospered since I forswore
My selfe at *Primero:* and my winde
Were but long inough to say my prayers,
Ide repent, now from whence come you?

Enter Mistresse Quickly.

Quic. From the two parties forsooth.

Fal. The diuell take the one partie,
And his dam the other,
And theyle be both bestowed.
I haue endured more for their sakes,
Then man is able to endure.

Quic. O Lord sir, they are the sorowfulst creatures
That euer liued: specially mistresse *Ford*,
Her husband hath beaten her that she is all
Blacke and blew poore soule.

Fal. What tellest me of blacke and blew,
I haue bene beaten all the colours in the Rainbow,
And in my escape like to a bene apprehended
For a witch of *Brainford*, and set in the stockes.

Quic. Well sir, she is a sorrowfull woman,
And I hope when you heare my errant,
Youle be perswaded to the contrarie.

Fal. Come goe with me into my chamber, Ile heare thee. *Exit omnes.*

Enter Host and Fenton. [Sc. VI.]

Host. Speake not to me sir, my mind is heauie,
I haue had a great losse.

Fen. Yet heare me, and as I am a gentleman,
Ile giue you a hundred pound toward your losse.

Host. Well sir Ile heare you, and at least keep your counsell.

Fen. Thē thus my host. Tis not vnknown to you,
*The feruent loue *I* beare to young *Anne Page*,
And mutally her loue againe to mee:
But her father still against her choise,
Doth seeke to marrie her to foolish *Slender*,
And in a robe of white this night disguised,
Wherein fat *Falstaffe* had a mightie scare,
Must *Slender* take her and carrie her to *Catlen*,
And there vnknowne to any, marrie her.
Now her mother still against that match,
And firme for Doctor *Cayus*, in a robe of red
By her deuice, the Doctor must steale her thence,

84 *bene*] om. Q_2. 85 *a bene*] *haue bin* Q_2. 90 *Ile*] *And Ile* Q_2.
VI. 9 *mutally*] *mutually* Q_2. 16 *mother*] *mother's* Q_2.

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And she hath giuen consent to goe with him.
Host. Now which means she to deceiue, father or mother?
Fen. Both my good Host, to go along with me.
Now here it rests, that you would procure a priest,
And tarrie readie at the appointment place,
To giue our harts vnited matrimonie. (among thē?
Host. But how will you come to steale her from
Fen. That hath sweet *Nan* and I agreed vpon,
And by a robe of white, the which she weares,
With ribones pendant flaring bout her head,
I shalbe sure to know her, and conuey her thence,
And bring her where the priest abides our cōming,
And by thy furtherance there be married.
Host. Well, husband your deuice, Ile to the Vicar,
Bring you the maide, you shall not lacke a Priest.
Fen. So shall *I* euermore be bound vnto thee.
Besides Ile alwaies be thy faithfull friend.
Exit omnes.

Enter sir Iohn with a Bucks head vpon him. [ACT V. SCENE V.]

Fal. This is the third time, well *I*le venter,
They say there is good luck in old numbers,
Ioue transformed himselfe into a bull,
*And *I* am here a Stag, and *I* thinke the fattest
In all *Windsor* forrest: well *I* stand here
For *Horne* the hunter, waiting my Does comming.
Enter mistris Page, and mistris Ford.
Mis. Pa. Sir *Iohn*, where are you?
Fal. Art thou come my doe? what and thou too?
Welcome Ladies.
Mi. For. I I sir *Iohn*, *I* see you will not faile,
Therefore you deserue far better then our loues,
But it grieues me for your late crosses.
Fal. This makes amends for all.
Come diuide me betweene you, each a hanch,
For my horns Ile bequeath thē to your husbands,
Do *I* speak like *Horne* the hunter, ha?
Mis. Pa. God forgiue me, what noise is this?

There is a noise of hornes, the two women run away.

Enter sir Hugh like a Satyre, and boyes drest like Fayries, mistresse Quickly, like the Queene of Fayries: they sing a song about him, and afterward speake.

Quic: You Fayries that do haunt these shady (groues,

2 *old*] *odde* Q_2. 10 *I I*] *I* Q_2.

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Looke round about the wood if you can espie
A mortall that doth haunt our sacred round:
If such a one you can espie, giue him his due,
And leaue not till you pinch him blacke and blew:
Giue them their charge *Puck* ere they part away.
Sir Hu. Come hither Peane, go to the countrie houses,
And when you finde a slut that lies a sleepe,
And all her dishes foule, and roome vnswept,
With your long nailes pinch her till she crie,
*And sweare to mend her sluttish huswiferie.
Fai. I warrant you I will performe your will.
Hu. Where is *Pead?* go you & see where Brokers (sleep,
And Foxe-eyed Seriants with their mase,
Goe laie the Proctors in the street,
And pinch the lowsie Seriants face:
Spare none of these when they are a bed,
But such whose nose lookes plew and red.
Quic. Away begon, his mind fulfill,
And looke that none of you stand still.
Some do that thing, some do this,
All do something, none amis.
Hir Hu. I smell a man of middle earth.
Fal. God blesse me from that wealch Fairie.
Quic. Looke euery one about this round,
And if that any here be found,
For his presumption in this place,
Spare neither legge, arme, head, nor face.
Sir Hu. See I haue spied one by good luck,
His bodie man, his head a buck.
Fal. God send me good fortune now, and I care not.
Quic. Go strait, and do as I commaund,
And take a Taper in your hand,
And set it to his fingers endes,
And if you see it him offends,
And that he starteth at the flame,
Then is he mortall, know his name:
If with an F. it doth begin,
Why then be shure he is full of sin.
About it then, and know the truth,
Of this same metamorphised youth.
Sir Hu. Giue me the Tapers, I will try
And if that he loue venery.

31 *Where is*] *Wher's* Q_3. 35 *they are*] *th' are* Q_3. 41 Hir] Sir Q_3.
57 *he is*] *hee's* Q_3. 59 *metamorphised*] *metamorphosed* Q_3.

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* *They put the Tapers to his fingers, and he starts.*

Sir Hu. It is right indeed, he is full of lecheries and iniquitie.

Quic. A little distant from him stand,
And euery one take hand in hand,
And compasse him within a ring,
First pinch him well, and after sing.

Here they pinch him, and sing about him, & the Doctor comes one way & steales away a boy in red. And Slender another way he takes a boy in greene: And Fenton steales misteris Anne, being in white. And a noyse of hunting is made within: and all the Fairies runne away. Falstaffe pulles of his bucks head, and rises vp. And enters M. *Page*, M. *Ford, and their wiues*, M. *Shallow, Sir Hugh.*

Fal. Horne the hunter quoth you: am I a ghost?
Sblood the Fairies hath made a ghost of me:
What hunting at this time at night?
Ile lay my life the mad Prince of *Wales*
Is stealing his fathers Deare. How now who haue we here, what is all *Windsor* stirring? Are you there?

Shal. God saue you sir *Iohn Falstaffe.*

Sir Hu. God plesse you sir *Iohn*, God plesse you.

Pa. Why how now sir *Iohn*, what a pair of horns in your hand?

For. Those hornes he ment to place vpon my head,
And M. *Brooke* and he should be the men:
Why how now sir *Iohn*, why are you thus amased?
We know the Fairies man that pinched you so,
Your throwing in the Thames, your beating well,
*And whats to come sir *Iohn*, that can we tell.

Mi. Pa. Sir *Iohn* tis thus, your dishonest meanes
To call our credits into question,
Did make vs vndertake to our best,
To turne your leaud lust to a merry Iest.

Fal. Iest, tis well, haue I liued to these yeares
To be gulled now, now to be ridden?
Why then these were not *Fairies*?

Mis. Pa. No sir *Iohn* but boyes.

Fal. By the Lord I was twice or thrise in the mind
They were not, and yet the grosnesse

62 Tapers] Torches Q_2. 62 *It is*] *Tis* Q_2. 69 *What*] *What*, Q_2. 80 *so*] om. Q_2.

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Of the fopperie perswaded me they were.
Well, and the fine wits of the Court heare this,
Thayle so whip me with their keene Iests,
That thayle melt me out like tallow,
Drop by drop out of my grease. Boyes!
Sir Hu. I trust me boyes Sir *Iohn:* and I was
Also a Fairie that did helpe to pinch you.
Fal. I, tis well I am your May-pole,
You haue the start of mee,
Am I ridden too with a wealch goate?
With a peece of toasted cheese?
Sir Hu. Butter is better then cheese sir *Iohn*,
You are all butter, butter.
For. There is a further matter yet sir *Iohn*,
There's 20. pound you borrowed of M. *Brooke* Sir
And it must be paid to M. *Ford* Sir *Iohn.* (*Iohn*,
Mi. For. Nay husband let that go to make amẽds,
Forgiue that sum, and so weele all be friends.
For. Well here is my hand, all 's forgiuen at last.
Fal. It hath cost me well,
I haue beene well pinched and washed.
* *Enter the Doctor.*
Mi. Pa. Now M. Doctor, sonne I hope you are.
Doct. Sonne begar you be de ville woman,
Begar I tinck to marry metres *An*, and begar
Tis a whorson garson Iack boy.
Mis. Pa. How a boy?
Doct. I begar a boy.
Pa. Nay be not angry wife, *Ile* tell thee true,
It was my plot to deceiue thee so:
And by this time your daughter's married
To M. *Slender*, and see where he comes.
Enter Slender.
Now sonne *Slender*,
Where's your bride?
Slen. Bride, by Gods lyd *I* thinke theres neuer a man in the worell hath that crosse fortune that *I* haue: begod I could cry for verie anger.
Page. Why whats the matter sonne *Slender?*
Slen. Sonne, nay by God *I* am none of your son.
Pa. No, why so? (married.
Slen. Why so God saue me, tis a boy that I haue
Pa. How, a boy? why did you mistake the word?

94 *and*] *if* Q_2. 102 *ridden*] *written* Q_2. 111 *here is...all 's*] *here 's...all is* Q_2. 122 *daughter 's*] *daughter is* Q_2. 128 *begod*] *by God* Q_2. 132 *that*] om. Halliwell.

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Slen. No neither, for *I* came to her in red as you
bad me, and *I* cried mum, and hee cried budget, so
well as euer you heard, and I haue married him.
Sir Hu. Ieshu M. *Slender*, cannot you see but marrie
Pa. O *I* am vext at hart, what shal I do? (boyes?
Enter Fenton *and* Anne.
Mis. Pa. Here comes the man that hath deceiued
How now daughter, where haue you bin? (vs all:
An. At Curch forsooth.
Pa. At Church, what haue you done there?
**Fen.* Married to me, nay sir neuer storme,
Tis done sir now, and cannot be vndone.
Ford: Ifaith M. *Page* neuer chafe your selfe,
She hath made her choise wheras her hart was fixt,
Then tis in vaine for you to storme or fret.
Fal. I am glad yet that your arrow hath glanced
Mi. For. Come mistris *Page*, Ile be bold with you,
Tis pitie to part loue that is so true.
Mis. Pa. Altho that I haue missed in my intent,
Yet *I* am glad my husbands match was crossed,
Here M. Fenton, take her, and God giue thee ioy.
Sir Hu: Come M. Page, you must needs agree.
Fo. I yfaith sir come, you see your wife is well plea-
Pa. I cannot tel, and yet my hart's well eased, (sed:
And yet it doth me good the Doctor missed.
Come hither Fenton, and come hither daughter,
Go too you might haue stai'd for my good will,
But since your choise is made of one you loue,
Here take her Fenton, & both happie proue. (dings.
Sir Hu. I wil also dance & eat plums at your wed-
Ford. All parties pleased, now let vs in to feast,
And laugh at *Slender*, and the Doctors ieast.
He hath got the maiden, each of you a boy
To waite vpon you, so God giue you ioy,
And sir *Iohn Falstaffe* now shal you keep your word,
For *Brooke* this night shall lye with mistris *Ford.*

Exit omnes.

FINIS.

139 *the man*] *he* Q_2.
141 *Curch*] *Church* Q_2.
148 *that*] *then* Halliwell.
155 *I yfaith*] *Ifaith* Q_2.
well] om. Q_2.
162 *also*] om. Q_2.

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THE CHRONICLE HISTORIE OF

HENRY THE FIFT.

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The Chronicle Historie
of *Henry* the fift: with his battel fought at *AginCourt* in *France*. Togither with Auncient *Pistoll*.

Enter King Henry, Exeter, 2. *Bishops*, Clarence, *and other* *Attendants.* [ACT I. SC. II.]

Exeter.

SHall I call in Thambassadors my Liege?
King. Not yet my Cousin, til we be resolude
Of some serious matters touching vs and *France.*
Bi. God and his Angels guard your sacred throne,
And make you long become it.
King. Shure we thank you. And good my Lord proceed
Why the Lawe *Salicke* which they haue in *France*,
Or should or should not, stop vs in our clayme:
And God forbid my wise and learned Lord,
That you should fashion, frame, or wrest the same.
For God doth know how many now in health,
Shall drop their blood in approbation,
Of what your reuerence shall incite vs too.
Therefore take heed how you impawne our person,
How you awake the sleeping sword of warre:
We charge you in the name of God take heed.
After this coniuration, speake my Lord:
And we will iudge, note, and beleeue in heart,
That what you speake, is washt as pure
As sin in baptisme.

Bish.

*Then heare me gracious soueraigne, and you peeres,

6 *Shure*] Q_1Q_2. *Sure* Q_3. 8 *vs in*] Q_1Q_2. *in vs* Q_3.
21 *Then*] Q_1. Bish. *Then* Q_2Q_3.

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Which owe your liues, your faith and seruices
To this imperiall throne.
There is no bar to stay your highnesse claime to *France*
But one, which they produce from *Faramount*,
No female shall succeed in salicke land,
Which salicke land the French vniustly gloze
To be the realme of *France:*
And *Faramont* the founder of this law and female barre:
Yet their owne writers faithfully affirme
That the land salicke lyes in *Germany*,
Betweene the flouds of *Sabeck* and of *Elme*,
Where *Charles* the fift hauing subdude the Saxons,
There left behind, and setled certaine French,
Who holding in disdaine the Germaine women,
For some dishonest maners of their liues,
Establisht there this lawe. To wit,
No female shall succeed in salicke land:
Which salicke land as I said before,
Is at this time in *Germany* called *Mesene:*
Thus doth it well appeare the salicke lawe
Was not deuised for the realme of *France*,
Nor did the French possesse the salicke land,
Vntill 400. one and twentie yeares
After the function of king *Faramont*,
Godly supposed the founder of this lawe:
Hugh Capet also that vsurpt the crowne,
To fine his title with some showe of truth,
When in pure truth it was corrupt and naught:
Conuaid himselfe as heire to the Lady *Inger*,
Daughter to *Charles*, the foresaid Duke of *Lorain*,
So that as cleare as is the sommers Sun,
King *Pippins* title and *Hugh Capets* claime,
King *Charles* his satisfaction all appeare,
To hold in right and title of the female:
So do the Lords of *France* vntil this day,
Howbeit they would hold vp this salick lawe
*To bar your highnesse claiming from the female,
And rather choose to hide them in a net,
Then amply to imbace their crooked causes,
Vsurpt from you and your progenitors. (claime?
K. May we with right & conscience make this

39 *I*] Q_1Q_2. *I haue* Q_3.
40 *called*] *call'd* Q_3.
46 *supposed*] *supposd* Q_3.
49 *naught*] *nought* Q_3.
50 *Conuaid*] Q_1. *Couai'd* Q_2. *Conuey'd* Q_3.
60 *imbace*] Q_1Q_2. *embrace* Q_3.

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Bi. The sin vpon my head dread soueraigne
For in the booke of Numbers is it writ,
When the sonne dies, let the inheritance
Descend vnto the daughter.
Noble Lord stand for your owne,
Vnwinde your bloody flagge,
Go my dread Lord to your great graunsirs graue,
From whom you clayme:
And your great Vncle *Edward* the blacke Prince,
Who on the French ground playd a Tragedy
Making defeat on the full power of *France*,
Whilest his most mighty father on a hill,
Stood smiling to behold his Lyons whelpe,
Foraging blood of French Nobilitie.
O Noble English that could entertaine
With halfe their Forces the full power of *France:*
And let an other halfe stand laughing by,
All out of worke, and cold for action.

King. We must not onely arme vs against the French,
But lay downe our proportion for the Scot,
Who will make rode vpon vs with all aduantages.

Bi. The Marches gracious soueraigne, shalbe sufficient
To guardyour *England* from the pilfering borderers.

King. We do not meane the coursing sneakers onely,
But feare the mayne entendement of the Scot,
For you shall read, neuer my great grandfather
Vnmaskt his power for *France*,
But that the Scot on his vnfurnisht Kingdome,
Came pouring like the Tide into a breach
That *England* being empty of defences,
Hath shooke and trembled at the brute hereof.

Bi. She hath bin then more feared then hurt my Lord:
*For heare her but examplified by her selfe,
When all her chiualry hath bene in *France*
And she a mourning widow of her Nobles,
She hath her selfe not only well defended,
But taken and impounded as a stray, the king of Scots,
Whom like a caytiffe she did leade to *France*,
Filling your Chronicles as rich with praise
As is the owse and bottome of the sea
With sunken wrack and shiplesse treasurie.

64 *is it*] Q_1Q_2. *it is* Q_3.
69 *graunsirs*] Q_1Q_2. *Grandsires* Q_3.
74 *Whilest*] *Whilst* Q_3.
76 *blood*] Q_1. *bloud* Q_2. *the blood* Q_3.
81 *against*] Q_1Q_2. *gainst* Q_3.
82 *for*] Q_1Q_2. *against* Q_3.
94 *feared*] *fear'd* Q_3.

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Lord. There is a saying very old and true,
If you will *France* win,
Then with *Scotland* first begin:
For once the Eagle, England being in pray,
To his vnfurnish nest the weazel Scot
Would suck her egs, playing the mouse in absence of the
To spoyle and hauock more then she can eat. (cat:
Exe. It followes then, the cat must stay at home,
Yet that is but a curst necessitie,
Since we haue trappes to catch the petty theeues:
Whilste that the armed hand doth fight abroad
The aduised head controlles at home:
For gouernment though high or lowe, being put into parts,
Congrueth with a mutuall consent like musicke.
Bi. True: therefore doth heauen diuide the fate of man
in diuers functions.
Whereto is added as an ayme or but, obedience:
For so liue the honey Bees, creatures that by awe
Ordaine an act of order to a peopeld Kingdome:
They haue a King and officers of sort,
Where some like Magistrates correct at home:
Others like Marchants venture trade abroad:
Others like souldiers armed in their stings,
Make boote vpon the sommers veluet bud:
Which pillage they with mery march bring home
To the tent royall of their Emperour,
Who busied in his maiestie, behold
The singing masons building roofes of gold:
*The ciuell citizens lading vp the honey,
The sad eyde Iustice with his surly humme,
Deliuering vp to executors pale, the lazy caning Drone.
This I infer, that 20. actions once a foote,
May all end in one moment.
As many Arrowes losed seuerall wayes, flye to one marke:
As many seuerall wayes meete in one towne:
As many fresh streames run in one selfe sea:
As many lines close in the dyall center:
So may a thousand actions once a foote,
End in one moment, and be all well borne without defect.
Therefore my Liege to *France*,
Diuide your happy England into foure,
Of which take you one quarter into France,

108 *vnfurnish*] Q_1. *vnfurnisht* Q_2Q_3.
116 *into*] Q_1Q_2. *in* Q_3.
127 *mery*] Q_1. *merry* Q_2Q_3.
128 *tent royall*] *Tent-royall* Q_3.
132 *sad eyde*] *sad-ey'd* Q_3.
138 *selfe sea*] *selfe-sea* Q_3.

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And you withall, shall make all *Gallia* shake.
If we with thrice that power left at home,
Cannot defend our owne doore from the dogge,
Let vs be beaten, and from henceforth lose
The name of pollicy and hardinesse.
Ki. Call in the messenger sent frō the Dolphin,
And by your ayde, the noble sinewes of our land,
France being ours, weele bring it to our awe,
Or breake it all in peeces:
Eyther our Chronicles shal with full mouth speak
Freely of our acts,
Or else like toonglesse mutes
Not worshipt with a paper Epitaph:

Enter Thambassadors from France.

Now are we well prepared to know the Dolphins pleasure,
For we heare your comming is from him.
Ambassa. Pleaseth your Maiestie to giue vs leaue
Freely to render what we haue in charge:
Or shall I sparingly shew a farre off,
The Dolphins pleasure and our Embassage?
King. We are no tyrant, but a Christian King,
To whom our spirit is as subiect,
As are our wretches fettered in our prisons.
*Therefore freely and with vncurbed boldnesse
Tell vs the Dolphins minde.
Ambas. Then this in fine the Dolphin saith,
Whereas you clayme certaine Townes in *France*,
From your predecessor king *Edward* the third,
This he returnes.
He saith, theres nought in *France* that can be with a nimble
Galliard wonne: you cannot reuel into Dukedomes there:
Therefore he sendeth meeter for your study,
This tunne of treasure: and in lieu of this,
Desires to let the Dukedomes that you craue
Heare no more from you: This the Dolphin saith.
King. What treasure Vncle?
Exe. Tennis balles my Liege.
King. We are glad the Dolphin is so pleasant with vs,
Your message and his present we accept:
When we haue matched our rackets to these balles,
We will by Gods grace play such a set,
Shall strike his fathers crowne into the hazard.
Tell him he hath made a match with such a wrangler,

155, 156 *Freely...mutes*] One line in Q_3. 184 *play*] Q_1Q_2. *play him* Q_3.
158 *prepared*] *prepard* Q_3.

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That all the Courts of *France* shall be disturbed with chaos.
And we understand him well, how he comes ore vs
With our wilder dayes, not measuring what vse we made
of them.
We never valued this poore seate of England.
And therefore gave our selves to barbarous licence
As the common scene that men are merriest when they are
from home.
But tell the Dolphin we will keep our state.
Be like a King, mightie and commaund.
When we do rowse vs in throne of *France*
For this haue we laid by our Maiestie
And plodded like a man for working dayes.
But we will rise there with so full of glory.
That we will dazell all the eyes of *France*.
I strike the Dolphin blinde to looke on vs. stones
And tell him this, his mock hath turnd his balles to gun
*And his soule shall sit sore charged for the wastful
vengeance
That shall flye from them. For this his mocke
Shall mocke many a wife out of their deare husbands.
Mocke mothers from their sonnes, mocke Castles downe.
I some are yet vngotten and vnborne.
That shall haue cause to curse the Dolphins scorne.
But this lyes all within the will of God, to whom we do
appeale.
And in whose name tel you the Dolphin we are coming on
To venge vs as we may, and to put forth our hand
In a rightfull cause: so get you hence, and tell your Prince.
His Iest will sauour but of shallow wit.
When thousands weepe, more then did laugh at it.
Conney them with safe conduct: see them hence.

Exe. This was a merry message.

King. We hope to make the sender blush at it:
Therfore let our collectiō for the wars be soone prouided
For God before, weel check the Dolphin at his fathers
doore.
Therefore let euery man now taske his thought,
That this faire action may on foote be brought.

Exeunt omnes.

199 *valued*, *valew'd* Q_2.
195 *in*, Q_1Q_2 *in the* Q_2.
196 *haue we*, Q_1Q_2 *we haue* Q_2.
197 *lide*, Q_1 *like* Q_1Q_2.
198 *there with*, Q_1 *there* Q_2 *therewith* Q_2.
211 *rightfull*, Q_1Q_2 *right* Q_2.

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Enter Nim *and* Bardolfe. [ACT II. SCENE I.]

Bar. Godmorrow Corporall *Nim.*
Nim. Godmorrow Lieftenant *Bardolfe.*
Bar. What is antient *Pistoll* and thee friends yet?
Nim. I cannot tell, things must be as they may:
I dare not fight, but I will winke and hold out mine Iron:
It is a simple one, but what tho; it will serue to toste cheese,
And it will endure cold as an other mans sword will,
And theres the humor of it.
Bar. Yfaith mistresse quickly did thee great wrong,
For thou weart troth plight to her.
**Nim.* I must do as I may, tho patience be a tyred mare,
Yet sheel plod, and some say kniues haue edges,
And men may sleepe and haue their throtes about them
At that time, and there is the humour of it.
Bar. Come yfaith, Ile bestow a breakfast to make *Pistoll*
And thee friendes. What a plague should we carrie kniues
To cut our owne throates.
Nim. Yfaith Ile liue as long as I may, thats the certaine of it.
And when I cannot liue any longer, Ile do as I may,
And theres my rest, and the randeuous of it.

Enter Pistoll *and Hostes Quickly, his wife.*

Bar. Godmorrow ancient *Pistoll.*
Here comes ancient *Pistoll*, I prithee *Nim* be quiet.
Nim. How do you my Hoste?
Pist. Base slaue, callest thou me hoste?
Now by gads lugges I sweare, I scorne the title,
Nor shall my *Nell* keepe lodging.
Host. No by my troath not I,
For we cānot bed nor boord half a score honest gētlewomē
That liue honestly by the prick of their needle,
But it is thought straight we keepe a bawdy-house.
O Lord heeres Corporall *Nims*, now shall
We haue wilful adultry and murther committed:
Good Corporall *Nim* shew the valour of a man,
And put vp your sword.
Nim. Push.
Pist. What dost thou push, thou prickeard cur of Iseland?
Nim. Will you shog off? I would haue you solus.

1 *Godmorrow*] Q_1. *God morrow* Q_2. *Good morrow* Q_3.
2, 21 *Godmorrow*] Q_1Q_2. *Good morrow* Q_3.
6 *It is...it will*]] Q_1Q_2. *Tis...twil* Q_3.
9 *quickly*] Q_1. *Quickly* Q_2Q_3.
14 *there is*] *there 's* Q_3.
20 *my*] Q_1Q_3. *the* Q_2.
28 *honest*] Q_1Q_2. om. Q_3.
31 *Nims*] Q_1. *Nim* Q_2Q_3.

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Pist. Solus egregious dog, that solus in thy throte,
And in thy lungs, and which is worse, within
Thy mesfull mouth, I do retort that solus in thy
Bowels, and in thy Iaw, perdie: for I can talke,
And *Pistolls* flashing firy cock is vp.
Nim. I am not *Barbasom*, you cannot coniure me:
I haue an humour *Pistoll* to knock you indifferently well,
And you fall foule with me *Pistoll*, Ile scoure you with my
*Rapier in faire termes. If you will walke off a little,
Ile pricke your guts a litle in good termes,
And theres the humour of it.
Pist. O braggard vile, and damned furious wight,
The Graue doth gape, and groaning
Death is neare, therefore exall.
They drawe.
Bar. Heare me, he that strikes the first blow,
Ile kill him, as I am a souldier.
Pist. An oath of mickle might, and fury shall abate.
Nim. Ile cut your throat at one time or an other in faire (termes,
And theres the humor of it.
Post. Couple gorge is the word, I thee defie agen:
A damned hound, thinkst thou my spouse to get?
No, to the powdering tub of infamy,
Fetch forth the lazar kite of Cresides kinde,
Doll Tear-sheete, she by name, and her espowse
I haue, and I will hold, the quandom quickly,
For the onely she and Paco, there it is inough.
Enter the Boy.
Boy. Hostes you must come straight to my maister,
And you Host *Pistoll*. Good *Bardolfe*
Put thy nose betweene the sheetes, and do the office of a (warming pan.
Host. By my troath heele yeeld the crow a pudding one (of these dayes.
Ile go to him, husband youle come?
Bar. Come *Pistoll* be friends.
Nim prithee be friends, and if thou wilt not be
Enemies with me too.
Ni. I shal haue my eight shillings I woon of you at beating?
Pist. Base is the slaue that payes.
Nim. That now I will haue, and theres the humor of it.
Pist. As manhood shall compound. *They draw.*

43 *Barbasom*] Q_1Q_3. *Earbasom* Q_2.
60 *lazar kite*] *lazarkite* Q_3.
66 *warming*] Q_1Q_3. *warning* Q_2.
72, 79 *beating*] Q_1Q_3. *betting* Q_2.

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Bar. He that strikes the first blow,
Ile kill him by this sword.
Pist. Sword is an oath, and oathes must haue their course.
**Nim.* I shall haue my eight shillings I wonne of you at beating?
Pist. A noble shalt thou haue, and readie pay,
And liquor likewise will I giue to thee,
And friendship shall combind and brotherhood:
Ile liue by *Nim* as *Nim* shall liue by me:
Is not this iust? for I shall Sutler be
Vnto the Campe, and profit will accrue.
Nim. I shall haue my noble?
Pist. In cash most truly paid.
Nim. Why theres the humour of it.

Enter Hostes.

Hostes. As euer you came of men come in,
Sir *Iohn* poore soule is so troubled
With a burning tashan contigian feuer, tis wonderfull.
Pist. Let vs condoll the knight: for lamkins we will liue.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Exeter and Gloster. [Sc. II.]

Glost. Before God my Lord, his Grace is too bold to trust these traytors.
Exe. They shalbe apprehended by and by.
Glost. I but the man that was his bedfellow
Whom he hath cloyed and graced with princely fauours
That he should for a forraine purse, to sell
His Soueraignes life to death and trechery.
Exe. O the Lord of *Massham.*

Enter the King and three Lords.

King. Now sirs the windes faire, and we wil aboord;
My Lord of *Cambridge*, and my Lord of *Massham*,
And you my gentle Knight, giue me your thoughts,
Do you not thinke the power we beare with vs,
Will make vs conquerors in the field of *France?*
Masha. No doubt my Liege, if each man do his best.
**Cam.* Neuer was Monarch better feared and loued then is your maiestie.
Gray. Euen those that were your fathers enemies
Haue steeped their galles in honey for your sake.
King. We therefore haue great cause of thankfulnesse,

82 *and*] Q_1Q_2. *out* Q_3. *our* Nicholson conj. 92 *condoll*] Q_1Q_2. *condole* Q_3.
84 *Sutler*] Q_1Q_2. *Butler* Q_3. 8 *windes*] Q_1Q_2. *winde is* Q_3.

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And shall forget the office of our hands:
Sooner then reward and merit,
According to their cause and worthinesse.
Masha. So seruice shall with steeled sinewes shine,
And labour shall refresh it selfe with hope
To do your Grace incessant seruice.
King. Vncle of *Exeter*, enlarge the man
Committed yesterday, that rayled against our person,
We consider it was the heate of wine that set him on,
And on his more aduice we pardon him.
Masha. That is mercie, but too much securitie:
Let him bee punisht Soueraigne, least the example of him,
Breed more of such a kinde.
King. O let vs yet be mercifull.
Cam. So may your highnesse, and punish too.
Gray. You shew great mercie if you giue him life,
After the taste of his correction.
King. Alas your too much care and loue of me
Are heauy orisons gainst the poore wretch,
If litle faults proceeding on distemper should not bee (winked at,
How should we stretch our eye, when capitall crimes,
Chewed, swallowed and disgested, appeare before vs:
Well yet enlarge the man, tho Cambridge and the rest
In their deare loues, and tender preseruation of our state,
Would haue him punisht.
Now to our French causes.
Who are the late Commissioners?
Cam. Me one my Lord, your highnesse bad me aske for it to day.
**Mash.* So did you me my Soueraigne.
Gray. And me my Lord.
King. Then *Richard* Earle of *Cambridge* there is yours.
There is yours my Lord of *Masham*.
And sir *Thomas Gray* knight of *Northumberland*, this same is
Read them, and know we know your worthinesse. (yours:
Vnckle *Exeter*, I will aboord to night.
Why how now Gentlemen, why change you colour?
What see you in those papers
That hath so chased your blood out of apparance?
Cam. I do confesse my fault, and do submit me

19 *Sooner...merit,*] Omitted in Q_3.
36 *gainst*] Q_1Q_2. *against* Q_3.
38 *capitall*] *capitoll* Q_3.
39 *disgested*] Q_1Q_2. *digested* Q_3.
appeare] Q_1Q_2. *appeared* Q_3.
vs:] *vs?* Q_3.
50 *Gray*] *Grey* Q_3 (and elsewhere).

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To your highnesse. mercie.
Mash. To which we all appeale.
King. The mercy which was quit in vs but late,
By your owne reasons is forestald and done:
You must not dare for shame to aske for mercy,
For your owne conscience turne vpon your bosomes,
As dogs vpon their maisters worrying them.
See you my Princes, and my noble Peeres,
These English monsters:
My Lord of *Cambridge* here,
You know how apt we were to grace him,
In all things belonging to his honour:
And this vilde man hath for a fewe light crownes,
Lightly conspired and sworne vnto the practises of *France:*
To kill vs here in *Hampton.* To the which,
This knight no lesse in bountie bound to vs
Then *Cambridge is,* haah likewise sworne.
But oh what shall I say to thee false man,
Thou cruell ingratefull and inhumane creature,
Thou that didst beare the key of all my counsell,
That knewst the very secrets of my heart,
That almost mightest a coyned me into gold,
Wouldest thou a practisde on me for thy vse:
Can it be possible that out of thee
Should proceed one sparke that might annoy my finger?
*'Tis so strange, that tho the truth doth showe as grose
As black from white, mine eye wil scarcely see it.
Their faults are open, arrest them to the answer of the lawe,
And God acquit them of their practises.
Exe. I arrest thee of high treason,
By the name of *Richard,* Earle of *Cambridge.*
I arest thee of high treason,
By the name of *Henry,* Lord of *Masham.*
I arest thee of high treason,
By the name of *Thomas Gray,* knight of *Northumberland,*
Mash. Our purposes God iustly hath discouered,
And I repent my fault more then my death,
Which I beseech your maiestie forgiue,
Altho my body pay the price of it.
King. God quit you in his mercy. Heare your sentence,
You haue conspired against our royall person,
Ioyned with an enemy proclaimed and fixed.

69 *vilde*] *vile* Q_2.
70, 97 *conspired*] *conspir'd* Q_2.
73 *haah*] Q_1. *hath* Q_2Q_3.
78 *a*] Q_1. *haue* Q_2Q_3.
79 *a*] Q_1Q_2. *haue* Q_3.
vse:] *vse?* Q_3.
96 *mercy*] Q_1. *mercie* Q_2. *mercy* Q_3.
98 *proclaimed*] *proclaim'd* Q_3.

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And frō his coffers receiued the golden earnest of our death
Touching our person we seeke no redresse.
But we our kingdomes safetie must so tender
Whose ruine you haue sought,
That to our lawes we do deliuer you. (death,
Get ye therefore hence: poore miserable creatures to your
The taste whereof, God in his mercy giue you (amisse:
Patience to endure, and true repentance of all your deeds
Beare them hence.
Exit three Lords.
Now Lords to *France*. The enterprise whereof,
Shall be to you as vs, successiuely.
Since God cut off this dangerous treason lurking in our way
Cheerly to sea, the signes of war aduance:
No King of England, if not King of *France*.
Exit omnes.

**Enter Nim, Pistoll, Bardolfe, Hostes and a Boy.* [Sc. III.]

Host. I prethy sweete heart, let me bring thee so farre as (*Staines.*

Pist. No fur, no fur.

Bar. Well sir *Iohn* is gone. God be with him.

Host. I, he is in *Arthors* bosom, if euer any were:
He went away as if it were a crysombd childe,
Betweene twelue and one,
Iust at turning of the tide:
His nose was as sharpe as a pen:
For when I saw him fumble with the sheetes,
And talk of floures, and smile vpo his fingers ends
I knew there was no way but one.
How now sir *Iohn* quoth I?
And he cryed three times, God, God, God,
Now I to comfort him, bad him not think of God,
I hope there was no such need.
Then he bad me put more cloathes at his feete:
And I felt to them, and they were as cold as any stone:
And to his knees, and they were as cold as any stone.
And so vpward, and vpward, and all was as cold as any stone.

Nim. They say he cride out on Sack.

Host. I that he did.

Boy. And of women.

Host. No that he did not.

104 *ye*] Q_1Q_2. *you* Q_3.
therefore] Q_1Q_2. om. Q_3.
Sc. III. Hostes] Hoster Q_3.
1 Staines] Staines Q_2.
3, 32 *God*] *Peace* MS. in Capell's copy of Q_1.
5 *crysombd*] Q_1Q_2. *chrisombd* Q_3.
16 *at*] Q_1Q_2. *on* Q_3.
19 *any*] Q_1Q_2. om. Q_3.
20 *cride*] *cryed* Q_3.

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Boy. Yes that he did: and he sed they were diuels incarnat.
Host. Indeed carnation was a colour he neuer loued.
Nim. Well he did cry out on women.
Host. Indeed he did in some sort handle women,
But then he was rumaticke, and talkt of the whore of
(*Babylon.*
Boy. Hostes do you remember he saw a Flea stand
Vpon *Bardolfes* Nose, and sed it was a blacke soule
Burning in hell fire?
**Bar.* Well, God be with him,
That was all the wealth I got in his seruice.
Nim. Shall we shog off?
The king wil be gone from *Southampton.*
Pist. Cleare vp thy cristalles,
Looke to my chattels and my moueables.
Trust none: the word is pitch and pay:
Mens words are wafer cakes,
And holdfast is the onely dog my deare.
Therefore cophetua be thy counsellor,
Touch her soft lips and part.
Bar. Farewell hostes.
Nim. I cannot kis: and theres the humor of it.
But adieu.
Pist. Keepe fast thy buggle boe.
Exit omnes.

Enter King of France, Bourbon, Dolphin, and others. [Sc. IV.]

King. Now you Lords of *Orleance,*
Of *Bourbon,* and of *Berry,*
You see the King of England is not slack,
For he is footed on this land alreadie.
Dolphin. My gratious Lord, tis meet we all goe
And arme vs against the foe: (foorth,
And view the weak & sickly parts of *France:*
But let vs do it with no show of feare,
No with no more, then if we heard
England were busied with a Moris dance.
For my good Lord, she is so idely kingd,
Her scepter so fantastically borne,
So guided by a shallow humorous youth,
That feare attends her not.
Con. O peace Prince *Dolphin,* you deceiue your selfe,

24 *he sed*] Q_1Q_2. *sed* Q_3.
incarnat] *incarnate* Q_3.
31 *fire*] Q_1Q_2. om. Q_3.
38 *word*] Q_1Q_3. *world* Q_2.
IV. 10 *busied*] Q_1Q_2. *troubled* Q_3.
15 *selfe*] om. Q_3.

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*Question your grace the late Embassador,
With what regard he heard his Embassage,
How well supplied with aged Counsellours,
And how his resolution andswered him,
You then would say that *Harry* was not wilde.
King. Well thinke we *Harry* strong:
And strongly arme vs to preuent the foe.
Con. My Lord here is an Embassador
From the King of England.
Kin. Bid him come in.
You see this chase is hotly followed Lords.
Dol. My gracious father, cut vp this English short.
Selfeloue my Liege is not so vile a thing,
As selfe neglecting.

Enter Exeter.

King. From our brother England?
Exe. From him, and thus he greets your Maiestie:
He wils you in the name of God Almightie,
That you deuest your selfe and lay apart
That borrowed tytle, which by gift of heauen,
Of lawe of nature, and of nations, longs
To him and to his heires, namely the crowne
And all wide stretched titles that belongs
Vnto the Crowne of *France*, that you may know
Tis no sinister, nor no awkeward claime,
Pickt from the wormeholes of old vanisht dayes,
Nor from the dust of old obliuion rackte,
He sends you these most memorable lynes,
In euery branch truly demonstrated:
Willing you ouerlooke this pedigree,
And when you finde him euenly deriued
From his most famed and famous ancestors,
Edward the third, he bids you then resigne
Your crowne and kingdome, indirectly held
From him, the natiue and true challenger.
**King.* If not, what followes?
Exe. Bloody cõstraint, for if you hide the crown
Euen in your hearts, there will he rake for it:
Therefore in fierce tempest is he comming,
In thunder, and in earthquake, like a *Ioue*,
That if requiring faile, he will compell it:
And on your heads turnes he the widowes teares,
The Orphanes cries, the dead mens bones,

28 *Selfeloue*] *Selfe-loue* Q_3.
29 *selfe neglecting*] *selfe-neglecting* Q_3.
30, 90 *England*] Q_1Q_2. *of England* Q_3.
35 *lawe of nature*] Q_1Q_2. *law, of nature* Q_3.
57 *Orphanes*] Q_1Q_2. *orphants* Q_3.
bones] *boens* Q_3.

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The pining maydens grones.
For husbands, fathers, and distressed louers,
Which shall be swallowed in this controuersie.
This is his claime, his threatning, and my message.
Vnles the *Dolphin* be in presence here,
To whom expresly we bring greeting too.
Dol. For the *Dolphin?* I stand here for him,
What to heare from England.
Exe. Scorn & defiance, slight regard, contempt,
And any thing that may not misbecome
The mightie sender, doth he prise you at:
Thus saith my king. Vnles your fathers highnesse
Sweeten the bitter mocke you sent his Maiestie,
Heele call you to so loud an answere for it,
That caues and wombely vaultes of *France*
Shall chide your trespasse, and return your mock,
In second accent of his ordenance.
Dol. Say that my father render faire reply,
It is against my will:
For I desire nothing so much,
As oddes with England.
And for that cause according to his youth
I did present him with those *Paris* balles.
Exe. Heele make your *Paris* Louer shake for it,
Were it the mistresse Court of mightie *Europe*.
And be assured, youle finde a difference
As we his subiects haue in wonder found:
*Betweene his yonger dayes and these he musters now,
Now he wayes time euen to the latest graine,
Which you shall finde in your owne losses
If he stay in *France*.
King. Well for vs, you shall returne our answere backe
To our brother England.

Exit omnes.

Enter Nim, Bardolfe, Pistoll, Boy. [ACT III. SCENE II.]

Nim. Before God here is hote seruice.
Pist. Tis hot indeed, blowes go and come,
Gods vassals drop and die.
Nim. Tis honor, and theres the humor of it.
Boy. Would I were in London:
Ide giue all my honor for a pot of Ale.
Pist. And I. If wishes would preuaile,

58 *grones.*] *grones,* Q_3.
61 *his*] Q_1Q_3. *the* Q_2.
86 *wayes*] *weighes* Q_3.
88 *he*] Q_1. *we* Q_2Q_3.
89 *Well for vs, you*] *Well, for vs you* Q_3.
III. 2. Boy.] and Boy. Q_3.
1 *here is*] Q_1Q_3. *heeres* Q_2.
7 *And I. If*] Q_1. *And I, if* Q_2. *And I: if* Q_3.

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*The empyting of our fathers luxerie,
Outgrow their grafters.
Bur. Normanes, basterd Normanes, mor du
And if they passe vnfoughtwithall,
Ile sell my Dukedom for a foggy farme
In that short nooke Ile of England.
Const. Why whence haue they this mettall?
Is not their clymate raw, foggy and colde.
On whom as in disdaine. the Sunne lookes pale?
Can barley broath, a drench for swolne Iades
Their sodden water decockt such liuely blood?
And shall our quicke blood spirited with wine .
Seeme frosty? O for honour of our names,
Let vs not hang like frozen Iicesickles
Vpon our houses tops, while they a more frosty clymate
Sweate drops of youthfull blood.
King. Constable dispatch, send Montioy forth,
To know what willing raunsome he will giue?
Sonne *Dolphin* you shall stay in *Rone* with me.
Dol. Not so I do beseech your Maiestie.
King. Well, I say it shalbe so.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Gower. [Sc. VI.]

Go. How now Captain *Flewellen*, come you frō the bridge?
Flew. By Iesus thers excellēt seruice cōmitted at ẏ bridge.
Gour. Is the Duke of *Exeter* safe?
Flew. The duke of *Exeter* is a mā whom I loue, & I honor,
And I worship, with my soule, and my heart, and my life,
And my lands and my liuings,
And my vttermost powers.
The Duke is looke you,
God be praised and pleased for it, no harme in the worell.
He is maintain the bridge very gallently: there is an Ensigne
*There, I do not know how you call him, but by Iesus I think
He is as valient a man as *Marke Anthonie*, he doth maintain
the bridge most gallantly: yet he is a man of no reckoning:
But I did see him do gallant seruice.
Gouer. How do you call him?
Flew. His name is ancient *Pistoll.*
Gouer. I know him not.

16 *Iicesickles*] *Icesickles* Q_2Q_3.
20 *giue f*] Q_1. *giue.* Q_2. *giue:* Q_3.
21 *Rone*] Q_1Q_2. *Rhone* Q_3.
22 *do*] om. Q_2.
Enter Gower.] Q_1Q_2. Enter Gower and Flewellen. Q_3.
10 *very*] *vern* Q_2.
11 *Iesus*] Q_1Q_2. *Ieshu* Q_3.
12 *a man*] om. Q_3.

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Enter Ancient Pistoll.

Flew. Do you not know him, here comes the man.
Pist. Captaine, I thee beseech to do me fauour,
The Duke of *Exeter* doth loue thee well.
Flew. I, and I praise God I haue merrited some loue at (his hands.
Pist. *Bardolfe* a souldier, one of buxsome valour,
Hath by furious fate
And giddy Fortunes fickle wheele,
That Godes blinde that stands vpon the rowling restlesse (stone.
Flew. By your patience ancient *Pistoll*,
Fortune, looke you is painted,
Plind with a mufler before her eyes,
To signifie to you, that Fortune is plind:
And she is moreouer painted with a wheele,
Which is the morall that Fortune is turning,
And inconstant, and variation; and mutabilities:
And her fate is fixed at a spherical stone
Which roules, and roules, and roules:
Surely the Poet is make an excellēt descriptiō of Fortune.
Fortune looke you is and excellent morall.
Pist. Fortune is *Bardolfes* foe, and frownes on him,
For he hath stolne a packs, and hanged must he be:
A damned death, let gallowes gape for dogs,
Let man go free, and let not death his windpipe stop.
*But *Exeter* hath giuen the doome of death,
For packs of pettie price:
Therefore go speake, the Duke will heare thy voyce,
And let not *Bardolfes* vitall threed be cut,
With edge of penny cord, and vile approach.
Speake Captaine for his life, and I will thee requite.
Flew. Captain *Pistoll*, I partly vnderstand your meaning.
Pist. Why then reioyce therefore.
Flew. Certainly Antient *Pistol*, tis not a thing to reioyce at,
For if he were my owne brother, I would wish the Duke
To do his pleasure, and put him to executions: for look you,
Disciplines ought to be kept, they ought to be kept.
Pist. Die and be damned, and figa for thy friendship.
Flew. That is good.
Pist. The figge of *Spaine* within thy Iawe.

19 *fauour*] *a fauour* Q_3.
23, 24 *Hath...wheele,*] One line in Q_3.
25 *Godes*] Q_1Q_2. *God's* Q_3.
36 *and*] Q_1. *an* Q_2Q_3.
38 *hanged*] Q_1Q_2. *hangd* Q_3.
53 *figa*] Q_1Q_2. *a fig* Q_3.

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Flew. That is very well.
Pist. I say the fig within thy bowels and thy durty maw.
Exit Pistoll.
Fle. Captain *Gour*, cannot you hear it lighten & thunder?
Gour. Why is this the Ancient you told me of?
I remember him now, he is a bawd, a cutpurse.
Flew. By Iesus heeis vtter as praue words vpon the bridge
As you shall desire to see in a sommers day, but its all one,
What he hath sed to me, looke you, is all one.
Go. Why this is a gull, a foole, a rogue that goes to the wars
Onely to grace himselfe at his returne to London:
And such fellows as he,
Are perfect in great Commaunders names.
They will learne by rote where seruices were done,
At such and such a sconce, at such a breach,
At such a conuoy: who came off brauely, who was shot,
Who disgraced, what termes the enemie stood on.
And this they con perfectly in phrase of warre,
Which they trick vp with new tuned oathes, & what a berd
Of the Generalls cut, and a horid shout of the campe
*Will do among the foming bottles and alewasht wits
Is wonderfull to be thought on: but you must learne
To know such slaunders of this age,
Or else you may maruellously be mistooke.
Flew. Certain captain *Gower*, it is not the man, looke you,
That I did take him to be: but when time shall serue,
I shall tell him a litle of my desires: here comes his Maiestie.
Fnter King, Clarence, Gloster *and others.*
King. How now *Flewellen*, come you from the bridge?
Flew. I and it shall please your Maiestie,
There is excellent seruice at the bridge.
King. What men haue you lost *Flewellen?*
Flew. And it shall please your Maiestie,
The partition of the aduersarie hath bene great,
Very reasonably great: but for our own parts, like you now,
I thinke we haue lost neuer a man, vnlesse it be one
For robbing of a church, one *Bardolfe*, if your Maiestie
Know the man, his face is full of whelkes and knubs,
And pumples, and his breath blowes at his nose
Like a cole, sometimes red, sometimes plew:
But god be praised, now his nose is executed, & his fire out.
King. We would haue all offenders so cut off,

62 *its*] *tis* Q_3.
62, 63 Three lines in Q_3, ending *day... me...one.*
72 *con*] Q_1Q_3. *can* Q_2.
73 *tuned*] *tun'd* Q_3.
75 *alewasht*] *ale-washt* Q_2.
78 *maruellously*] *meruellously* Q_3.
88 *like you now*] Omitted in Q_3.

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And we here giue expresse commaundment,
That there be nothing taken from the villages but paid for,
None of the French abused,
Or abraided with disdainfull language:
For when cruelty and lenitie play for a Kingdome,
The gentlest gamester is the sooner winner.

Enter French Herauld.

Hera. You know me by my habit.

Ki. Well thē, we know thee, what shuld we know of thee?

Hera. My maisters minde.

King. Vnfold it.

Heral. Go thee vnto *Harry* of *England*, and tell him,
Aduantage is a better souldier then rashnesse:
*Altho we did seeme dead, we did but slumber.
Now we speake vpon our kue, and our voyce is imperiall,
England shall repent her folly: see her rashnesse,
And admire our sufferance. Which to raunsome,
His pettinesse would bow vnder:
For the effusion of our blood, his army is too weake:
For the disgrace we haue borne, himselfe
Kneeling at our feete, a weake and worthlesse satisfaction.
To this, adde defyance. So much from the king my maister.

King. What is thy name? we know thy qualitie.

Herald. Montioy.

King. Thou dost thy office faire, returne thee backe,
And tell thy King, I do not seeke him now:
But could be well content, without impeach,
To march on to *Callis*: for to say the sooth,
Though tis no wisdome to confesse so much
Vnto an enemie of craft and vantage.
My souldiers are with sicknesse much infeebled,
My Army lessoned, and those few I haue,
Almost no better then so many French:
Who when they were in heart, I tell thee Herauld,
I thought vpon one paire of English legges,
Did march three French mens.
Yet forgiue me God, that I do brag thus:
This your heire of *France* hath blowne this vice in me.
I must repent, go tell thy maister here I am,
My raunsome is this frayle and worthlesse body,
My Army but a weake and sickly guarde.

96 *we here*] Q_1Q_2. *here we* Q_3.
99 *abraided*] Q_1Q_2. *vpbraided* Q_3.
102 French] the French Q_3.
110 *her folly*] Q_1Q_3. *our folly* Q_2.
120 *thy*] Q_1Q_3. *the* Q_2.
126 *lessoned*] Q_1. *lessened* Q_2Q_3.
131 *forgiue me God*] Q_1Q_2. *God forgiue me* Q_3.
132 *This your heire*] Q_1Q_2. *Your aire* Q_3.

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Yet God before, we will come on,
If *France* and such an other neighbour stood in our way:
If we may passe, we will: if we be hindered,
We shal your tawny ground with your red blood discolour.
So *Montioy* get you gone, there is for your paines:
The sum of all our answere is but this,
We would not seeke a battle as we are:
*Nor as we are, we say we will not shun it.
Herauld. I shall deliuer so: thanks to your Maiestie.
Glos. My Liege, I hope they will not come vpon vs now.
King. We are in Gods hand brother, not in theirs:
To night we will encampe beyond the bridge,
And on to morrow bid them march away.

Enter Burbon, Constable, Orleance, Gebon. [SC. VII.]

Const. Tut I haue the best armour in the world.
Orleance. You haue an excellent armour,
But let my horse haue his due.
Burbon. Now you talke of a horse, I haue a steed like the
Palfrey of the sun, nothing but pure ayre and fire,
And hath none of this dull element of earth within him.
Orleance. He is of the colour of the Nutmeg.
Bur. And of the heate, a the Ginger.
Turne all the sands into eloquent tongues,
And my horse is argument for them all:
I once writ a Sonnet in the praise of my horse,
And began thus. Wonder of nature.
Con. I haue heard a Sonnet begin so,
In the praise of ones Mistresse.
Burb. Why then did they immitate that
Which I writ in praise of my horse,
For my horse is my mistresse.
Con. Ma foy the other day, me thought
Your mistresse shooke you shrewdly.
Bur. I bearing me. I tell thee Lord Constable,
My mistresse weares her owne haire.
Con. I could make as good a boast of that,
If I had had a sow to my mistresse.
Bur. Tut thou wilt make vse of any thing.
Con. Yet I do not vse my horse for my mistresse.
Bur. Will it neuer be morning?
Ile ride too morrow a mile,

140 *there is*] Q_1Q_2. *there's* Q_3.
141 *our*] *your* Q_2.
143 *will*] Q_1Q_2. *shall* Q_3.
148 Exit. Q_2.
Enter...Gebon.] Enter...and Gebon. Q_2.
8 *a the*] Q_1Q_2. *of the* Q_3.
11 *the praise*] Q_1Q_2. *praise* Q_3.
13 *haue*] *haue haue* Q_2.
18 *me thought*] *me-thought* Q_2.
23 *had had*] Q_1. *had* Q_2Q_3.
27 *too*] *to* Q_2.

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And my way shalbe paued with English faces.
**Con.* By my faith so will not I,
For feare I be outfaced of my way.
Bur. Well ile go arme my selfe, hay.
Gebon. The Duke of *Burbon* longs for morning
Or. I he longs to eate the English.
Con. I think heele eate all he killes.
Orle. O peace, ill will neuer said well.
Con. Ile cap that prouerbe,
With there is flattery in friendship.
Or. O sir, I can answere that,
With giue the diuel his due.
Con. Haue at the eye of that prouerbe,
With a Iogge of the diuel.
Or. Well the Duke of *Burbon*, is simply,
The most actiue Gentleman of *France*.
Con. Doing his actiuitie, and heele stil be doing.
Or. He neuer did hurt as I heard off.
Con. No I warrant you, nor neuer will.
Or. I hold him to be exceeding valiant.
Con. I was told so by one that knows him better thē you
Or. Whose that?
Con. Why he told me so himselfe:
And said he cared not who knew it.
Or. Well who will go with me to hazard,
For a hundred English prisoners?
Con. You must go to hazard your selfe,
Before you haue them.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My Lords, the English lye within a hundred
Paces of your Tent.
Con. Who hath measured the ground?
Mess. The Lord *Granpeere*.
Con. A valiant man, a. an expert Gentleman.
Come, come away:
The Sun is hie, and we weare out the day. *Exit omnes.*

**Enter the King disguised. to him* Pistoll. [ACT IV. SCENE I.]

Pist. Ke ve la?
King. A friend.
Pist. Discus vnto me, art thou Gentleman?
Or art thou common, base, and popeler?
King. No sir, I am a Gentleman of a Company.

31 Exit. Q_3.
35 *neuer*] *neuer neuer* Q_2.
37 *there is*] Q_1. *theres* Q_2. *there's* Q_3.
45 *off*] *of* Q_2.
60 *a.*] Q_1. *&* Q_2. om. Q_3.
Enter the King...] Q_1Q_2. Enter King... Q_3.
3 *Gentleman*] *a gentleman* Q_3.

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Pist. Trailes thou the puissant pike?
King. Euen so sir. What are you?
Pist. As good a gentleman as the Emperour.
King. O then thou art better then the King?
Pist. The kings a bago, and a hart of gold.
Pist. A lad of life, an impe of fame:
Of parents good, of fist most valiant:
I kis his durtie shoe: and from my hart strings
I loue the louely bully. What is thy name?
King. *Harry* le Roy.
Pist. Le Roy, a Cornish man:
Art thou of Cornish crew?
Kin. No sir, I am a Wealchman.
Pist. A Wealchman: knowst thou *Flewellen?*
Kin. I sir, he is my kinsman.
Pist. Art thou his friend?
Kin. I sir.
Pist. Figa for thee then: my name is *Pistoll.*
Kin. It sorts well with your fiercenesse.
Pist. *Pistoll* is my name.

Exit Pistoll.

Enter Gower and Flewellen.

Gour. Captaine *Flewellen.*
Flew. In the name of Iesu speake lewer.
It is the greatest folly in the worell, when the auncient
Prerogatiues of the warres be not kept.
I warrant you, if you looke into the warres of the Romanes,
You shall finde no tittle tattle, nor bible bable there:
*But you shall finde the cares, and the feares,
And the ceremonies, to be otherwise.
Gour. Why the enemy is loud: you heard him all night.
Flew. Godes sollud, if the enemy be an Asse & a Foole,
And a prating cocks-come, is it meet that we be also a foole,
And a prating cocks-come, in your conscience now?
Gour. Ile speake lower.
Flew. I beseech you do, good Captaine *Gower.*

Exit Gower, and Flewellen.

Kin. Tho it appeare a litle out of fashion,
Yet theres much care in this.

Enter three Souldiers.

1. *Soul.* Is not that the morning yonder?
2. *Soul.* I we see the beginning,

11 Pist.] Q_1. om. Q_2Q_3.
27 *Iesu*] *Ieshu* Q_3.
lewer] Q_1Q_2. *lower* Q_3.
31 *bible bable*] *bibble babble* Q_3.

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God knowes whether we shall see the end or no.
3. *Soul.* Well I thinke the king could wish himselfe
Vp to the necke in the middle of the Thames,
And so I would he were, at all aduentures, and I with him.
Kin. Now masters god morrow, what cheare?
3. S. Ifaith small cheer some of vs is like to haue,
Ere this day ende.
Kin. Why fear nothing man, the king is frolike.
2. S. I he may be, for he hath no such cause as we
Kin. Nay say not so, he is a man as we are.
The Violet smels to him as to vs:
Therefore if he see reasons, he feares as we do.
2. *Sol.* But the king hath a heauy reckoning to make,
If his cause be not good: when all those soules
Whose bodies shall be slaughtered here,
Shall ioyne together at the latter day,
And say *I* dyed at such a place. Some swearing:
Some their wiues rawly left:
Some leauing their children poore behind them.
*Now if his cause be bad, I think it will be a greeuous matter (to him.
King. Why so you may say, if a man send his seruant
As Factor into another Countrey,
And he by any meanes miscarry,
You may say the businesse of the maister,
Was the author of his seruants misfortune.
Or if a sonne be imployd by his father,
And he fall into any leaud action, you may say the father
Was the author of his sonnes damnation.
But the master is not to answere for his seruants,
The father for his sonne, nor the king for his subiects:
For they purpose not their deaths, whē they craue their ser-
Some there are that haue the gift of premeditated (uices:
Murder on them:
Others the broken seale of Forgery, in beguiling maydens.
Now if these outstrip the lawe,
Yet they cannot escape Gods punishment.
War is Gods Beadel. War is Gods vengeance:
Euery mans seruice is the kings:
But euery mans soule is his owne.
Therfore I would haue euery souldier examine himselfe,
And wash euery moath out of his conscience:

48 *god*] Q_1Q_2. *good* Q_3.
50 *ende*] Q_1Q_2. *to an end* Q_3.
52 *may be*] Q_1Q_3. *may* Q_2.
such] om. Q_3.
54 *as to*] Q_1Q_2. *as vnto* Q_3.
72 *seruants*] *seruant* Q_3.

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That in so doing, he may be the readier for death:
Or not dying, why the time was well spent,
Wherein such preparation was made.
3. *Lord.* Yfaith he saies true:
Euery mans fault on his owne head,
I would not haue the king answere for me.
Yet I intend to fight lustily for him.
King. Well, I heard the king, he wold not be ransomde.
2. *L.* I he said so, to make vs fight:
But when our throates be cut, he may be ransomde,
And we neuer the wiser.
King. If I liue to see that, Ile neuer trust his word againe.
2. *Lord,*
*2 *Sol.* Mas youle pay him then, tis a great displeasure
That an elder gun, can do against a cannon,
Or a subiect against a monarke.
Youle nere take his word again, your a nasse goe.
King. Your reproofe is somewhat too bitter:
Were it not at this time I could be angry.
2. *Sol.* Why let it be a quarrell if thou wilt.
King. How shall I know thee?
2. *Sol.* Here is my gloue, which if euer I see in thy hat,
Ile challenge thee, and strike thee.
Kin. Here is likewise another of mine,
And assure thee ile weare it.
2. *Sol.* Thou dar'st as well be hangd.
3 *Sol.* Be friends you fooles,
We haue French quarrels anow in hand:
We haue no need of English broyles.
Kin. Tis no treason to cut French crownes,
For to morrow the king himselfe wil be a clipper.
Exit the souldiers.

Enter the King, Gloster, Epingam, and Attendants.

K. O God of battels steele my souldiers harts,
Take from them now the sence of rekoning,
That the apposed multitudes which stand before them,

88 3. Lord.] Q_1. 3. Soul. Q_2Q_3.
89 *on*] Q_1Q_2. *is on* Q_3.
92 *he*] om. Q_3.
93 2. L.] Q_1. 2. Sol. Q_2. 2 Soul. Q_3.
100 *your a nasse*] Q_1. *you are an asse* Q_2. *you are a nasse* Q_3.
105 *Here is*] Q_1Q_2. *Here 's* Q_3.
107 *Here*] *Kere* Q_2.
108 *assure*] Q_1Q_2. *ile assure* Q_3.
111 *anow*] Q_1Q_2. *enow* Q_3.
Enter the King...] Q_1Q_2. Enter to the King... Q_3.
117 *apposed*] *opposed* Q_2.

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May not appall their courage.
O not to day, not to day ô God,
Thinke on the fault my father made,
In compassing the crowne.
I *Richards* bodie haue interred new,
And on it hath bestowd more contrite teares,
Then from it issued forced drops of blood:
A hundred men haue I in yearly pay,
*Which euery day their withered hands hold vp
To heauen to pardon blood,
And I haue built rwo chanceries, more wil I do:
Tho all that I can do, is all too litle.

Enter Gloster.

Glost. My Lord.
King. My brother *Glosters* voyce.
Glost. My Lord, the Army stayes vpon your presence.
King. Stay *Gloster* stay, and I will go with thee,
The day my friends, and all things stayes for me.

Enter Clarence, Gloster, Exeter, and Salisburie. [Sc. III.]

War. My Lords the French are very strong.
Exe. There is fiue to one, and yet they all are fresh.
War. Of fighting men they haue full fortie thousand.
Sal. The oddes is all too great. Farewell kind Lords:
Braue *Clarence*, and my Lord of *Gloster*,
My Lord of *Warwicke*, and to all farewell.
Clar. Farewell kind Lord, fight valiantly to day,
And yet in truth, I do thee wrong,
For thou art made on the rrue sparkes of honour.

Enter King.

War. O would we had but ten thousand men
Now at this instant, that doth not worke in England.
King. Whose that, that wishes so, my Cousen *Warwick?*
Gods will, I would not loose the honour
One man would share from me,
Not for my Kingdome.
No faith my Cousen, wish not one man more,
Rather proclaime it presently through our campe,

128 *rwo*] Q_1. *two* Q_2Q_3.
134 *day*] *day*, Q_2Q_3.
2 *There is*] Q_1Q_3. *There 's* Q_3.
all are] Q_1Q_3. *are all* Q_3.
7 *Lord*] *Lords* Q_3.
9 *rrue*] Q_1. *true* Q_2Q_3.
10 Enter King.] Enter the King. Q_2.

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That he that hath no stomacke to this feast,
Let him depart, his pasport shall bee drawne,
And crownes for conuoy put into his purse,
*We would not die in that mans company,
That feares his fellowship to die with vs.
This day is called the day of Cryspin,
He that outliues this day, and sees old age,
Shall stand a tiptoe when this day is named,
And rowse him at the name of Cryspin.
He that outliues this day, and comes safe home,
Shall yearely on the vygill feast his friends,
And say, to morrow is S. Cryspines day:
Then shall we in their flowing bowles
Be newly remembred. *Harry* the King,
Bedford and *Exeter*, *Clarence* and *Gloster*,
Warwicke and *Yorke*.
Familiar in their mouthes as houshold words.
This story shall the good man tell his sonne,
And from this day, vnto the generall doome:
But we in it shall be remembred.
We fewe, we happie fewe, we bond of brothers,
For he to day that sheads his blood by mine,
Shalbe my brother: be he nere so base,
This day shall gentle his condition.
Then shall he strip his sleeues, and shew his skars,
And say, these wounds I had on Crispines day:
And Gentlemen in England now a bed,
Shall thinke themselues accurst,
And hold their manhood cheape,
While any speake that fought with vs
Vpon Saint Crispines day.
Glost. My gracious Lord,
The French is in the field.
Kin. Why all things are ready, if our minds be so.
War. Perish the man whose mind is backward now.
King. Thou dost not wish more help frō England cousen?
War. Gods will my Liege, would you and I alone,
Without more helpe, might fight this battle out.
*[*King.*] Why well said. That doth please me better,
Then to wish me one. You know your charge,
God be with you all.

36 *doome:*] *doome*, Q_3.
40 *brother: be*] *brother. Be* Q_3.
46, 47 *And... While any speake*] Q_1Q_2. *They were not there, when any speakes* Q_3.
48 *Saint*] Q_1Q_2. *S.* Q_3.
56 [King.] Added from catchword.

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Enter the Herald from the French.

Herald. Once more I come to know of thee king *Henry*,
What thou wilt giue for raunsome?
Kin. Who hath sent thee now?
Her. The Constable of *France*.
Kin. I prethy beare my former answer backe:
Bid them atchieue me, and then sell my bones.
Good God, why should they mock good fellows
The man that once did sell the Lions skin, (thus?
While the beast liued, was kild with hunting him.
A many of our bodies shall no doubt
Finde graues within your realme of *France:*
Tho buried in your dunghils, we shalbe famed,
For there the Sun shall greete them,
And draw vp their honors reaking vp to heauen,
Leauing their earthly parts to choke your clyme:
The smel wherof, shall breed a plague in *France*:
Marke then abundant valour in our English,
That being dead, like to the bullets crasing,
Breakes forth into a second course of mischiefe,
Killing in relaps of mortalitie:
Let me speake proudly,
Ther's not a peece of feather in our campe,
Good argument I hope we shall not flye:
And time hath worne vs into flouendry.
But by the mas, our hearts are in the trim,
And my poore souldiers tel me, yet ere night
Thayle be in fresher robes, or they will plucke
The gay new cloathes ore your French souldiers eares,
And turne them out of seruice. If they do this,
As if it please God they shall,
Then shall our ransome soone be leuied.
*Saue thou thy labour Herauld:
Come thou no more for ransom, gentle Herauld.
They shall haue nought I sweare, but these my bones:
Which if they haue, as *I* wil leaue am them,
Will yeeld them litle, tell the Constable.
Her. *I* shall deliuer so.

Exit Herauld.

Yorke. My gracious Lord, vpon my knee *I* craue,
The leading of the vaward.
Kin. Take it braue *Yorke*. Come souldiers lets away:

68 *A*] Q_1Q_2. *And* Q_3.
82 *flouendry*] *slouendry* Q_3.
83 *are in the trim*] Q_1Q_3. *within are trim* Q_2.
85 *Thayle*] *They 'l* Q_3.
89 *soone*] om. Q_3.
93 *am*] Q_1Q_3. *vm* Q_3.

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And as thou pleasest God, dispose the day.

Exit.

Enter the foure French Lords. [Sc. v.]

Ge. O diabello.
Const. Mor du ma vie.
Or. O what a day is this!
Bur. O Iour dei houte all is gone, all is lost.
Con. We are inough yet liuing in the field,
To smother vp the English,
If any order might be thought vpon.
Bur. A plague of order, once more to the field,
And he that will not follow *Burbon* now,
Let him go home, and with his cap in hand,
Like a bace leno hold the chamber doore,
Why least by a slaue no gentler then my dog,
His fairest daughter is contamuracke.
Con. Disorder that hath spoyld vs, right vs now,
Come we in heapes, weele offer vp our liues
Vnto these English, or else die with fame.
Come, come along,
Lets dye with honour, our shame doth last too long.

Exit omnes.

**Enter Pistoll, the French man, and the Boy.* [Sc. vi.]

Pist. Eyld cur, eyld cur.
French. O Monsire, ie vous en pree aues petie de moy.
Pist. Moy shall not serue. *I* will haue fortie moys.
Boy aske him his name.
Boy. Comant ettes vous apelles?
French. Monsier Fer.
Boy. He saies his name is Master *Fer*.
Pist. *I*le Fer him, and ferit him, and ferke him:
Boy discus the same in French.
Boy. Sir I do not know, whats French
For fer, ferit and fearkt.
Pist. Bid him prepare, for I wil cut his throate.
Boy. Feate, vou preat, ill voulles coupele votre gage.
Pist. Ony e ma foy couple la gorge.
Vnlesse thou giue to me egregious raunsome, dye.
One poynt of a foxe.

2 *Mor du*] *Mordu* Q_2.
5 *inough*] Q_1Q_3. *enow* Q_2.
8 *the field*] Q_1Q_3. *field* Q_2.
11 *bace*] Q_1. *base* Q_2Q_3.
2 *Monsire*] *Monsieur* Q_2 (and elsewhere).
4 *him*] om. Q_2.
5 *ettes*] *ette*, Q_2.
11 *fearkt*] Q_1. *ferke* Q_2. *fearke* Q_3.
13 *coupele*] *couple* Q_2.
gage] Q_1Q_3. *gorge* Q_2.
14 *Ony e*] *Onye* Q_2.
ma] Q_1Q_3. *may* Q_2.
16 *One...foxe*] Printed in italics in Q_2.

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French. Qui dit ill monsiere.
Ill ditye si vou ny vouly pa domy luy.
Boy. La gran ransome, ill vou tueres.
French. O Iee vous en pri pettit gentelhome, parle
A cee, gran capataine, pour auez mercie
A moy, ey Iee donerees pour mon ransome
Cinquante ocios. Ie suyes vngentelhomme de *France.*
Pist. What sayes he boy?
Boy. Marry sir he sayes, he is a Gentleman of a great
House, of *France:* and for his ransome,
He will giue you 500. crownes.
Pist. My fury shall abate,
And I the Crownes will take.
And as I suck blood, I will some mercie shew.
Follow me cur.

Exit omnes.

Enter the King and his Nobles, Pistoll. [Sc. VI.]

King. What the French retire?
*Yet all is not done, yet keepe the French the field.
Exe. The Duke of *Yorke* commends him to your Grace.
King. Liues he good Vnckle, twise I sawe him downe,
Twise vp againe:
From helmet to the spurre, all bleeding ore.
Exe. In which aray, braue souldier doth he lye,
Larding the plaines, and by his bloody side,
Yoake fellow to his honour dying wounds,
The noble Earle of *Suffolke* also lyes.
Suffolke first dyde, and *Yorke* all hasted ore,
Comes to him where in blood he lay steept,
And takes him by the beard, kisses the gashes
That bloodily did yane vpon his face,
And cryde aloud, tary deare cousin *Suffolke:*
My soule shall thine keep company in heauen:
Tary deare soule awhile, then flie to rest:
And in this glorious and well foughten field,
We kept togither in our chiualdry.
Vpon ꝥhese words I came and cheerd them vp,
He tooke me by the hand, said deare my Lord,
Commend my seruice to my soueraigne.

20 *Iee...pettit*] *Ie...petit* Q_3.
21 *capataine*] Q_1. *captaine* Q_2Q_3.
Enter the King...] Q_1. Enter the King with his Nobles, and Pistoll. Q_2. Enter the King, his Nobles, and Pistoll. Q_3.
2 *all is*] Q_1Q_2. *als* Q_3.
yet keepe the French] Q_1Q_2. *the French keepes still* Q_3.
9 *Yoake fellow*] *Yoake-fellow* Q_3.
honour dying] *honour-dying* Q_3.
10 *also*] om. Q_2.
11 *hasted*] Q_1Q_2. *wounded* Q_3.
12 *steept*] Q_1Q_2. *all steept* Q_3.
14 *yane*] *yawne* Q_3.
18 *well foughten*] *well-foughten* Q_3.

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So did he turne, and ouer *Suffolkes* necke
He threw his wounded arme, and so espoused to death,
With blood he sealed.An argument
Of neuer ending loue. The pretie and sweet maner of it,
Forst those waters from me, which I would haue stopt,
But I not so much of man in me,
But all my mother came into my eyes,
And gaue me vp to teares.
Kin. I blame you not: for hearing you,
I must conuert to teares.
Alarum soundes.
What new alarum is this?
Bid euery souldier kill his prisoner.
Pist. Couple gorge. *Exit omnes.*
**Enter Flewellen, and Captaine Gower.* [Sc. VII.]
Flew. Godes plud kil the boyes and the lugyge,
Tis the arrants peece of knauery as can be desired,
In the worell now, in your conscience now.
Gour. Tis certaine, there is not a Boy left aliue,
And the cowerdly rascals that ran from the battell,
Themselues haue done this slaughter:
Beside, they haue carried away and burnt,
All that was in the kings Tent:
Whervpon the king caused euery prisoners
Throat to be cut. O he is a worthy king.
Flew. I he was born at *Monmorth*.
Captain *Gower*, what call you the place where
Alexander the big was borne?
Gour. *Alexander* the great.
Flew. Why I pray, is nat big great?
As if I say, big or great, or magnanimous,
I hope it is all one reconing,
Saue the frase is a little varation.
Gour. I thinke *Alexander* the great
Was borne at *Macedon*.
His father was called *Philip* of *Macedon*,
As *I* take it.
Flew. *I* thinke it was *Macedon* indeed where *Alexander*
Was borne: looke you captaine *Gower*,
And if you looke into the mappes of the worell well,

24 *espoused*] *espoud* Q_3.
26 *neuer ending*] *neuer-ending* Q_3.
28 *not*] Q_1Q_2. *had not* Q_3.
4 *there is*] Q_1Q_2. *there 's* Q_3.
10 *O*] *Oh* Q_3.
11 *I*] *I*, Q_3.
Monmorth] *Monmouth* Q_3.
14 *great.*] *great?* Q_2.
15 *nat*] *not* Q_3.
big] *big*, Q_2.
17 *it is*] *tis* Q_3.
21 *Macedon*] *Mecedon* Q_2.

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You shall finde litle difference betweene
Macedon and *Monmorth*. Looke you, there is
A Riuer in *Macedon*, and there is also a Riuer
In Monmorth, the Riuers name at *Monmorth*,
Is called Wye.
But tis out of my braine, what is the name of the other:
But tis all one, tis so like, as my fingers is to my fingers,
And there is Samons in both.
Looke you captaine *Gower*, and you marke it,
*You shall finde our King is come after *Alexander*.
God knowes, and you know, that *Alexander* in his
Bowles, and his alles, and his wrath, and his displeasures,
And indignations, was kill his friend *Clitus*.
Gower. *I* but our King is not like him in that,
For he neuer killd any of his friends.
Flew. Looke you, tis not well done to take the tale out
Of a mans mouth, ere it is made an end and finished:
I speake in the comparisons, as *Alexander* is kill
His friend *Clitus*: so our King being in his ripe
Wits and iudgements, is turne away, the fat knite
With the great belly doublet: I am forget his name.
Gower. Sir *Iohn Falstaffe*.
Flew. I, I thinke it is Sir Iohn *Falstaffe* indeed,
I can tell you, theres good men borne at *Monmorth*.
Enter King and the Lords.
King. I was not angry since *I* came into *France*,
Vntill this houre.
Take a trumpet Herauld,
And ride vnto the horsmen on yon hill:
If they will fight with vs bid them come downe,
Or leaue the field, they do offend our sight:
Will they do neither, we will come to them,
And make them skyr away, as fast
As stones enforst from the old Assirian slings.
Besides, weele cut the throats of those we haue,
And not one aliue shall taste our mercy.
Enter the Herauld.
Gods will what meanes this? knowst thou not
That we haue fined these bones of ours for ransome?
Herald. I come great king for charitable fauour,
To sort our Nobles from our common men,
We may haue leaue to bury all our dead,
Which in the field lye spoyled and troden on.

32 *is to my*] *is to* Q_3.
37 *alles*] *Ales* Q_3.
49 Enter...] Q_1. Enter the King and Lords. Q_3. Enter the King and his Lords. Q_3.
50 *into*] Q_1Q_2. *in* Q_3.

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Kin. I tell thee truly Herauld, I do not know whether
*The day be ours or no:
For yet a many of your French do keep the field.
Hera. The day is yours.
Kin. Praised be God therefore.
What Castle call you that?
Hera. We call it *Agincourt.*
Kin. Then call we this the field of *Agincourt.*
Fought on the day of *Crispin, Crispin.*
Flew. Your grandfather of famous memorie,
If your grace be remembred,
Is do good seruice in *France.*
Kin. Tis true *Flewellen.*
Flew. Your Maiestie says verie true.
And it please your Maiestie,
The Wealchmen there was do good seruice,
In a garden where Leekes did grow.
And I thinke your Maiestie wil take no scorne,
To weare a Leake in your cap vpon S. *Dauies* day.
Kin. No *Flewellen*, for I am wealch as well as you.
Flew. All the water in *VVye* wil not wash your wealch
Blood out of you, God keep it, and preserue it,
To his graces will and pleasure.
Kin. Thankes good countryman.
Flew. By Iesus I am your Maiesties countryman:
I care not who know it, so long as your maiesty is an honest man.
K. God keep me so. Our Herald go with him,
And bring vs the number of the scattred French.

Exit Heralds.

Call yonder souldier hither.
Flew. You fellow come to the king.
Kin. Fellow why doost thou weare that gloue in thy hat?
Soul. And please your maiestie, tis a rascals that swagard
With me the other day: and he hath one of mine,
Which if euer I see, I haue sworne to strike him.
*So hath he sworne the like to me.
K. How think you *Flewellen*, is it lawfull he keep his oath?
Fl. And it please your maiesty, tis lawful he keep his vow.
If he be periur'd once, he is as arrant a beggerly knaue,

67 *not*] Q_1Q_2. *nor* Q_3.
69 *a*] om. Q_3.
75 *Crispin, Crispin*] Q_1Q_2. *Crispin, Crispianus* Q_3.
84 *take no*] Q_1Q_3. *not* Q_2.
91 *Iesus*] *Iesu* Q_3.
92 *know*] *kno* Q_3.
94 Heralds] Herald Q_3.
98—101 *And...me.*] Prose in Q_3.
100 *Which*] Q_1Q_2. *the which* Q_3.
101 *sworne*] om. Q_3.
102, 103 *he keep*] Q_1Q_2. *to keep* Q_3.
104, 105 *If he...shues*] Prose in Q_3.

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As treads vpon too blacke shues.
Kin. His enemy may be a gentleman of worth.
Flew. And if he be as good a gentleman as Lucifer
And Belzebub, and the diuel himselfe,
Tis meete he keepe his vowe.
Kin. Well sirrha keep your word.
Vnder what Captain seruest thou?
Soul. Vnder Captaine *Gower*.
Flew. Captaine *Gower* is a good Captaine:
And hath good littrature in the warres.
Kin. Go call him hither.
Soul I will my Lord.

Exit souldier.

Kin. Captain *Flewellen*, when *Alonson* and I was
Downe together, *I* tooke this gloue off from his helmet,
Here *Flewellen*, weare it. *If* any do challenge it,
He is a friend of *Alonsons*,
And an enemy to mee.
Fle. Your maiestie doth me as great a fauour
As can be desired in the harts of his subiects.
I would see that man now that should chalenge this gloue:
And it please God of his grace. *I* would but see him,
That is all.
Kin. *Flewellen* knowst thou Captaine *Gower*?
Fle. Captaine *Gower* is my friend.
And if it like your maiestie, *I* know him very well.
Kin. Go call him hither.
Flew. *I* will and it shall please your maiestie.
Kin. Follow *Flewellen* closely at the heeles,
The gloue he weares, it was the souldiers:
*It may be there will be harme betweene them,
For I do know *Flewellen* valiant,
And being toucht, as hot as gunpowder:
And quickly will returne an iniury.
Go see there be no harme betweene them.

Enter Gower, Flewellen, and the Souldier. [Sc. VIII.]

Flew. Captain *Gower*, in the name of Iesu,
Come to his Maiestie, there is more good toward you,
Then you can dreame off.

114 *littrature*] Q_1Q_2. *litterature* Q_3.
117 *Alonson*] *Alanson* Q_3.
was] Q_1Q_2. *were* Q_3.
118 *off from his*] Q_1Q_2. *from 's* Q_3.
119 *do*] Q_1Q_2. om. Q_3.
124 *should*] Q_1Q_2. *wold* Q_3.
Enter Gower,] Q_1Q_2. Enter Captaine Gower, Q_3.
2 *toward*] Q_1Q_2. *towards* Q_3.
3 *off*] *of* Q_2Q_3.

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Soul. Do you heare you sir? do you know this gloue?
Flew. I know the the gloue is a gloue.
Soul. Sir I know this, and thus I challenge it.
He strikes him.
Flew. Gode plut, and his. Captain *Gower* stand away:
Ile giue treason his due presently.
Enter the King, VVarwicke, Clarence, and Exeter,
Kin. How now, what is the matter?
Flew. And it shall please your Maiestie,
Here is the notablest peece of treason come to light,
As you shall desire to see in a sommers day.
Here is a rascall, beggerly rascall, is strike the gloue,
Which your Maiestie tooke out of the helmet of *Alonson:*
And your Maiestie will beare me witnes, and testimony,
And auouchments, that this is the gloue.
Soul. And it please your Maiestie, that was my gloue.
He that I gaue it too in the night,
Promised me to weare it in his hat:
I promised to strike him if he did.
I met that Gentleman, with my gloue in his hat,
And I thinke I haue bene as good as my word.
Flew. Your Maiestie heares, vnder your Maiesties
Manhood, what a beggerly lowsie knaue it is.
Kin. Let me see thy gloue. Looke you,
This is the fellow of it.
It was I indeed you promised to strike.
*And thou thou hast giuen me most bitter words.
How canst thou make vs amends?
Flew. Let his necke answere it,
If there be any marshals lawe in the worell.
Soul. My Liege, all offences come from the heart:
Neuer came any from mine to offend your Maiestie.
You appeard to me as a common man:
Witnesse the night, your garments, your lowlinesse,
And whatsoeuer you receiued vnder that habit,
I beseech your Maiestie impute it to your owne fault
And not mine. For your selfe came not like your selfe:

4 Soul.] Flew. Q_2.
5 *the the*] Q_1. *the* Q_2Q_3.
7 *Gode*] Q_1Q_2. *Gods* Q_3.
his. Captain] Q_1Q_2. *his Captaine* Q_3.
9 *now, what is*] Q_1Q_2. *now? Whats* Q_3.
14 *Maiestie*] Q_1Q_2. *maiesty in person* Q_3.
Alonson] *Alanson* Q_3 (and elsewhere).
15 *witnes*] Q_1. *witnesse* Q_2. *witnesses* Q_3.
testimony] Q_1Q_2. *testimonies* Q_3.
18 *too*] Q_1Q_2. *to* Q_3.
21 *in his*] Q_1Q_2. *in's* Q_3.
28 *thou thou*] Q_1. *thou* Q_2Q_3.
34 *as*] Q_1Q_2. *but as* Q_3.
38 *mine*] Q_1Q_2. *to mine* Q_3.

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Had you bene as you seemed, I had made no offence.
Therefore I beseech your grace to pardon me.
Kin. Vnckle, fill the gloue with crownes,
And giue it to the souldier. Weare it fellow,
As an honour in thy cap, till I do challenge it.
Giue him the crownes. Come Captaine *Flewellen*,
I must needs haue you friends.
Flew. By Iesus, the fellow hath mettall enough
In his belly. Harke you souldier, there is a shilling for you,
And keep your selfe out of brawles & brables, & dissentiõs,
And looke you, it shall be the better for you.
Soul. Ile none of your money sir, not I.
Flew. Why tis a good shilling man.
Why should you be queamish? Your shoes are not so good:
It will serue you to mend your shoes.
Kin. What men of sort are taken vnckle?
Exe. *Charles* Duke of *Orleance*, Nephew to the King.
Iohn Duke of *Burbon*, and Lord *Bowchquall*.
Of other Lords and Barrons, Knights and Squiers,
Full fifteene hundred, besides common men.
This note doth tell me of ten thousand
French, that in the field lyes slaine.
Of Nobles bearing banners in the field,
**Charles de la Brute.* hie Constable of *France*.
Iaques of *Chattillian*, Admirall of *France*.
The Maister of the crosbows, *Iohn* Duke *Alõson*.
Lord *Ranbieres*, hie Maister of *France*.
The braue sir *Gwigzard*, *Dolphin*. Of *Nobelle Charillas*,
Gran *Prie*, and *Rosse*, *Fawconbridge* and *Foy*.
Gerard and *Verton*. *Vandemant* and *Lestra*.
Here was a royall fellowship of death.
Where is the number of our English dead?
Edward the Duke of *Yorke*, the Earle of *Suffolke*,
Sir *Richard Ketly*, *Dauy Gam* Esquier:
And of all other, but fiue and twentie.
O God thy arme was here,

39 *seemed*] *seemed then to mee* Q_3.
offence] *offence, my gracious Lord* Q_3.
47, 51 *shilling*] Q_1Q_2. *silling* Q_3.
48 *brables*] *prabbles* Q_3.
52 *queamish*] *squeamish* Q_3.
53 *serue you*] Q_1Q_3. *serue* Q_2.
56 *Bowchquall*] Q_1. *Bouchquall* Q_2Q_3.
62 *Constable*] *Constanble* Q_3.
65 *Ranbieres*] *Rambieres* Q_3.
66 *Charillas*] *Charillat* Q_3.
69 *Here*] Q_1. King. *Here* Q_2. King. *Heeres* Q_3.
71 *Edward*] Q_1. Exe. *Edward* Q_2Q_3.
72 Omitted in Q_3.
73 *other*] Q_1Q_2. *the other* Q_3.
74 *O God*] Q_1. King. *O God* Q_2Q_3.

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And vnto thee alone, ascribe we praise.
When without strategem,
And in euen shock of battle, was euer heard
So great, and litle losse, on one part and an other.
Take it God, for it is onely thine.
Exe. Tis wonderfull.
King. Come let vs go on procession through the camp:
Let it be death proclaimed to any man,
To boast hereof, or take the praise from God,
Which is his due.
Flew. Is it lawful, and it please your Maiestie,
To tell how many is kild?
King. Yes *Flewellen*, but with this acknowledgement,
That God fought for vs.
Flew. Yes in my conscience, he did vs great good.
King. Let there be sung, Nououes and te Deum.
The dead with charitie enterred in clay:
Weele then to *Calice*, and to England then,
Where nere from *France*, arriude more happier men.

Exit omnes.

Enter Gower, and Flewellen. [ACT V. SCENE I.]

Gower. But why do you weare your Leeke to day?
*Saint *Dauies* day is past?
Flew. There is occasion Captaine *Gower*,
Looke you why, and wherefore,
The other day looke you, *Pistolles*
Which you know is a man of no merites
In the worell, is come where I was the other day,
And brings bread and sault, and bids me
Eate my Leeke: twas in a place, looke you,
Where *I* could moue no discentions:
But if *I* can see him, *I* shall tell him,
A litle of my desires.
Gow. Here a comes, swelling like a Turkecocke.

Enter Pistoll.

Flew. Tis no matter for his swelling, and his turkecocks,
God plesse you Antient *Pistoll*, you scall,
Beggerly, lowsie knaue, God plesse you.

77 *in euen*] Q_1Q_3. *euen in* Q_2.
78 *an other.*] *another?* Q_2.
79 *God*] Q_1Q_3. *O God* Q_2.
82 *proclaimed*] *proclaim'd* Q_2.
91 *enterred*] *enter'd* Q_2.
v. 1. 2 *day*] om. Q_2.
8 *sault*] *salt* Q_2.
10 *could*] Q_1Q_3. *would* Q_2.
13 *a comes*] Q_1Q_3. *he comes* Q_2. *Turkecocke*] Q_1. *Turkecock* Q_2. *Turkycocke* Q_3.

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Pist. Ha, art thou bedlem?
Dost thou thurst base Troyan,
To haue me folde vp *Parcas* fatall web?
Hence, *I* am qualmish at the smell of Leeke.
Flew. Antient *Pistoll.* I would desire you because
It doth not agree with your stomacke, and your appetite,
And your digestions, to eate this Leeke.
Pist. Not for *Cadwalleder* and all his goates.
Flew. There is one goate for you Antient Pistol.
He strikes him.
Pist. Base Troyan, thou shall dye.
Flew. I, I know I shall dye, meane time, I would
Desire you to liue and eate this Leeke.
Gower. Inough Captaine, you haue astonisht him.
Flew. Astonisht him, by *Iesu*, Ile beate his head
Foure dayes, and foure nights, but Ile
Make him eate some part of my Leeke.
Pist. Well must I byte?
**Flew.* I out of question or doubt, or ambiguities
You must byte.
Pistol. Good good.
Flew. I Leekes are good, Antient *Pistoll.*
There is a shilling for you to heale your bloody coxkome.
Pist. Me a shilling.
Flew. If you will not take it,
I haue an other Leeke for you.
Pist. I take thy shilling in earnest of reconing.
Flew. If I owe you any thing, ile pay you in cudgels,
You shalbe a woodmonger,
And by cudgels, God bwy you,
Antient *Pistoll*, God blesse you,
And heale your broken pate.
Antient *Pistoll*, if you see Leekes an other time,
Mocke at them, that is all: God bwy you.
Exit Flewellen.
Pist. All hell shall stir for this.

22 *stomacke*] Q_1Q_2. *stomackes* Q_3.
appetite] Q_1Q_2. *appetites* Q_3.
24 *Cadwalleder*] *Cadwallader* Q_3.
26 *Bace*] Q_1. *Base* Q_2Q_3.
27 *meane*] *But in the meane* Q_3.
29 *him*] *him, it is enough* Q_3.
31 *nights*] *nights too* Q_3.
35 He makes Ancient Pistoll bite of the Leeke. Q_3.
38 *There*] *Look you now, there* Q_3.
shilling] *silling* Q_3.
39 *shilling.*] *shilling?* Q_3.
43 *ile*] Q_1Q_3. *I will* Q_3.
45 *by*] Q_1Q_3. *buy* Q_3.
God bwy you] Q_1Q_3. *And so God be with you* Q_3.
46 *blesse*] Q_1Q_3. *plesse* Q_3.

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Doth Fortune play the huswye with me now?
Is honour cudgeld from my warlike lines?
Well *France* farwell, newes haue I certainly
That Doll is sicke. One mallydie of *France*,
The warres affordeth nought, home will I trug.
Bawd will I turne, and vse the slyte of hand:
To England will I steale,
And there Ile steale.
And patches will I get vnto these skarres,
And sweare I gat them in the Gallia warres.

Exit Pistoll.

Enter at one doore, the King of England *and his Lords. And at the other doore, the King of* France, *Queene* Katherine, *the Duke of* Burbon, *and others.* [Sc. II.]

Harry. Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met.
*And to our brorher *France*, Faire time of day.
Faire health vnto our louely cousen *Katherine*.
And as a branch, and member of this stock:
We do salute you Duke of *Burgondie*.
Fran. Brother of *England*, right ioyous are we to behold
Your face, so are we Princes English euery one.
Duk. With pardon vnto both your mightines.
Let it not displease you, if I demaund
What rub or bar hath thus far hindred you,
To keepe you from the gentle speech of peace?
Har. If Duke of *Burgondy*, you wold haue peace,
You must buy that peace,
According as we haue drawne our articles.
Fran. We haue but with a cursenary eye,
Oreviewd them: pleaseth your Grace,
To let some of your Counsell sit with vs,
We shall returne our peremptory answere.
Har. Go Lords, and sit with them,
And bring vs answere backe.
Yet leaue our cousen *Katherine* here behind.
France. Withall our hearts.

51 *huswye*] Q_1Q_2. *huswife* Q_3.
52 *lines*] Q_1Q_2. *loynes* Q_3.
56 *slyte*] Q_1Q_2. *slight* Q_3.
60 *gat*] *got* Q_3.

II. 2 *brorher*] Q_1. *brother* Q_2Q_3.
8 *both*] om. Q_3.
15 *cursenary*] Q_1Q_2. *cursorary* Q_3.
22 *Withall*] *With all* Q_3.

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Exit King and the Lords. Manet, Hrry, Katherine, *and the Gentlewoman.*

Hate. Now *Kate*, you haue a blunt wooer here
Left with you.
If I could win thee at leapfrog,
Or with vawting with my armour on my backe,
Into my saddle,
Without brag be it spoken,
Ide make compare with any.
But leauing that *Kate*,
If thou takest me now,
Thou shalt haue me at the worst:
*And in wearing, thou shalt haue me better and better,
Thou shalt haue a face that is not worth sun-burning.
But doost thou thinke, that thou and I,
Betweene Saint *Denis*,
And Saint *George*, shall get a boy,
That shall goe to *Constantinople*,
And take the great Turke by the beard, ha *Kate*?
Kate. Is it possible dat me sall
Loue de enemie de *France*.
Harry. No *Kate*, tis vnpossible
You should loue the enemie of *France*:
For *Kate*, I loue *France* so well,
That Ile not leaue a Village,
Ile haue it all mine: then *Kate*,
When *France* is mine,
And I am yours,
Then *France* is yours,
And you are mine.
Kate. I cannot tell what is dat.
Harry. No *Kate*,
Why Ile tell it you in French,
Which will hang vpon my tongue, like a bride
On her new married Husband.

23 Exit King...] Q_1Q_2. Exit French King... Q_3.
Hrry,] Q_1. Harry, Q_2. King Henry, Q_3.
23 Hate.] Q_1. Kate. Q_2. Har. Q_3.
39 *beard, ha Kate?*] *beard? ha Kate.* Q_3.
41 *France.*] *France?* Q_2.
42 *tis*] Q_1Q_2. *it is* Q_3.
52 *Kate,*] *Kate?* Q_2.
53 *it*] om. Q_3.

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Let me see, Saint *Dennis* be my speed.
Quan *France* et mon.
Kate. Dat is, when *France* is yours.
Harry. Et vous ettes amoy.
Kate. And I am to you.
Harry. Douck *France* ettes a vous:
Kate. Den *France* shall be mine.
Harry. Et Ie suyues a vous.
Kate. And you will be to me.
Har. Wilt beleeue me *Kate?* tis easier for me
To conquer the kingdome, thē to speak so much
More French.
**Kate.* A your Maiesty has false *France* inough
To deceiue de best Lady in *France.*
Harry. No faith *Kate* not I. But K*ate,*
In plaine termes, do you loue me*?*
K*ate.* I cannot tell.
Harry. No, can any of your neighbours tell?
Ile aske them.
Come K*ate,* I know you loue me.
And soone when you are in your closset,
Youle question this Lady of me.
But I pray thee sweete K*ate,* vse me mercifully,
Because I loue thee cruelly.
That I shall dye K*ate,* is sure:
But for thy loue, by the Lord neuer.
What Wench,
A straight backe will growe crooked.
A round eye will growe hollowe.
A great leg will waxe small,
A curld pate proue balde:
But a good heart Kate, is the sun and the moone,
And rather the Sun and not the Moone:
And therefore K*ate* take me,
Take a souldier: take a souldier,
Take a King.
Therefore tell me K*ate,* wilt thou haue me?
K*ate.* Dat is as please the King my father.
Harry. Nay it will please him*:*
Nay it shall please him K*ate.*

56 *Dennis*] *Denis* Q_3.
68 *inough*] *enough* Q_3.
70 *Kate*] *Kate prethee tell me* Q_3.
71 *do you*] Q_1Q_2. *Dost thou* Q_3.
93 *the King*] Q_1Q_2. *de king* Q_3.

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And vpon that condition *Kate* Ile kisse you.
Ka. O mon du Ie ne voudroy faire quelke chosse
Pour toute le monde,
Ce ne poynt votree fachion en fouor.
Harry. What saies she Lady?
Lady. Dat it is not de fasion en *France*,
For de maides, before da be married to
*May foy ie oblye, what is to bassie?
Har. To kis, to kis. O that tis not the
Fashion in *Frannce*, for the maydes to kis
Before they are married.
Lady. Owye see votree grace.
Har. Well, weele breake that custome.
Therefore *Kate* patience perforce and yeeld.
Before God *Kate*, you haue witchcraft
In your kisses:
And may perswade with me more,
Then all the French Councell.
Your father is returned.

Enter the King of France, and the Lordes.

How now my Lords?
France. Brother of England,
We haue orered the Articles,
And haue agreed to all that we in sedule had.
Exe. Only he hath not subscribed this,
Where your maiestie demaunds,
That the king of *France* hauing any occasion
To write for matter of graunt,
Shall name your highnesse, in this forme:
And with this addition in French.
Nostre tresher filz, Henry Roy D'anglaterre,
E heare de France. And thus in Latin:
Preclarissimus filius noster Henricus Rex Anglie,
Et heres Francie.
Fran. Nor this haue we so nicely stood vpon,

96 *you*] Q_1Q_2. *thee* Q_3.
99 *fouor*] Q_1. *fauor* Q_2Q_3.
101 *en*] Q_1Q_2. *in* Q_3.
108 *May*] *Ma* Q_2.
105 *Frannce*] *France* Q_2Q_3.
115 Enter the King...] Enter the Kinges... Q_3.
117 *orered*] Q_1Q_2. *ordered* Q_3.
119 *this*] *to this* Q_3.
125 *D'anglaterre*] *d'Angleterre* Q_3.
127, 128 *Anglie...Francie*] *Anglix...Francix* Q_3.

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But you faire brother may intreat the same.
Har. Why then let this among the rest,
Haue his full course: And withall,
Your daughter *Katherine* in mariage.
**Fran.* This and what else,
Your maiestie shall craue.
God that disposeth all, giue you much ioy.
Har. Why then faire *Katherine*,
Come giue me thy hand:
Our mariage will we present solemnise,
And end our hatred by a bond of loue.
Then will I sweare to *Kate*, and *Kate* to mee:
And may our vowes once made, vnbroken bee.

132 *course*] *recourse* Q_3.
139 *marriage*] *matriage* Q_3.
142 *bee.*] *bee?* Q_3.

FINIS.

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THE

FIRST PART OF THE CONTENTION.

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THE FIRST PART OF THE CONTENTION OF THE TWO FAMOVS Houses of *Yorke & Lancaster*, with the death of the good Duke *Humphrey.*

Enter at one doore, King Henry *the sixt, and* Humphrey *Duke of* Gloster, *the Duke of* Sommerset, *the Duke of* Buckingham, *Cardinall* Bewford, *and others.*

Enter at the other doore, the Duke of Yorke, *and the Marquesse of* Suffolke, *and Queene* Margaret, *and the Earle of* Salisbury *and* Warwicke.

Suffolke. [Act I. Scene I.]

AS by your high imperiall Maiesties command,
I had in charge at my depart for *France*,
As Procurator for your excellence,
To marry Princes *Margaret* for your grace,
So in the auncient famous Citie Towres,
In presence of the Kings of *France* & *Cyssile*,
The Dukes of *Orleance*, *Calabar*, *Brittaine*, and *Alonson*.
Seuen Earles, twelue Barons, and then the reuerend Bishops,
I did performe my taske and was espousde,
And now, most humbly on my bended knees,
In sight of England and her royall Peeres,
Deliuer vp my title in the Queene,
Vnto your gratious excellence, that are the substance
Of that great shadow I did represent:
The happiest gift that euer Marquesse gaue,
*The fairest Queene that euer King possest.
King. *Suffolke* arise.
Welcome Queene *Margaret* to English *Henries* Court,

8 *then the*] Q_1Q_2. *twenty* Q_3.

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The greatest cause of sadness yet we can heare.
In this sadde time. In gracious sort of mourne.
Lend me a leave awhile with sadnesse.
For in this sensitive face shall rest sensitive
A world of sorrowes in my perplexed soule.
Queene. My soveraigne lord I mourne with your grace.
Forbids me in so sadde of my sorrow.
Least I should speake more then becomes a woman.
Let this suffice, my thinke is in your liking,
And leaving this noble Queene *Margaret* mourning.
Thinke the sorrow of mighty England King.
K. Her words did wound, but saw her speech more grave.
Lovely Queene *Margaret* sit down by my side
And crowne Queene, and you Lordly Peeres.
With one voice welcome my beloved Queene.
All. Long live Queene *Margaret*, England happinesse.
Queene. We thanke you all.

Sound Trumpets.

Suffolke. My Lord Protector, so I please your grace.
Here are the Kingdoms ambassadors of peace.
Betweene our Soveraigne and the French King *Charles*.
Till terme of eighteene months be full expirde.
Bourgoyne. *Imprimis.* It is agreed betweene the French King *Charles* and *William de la Poole* Marquesse of *Suffolke* Embassadour for *Henry* King of England, that the said *Henry* shall wed and espouse the Ladie *Margaret* daughter to *Reignard* King of *Naples*, *Cycelia* and *Jerusalem*, and crowne her Queene of England ere the 30. of the next month.
Item. It is further agreed betweene them, that the Dutchies of *Anjou* and of *Maine* shall be released and delivered over to the King her father.

Drum *Hungary* heere it sounds.

K. How now trickes, what the matter that you stay so suddenly.
Hunga. Pardon my Lord a sodaine qualme came over my heart.
Which causes mine eyes that I can reade no more.
Cardinall of Winchester. I pray you reade it.

---

26 *her speech*] *speech* Qq
30 *Lordly*] *Lordly* Qq
37 *confirmde of peace*] *confirmed of peace* Q2 *confirmed of peace* Q3
38 *Imprimis*] *Imprimis* Qq
41 *Prince*] *Prince* Qq *Prince* Q3
45 *30.*] *thirty day* Qq
month] *moneth* Qq
48 *Dutchies*] *Dutchesse* Qq
50 *Humphrey*] *Humpfrey* Q2 *Humfrey* Q3
52 *more*] *ore* Qq
53 *reade*] *see* Qq
54 *Duchie of Winchester*] *My Lord of Yorke* Qq
you] *do you* Qq

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Cardinall. *Item*, It is further agreed betweene them, that the Duches of *Anioy* and of *Mayne*, shall be released and deliuered ouer to the King her father, & she sent ouer of the King of Englands owne proper cost and charges without dowry.

King. They please vs well, Lord Marquesse kneele downe, We here create thee first Duke of *Suffolke*, & girt thee with the sword. Cosin of Yorke, We here discharge your grace from being Regent in the parts of *France*, till terme of 18. months be full expirde.

Thankes vnckle *VVinchester*, *Gloster*, *Yorke*, *and Buckingham*, *Somerset*, *Salsbury* and *VVarwicke*.

We thanke you all for this great fauour done,
In entertainment to my Princely Queene,
Come let vs in, and with all speed prouide
To see her Coronation be performde.

Exet King, Queene, and Suffolke, and Duke Humphrey staies all the rest.

Humphrey. Braue Peeres of England, Pillars of the state,
To you Duke *Humphrey* must vnfold his griefe,
What did my brother *Henry* toyle himselfe,
And waste his subiects for to conquere *France*?
And did my brother *Bedford* spend his time
To keepe in awe that stout vnruly Realme?
And haue not I and mine vnckle *Bewford* here,
Done all we could to keepe that land in peace?
And is all our labours then spent in vaine,
For Suffolke he, the new made Duke that rules the roast,
Hath giuen away for our King *Henries* Queene,
The Dutches of *Anioy* and *Mayne* vnto her father.
Ah Lords, fatall is this marriage canselling our states,
Reuersing Monuments of conquered *France*,
Vndoing all, as none had nere bene done.

Card. Why how now cosin *Gloster*, what needs this?
*As if our King were bound vnto your will,
And might not do his will without your leaue,
Proud Protector, enuy in thine eyes I see,
The big swolne venome of thy hatefull heart,
That dares presume gainst that thy Soueraigne likes.

Humphr. Nay my Lord tis not my words that troubles you,
But my presence, proud Prelate as thou art:

53 Cardinall.] Q_1. Cardinal. Q_2. Yorke. Q_3.
54 *Duches*] Q_1. *Dutches* Q_2. *Dutchesse* Q_3.
68 *all for*] Q_1Q_2. *for all* Q_3.
66 Exet] Q_1. Exit Q_2Q_3. See note (1).
67 *Pillars*] Q_1. *Pillers* Q_2Q_3.
75 *spent*] Q_1Q_2. *spent quite* Q_3.
87 *dares*] Q_1Q_3. *dare* Q_2.
88 *Lord*] Q_1Q_2. *Lords* Q_3.

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But ile begone, and giue thee leaue to speake.
Farewell my Lords, and say when I am gone,
I prophesied *France* would be lost ere long.
Exet Duke *Humphrey.*

Card. There goes our Protector in a rage,
My Lords you know he is my great enemy,
And though he be Protector of the land,
And thereby couers his deceitfull thoughts,
For well you see, if he but walke the streets,
The common people swarme about him straight,
Crying Iesus blesse your royall exellence,
With God preserue the good Duke *Humphrey.*
And many things besides that are not knowne,
Which time will bring to light in smooth Duke *Humphrey.*
But I will after him, and if I can
Ile laie a plot to heaue him from his seate.
Exet Cardinall.

Buck. But let vs watch this haughtie Cardinall,
Cosen of *Somerset* be rulde by me,
Weele watch Duke *Humphrey* and the Cardinall too,
And put them from the marke they faine would hit.

Somerset. Thanks cosin *Buckingham*, ioyne thou with me,
And both of vs with the Duke of *Suffolke*,
Weele quickly heaue Duke *Humphrey* from his seate.

Buck. Content, Come then let vs about it straight,
For either thou or I will be Protector.
Exet Buckingham and *Somerset.*

Salsb. Pride went before, Ambition follows after.
Whilst these do seeke their owne preferments thus,
*My Lords let vs seeke for our Countries good,
Oft haue I seene this haughtie Cardinall
Sweare, and forsweare himselfe, and braue it out,
More like a Ruffin then a man of Church.
Cosin *Yorke*, the victories thou hast wonne,
In *Ireland*, *Normandie*, and in *France*,
Hath wonne thee immortall praise in England.
And thou braue *VVarwicke*, my thrice valiant sonne,
Thy simple plainnesse and thy house-keeping,
Hath wonne thee credit amongst the common sort,
The reuerence of mine age, and *Neuels* name,
Is of no litle force if I command,

90 *begone*] Q_1. *be gone* Q_2Q_3.
97 *well you*] Q_1Q_2. *you well* Q_3.
112 *then*] Q_1Q_3. om. Q_2.
117 *seene*] Q_1Q_3. *heard* Q_2.
119 *Ruffin*] Q_1Q_2. *Ruffian* Q_3.
Church] Q_1Q_2. *the church* Q_3.

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Then let vs ioyne all three in one for this,
That good Duke *Humphrey* may his state possesse,
But wherefore weepes *Warwicke* my noble sonne.
VVarw. For griefe that all is lost that *VVarwick* won.
Sonnes. *Anioy* and *Maine*, both giuen away at once,
Why *VVarwick* did win them, & must that then which we wonne with our swords, be giuen away with wordes.
Yorke. As I haue read, our Kinges of England were woont to haue large dowries with their wiues, but our King *Henry* giues away his owne.
Sals. Come sonnes away and looke vnto the maine.
VVar. Vnto the *Maine*, Oh father *Maine* is lost,
Which *VVarwicke* by maine force did win from *France*,
Maine chance father you meant, but I meant *Maine*,
Which I will win from *France*, or else be slaine.
Exet Salsbury and *Warwicke.*
Yorke. *Anioy* and *Maine*, both giuen vnto the French,
Cold newes for me, for I had hope of *France*,
Euen as I haue of fertill England.
A day will come when *Yorke* shall claime his owne,
And therefore I will take the *Neuels* parts,
And make a show of loue to proud Duke *Humphrey*:
And vvhen I spie aduantage, claime the Crovvne,
For thats the golden marke I seeke to hit:
*Nor shall proud *Lancaster* vsurpe my right,
Nor hold the scepter in his childish fist,
Nor vveare the Diademe vpon his head,
Whose church-like humours fits not for a Crovvne:
Then *Yorke* be still a vvhile till time do serue,
Watch thou, and vvake vvhen others be a sleepe,
To prie into the secrets of the state,
Till *Henry* surfeiting in ioyes of loue,
With his nevv bride, and Englands dear bought queene,
And *Humphrey* vvith the Peeres be falne at iarres,
Then vvill I raise aloft the milke-vvhite Rose,
With vvhose svveete smell the aire shall be perfumde,
And in my Standard beare the Armes of *Yorke*,
To graffle vvith the House of *Lancaster*:
And force perforce, ile make him yeeld the Crovvne,
Whose bookish rule hath puld faire England dovvne.
Exet Yorke.

132 *Sonnes*] Q_1Q_2. *Sonnes* (italic) Q_3.
141 *meant*] Q_1Q_3. *meane* Q_2.
156 *a sleepe*] Q_1. *asleepe* Q_2Q_3.
164 *graffle*] Q_1Q_2. *grapple* Q_3.

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Enter Duke *Humphrey*, and Dame *Ellanor*, *Cobham* his vvife. [Sc. II.]

Elnor. Why droopes my Lord like ouer ripened corne,
Hanging the head at *Cearies* plentious loade,
What seest thou Duke *Humphrey* King *Henries* Crovvne?
Reach at it, and if thine arme be too short,
Mine shall lengthen it. Art not thou a Prince,
Vnckle to the King, and his Protector?
Then vvhat shouldst thou lacke that might content thy minde.
Humph. My louely *Nell*, far be it from my heart,
To thinke of Treasons gainst my soueraigne Lord,
But I vvas troubled vvith a dreame to night,
And God I pray, it do betide no ill.
Elnor. What drempt my Lord. Good *Humphrey* tell it me,
And ile interpret it, and vvhen thats done,
Ile tell thee then, vvhat I did dreame to night.
Humphrey. This night vvhen I vvas laid in bed, I dreampt that
*This my staffe mine Office badge in Court,
Was broke in two, and on the ends were plac'd,
The heads of the Cardinall of *VVinchester*,
And *VVilliam de la Poule* first Duke of *Suffolke*.
Elnor. Tush my Lord, this signifies nought but this,
That he that breakes a sticke of *Glosters* groue,
Shall for th' offence, make forfeit of his head.
But now my Lord, Ile tell you what I dreampt,
Me thought I was in the Cathedrall Church
At Westminster, and seated in the chaire
Where Kings and Queenes are crownde, and at my feete
Henry and *Margaret* with a Crowne of gold
Stood readie to set it on my Princely head.
Humphrey. Fie *Nell.* Ambitious woman as thou art,
Art thou not second woman in this land,
And the Protectors wife belou'd of him,
And wilt thou still be hammering treason thus,

2 *Cearies*] Q_1Q_2. *Ceres* Q_3.
5 *not thou*] Q_1Q_2. *thou not* Q_3.
7 *minde.*] Q_1. *minde?* Q_2. *mind?* Q_3.
11 *no*] Q_1Q_2. *none* Q_3.
12 *drempt*] Q_1Q_2. *dreamt* Q_3.
Lord.] Q_1. *Lord?* Q_2Q_3.
15, 23 *dreampt*] *dreamt* Q_3.
15, 16 *that This*] Q_1Q_2. *That this* Q_3.
17 *in two, and on*] Q_1Q_2. *in twaine, by whom I cannot gesse: But as I thinke by the Cardinall. What it bodes God knowes; and on* Q_3.
18 *the.....Winchester*] Q_1Q_2. *Edmund Duke of Somerset* Q_3.
19 *Poule*] Q_1. *Poole* Q_2. *Pole* Q_3.
22 *th'*] *the* Q_3.
26 *Kings*] Q_1Q_2. *the Kings* Q_3.
31 *wife.....him,*] Q_1. *wife,.....him,* Q_2. *wife?.....him?* Q_3.
32 *thus,*] Q_1. *thus?* Q_2Q_3.

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Away I say, and let me heare no more.
Elnor. How now my Lord. What angry with your *Nell*,
For telling but her dreame. The next I haue
Ile keepe to my selfe, and not be rated thus.
Humphrey. Nay *Nell*, Ile giue no credit to a dreame,
But I would haue thee to thinke on no such things.

Enters a Messenger.

Messenger. And it please your grace, the King and Queene to morrow morning will ride a hawking to Saint Albones, and craues your company along with them.
Humphrey. With all my heart, I will attend his grace:
Come *Nell*, thou wilt go with vs vs I am sure.

Exet Humphrey.

Elnor. Ile come after you, for I cannot go before,
But ere it be long, Ile go before them all,
Despight of all that seeke to crosse me thus,
Who is within there?

*Enter sir *Iohn Hum.*

What sir *Iohn Hum*, what newes with you?
Sir Iohn. Iesus preserue your Maiestie.
Elnor. My Maiestie. Why man I am but grace.
Ser Iohn. I, but by the grace of God & *Hums* aduise,
Your graces state shall be aduanst ere long.
Elnor. What hast thou conferd with *Margery Iordaine*, the cunning Witch of *Ely*, with *Roger Bullingbrooke* and the rest, and will they vndertake to do me good?
Sir Iohn. I haue Madame, and they haue promised me to raise a Spirite from depth of vnder grounde, that shall tell your grace all questions you demaund.
Elnor. Thanks good sir *Iohn.* Some two daies hence I gesse
Will fit our time, then see that they be here:
For now the King is ryding to Saint *Albones*,
And all the Dukes and Earles along with him,
When they be gone, then safely they may come,

35 *dreame.*] Q_1. *dreame?* Q_2Q_3.
36 *keepe*] Q_1Q_2. *keepe it* Q_3.
38 Enters] Q_1Q_2. Enter Q_3.
40 *Saint*] Q_1Q_2. *S.* Q_3.
43 *vs vs*] Q_1. *vs* Q_2Q_3.
45—47 See note (II).
51 *I*] Q_1Q_3. *Yea* Q_2.
54 *Ely*] Q_1Q_2. *Rye* Q_3.
Bullingbrooke] Q_1. *Bullinbrooke* Q_2. *Bullenbrooke* Q_3.
55 *rest,*] Q_1Q_2. *rest?* Q_3.
57 *depth*] Q_1Q_3. *the depth* Q_2.
59, 60 *Thanks...here*] As three lines in Q_3, ending *Iohn...time...heere*.
63 *they may*] Q_1Q_2. *may they* Q_3.

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And on the backside of my Orchard heere,
There cast their Spelles in silence of the night,
And so resolue vs of the thing we wish,
Till when, drinke that for my sake, And so farwell.

Exet Elnor.

Sir Iohn. Now sir *Iohn Hum*, No words but mum.
Seale vp your lips, for you must silent be,
These gifts ere long will make me mightie rich,
The Duches she thinks now that all is well,
But I haue gold comes from another place,
From one that hyred me to set her on,
To plot these Treasons gainst the King and Peeres,
And that is the mightie Duke of *Suffolke.*
For he it is, but I must not say so,
That by my meanes must worke the Duches fall,
Who now by Cuniurations thinkes to rise.
But whist sir *Iohn*, no more of that I trow,
*For feare you lose your head before you goe.

Exet.

Enter two Petitioners, and *Peter* the Armourers man. [Sc. III.]

1. *Peti.* Come sirs let vs linger here abouts a while,
Vntill my Lord Protector come this way,
That we may show his grace our seuerall causes.
2. *Peti.* I pray God saue the good Duke *Humphries* life,
For but for him a many were vndone,
That cannot get no succour in the Court,
But see where he comes with the Queene.

Enter the Duke of *Suffolke* with the Queene, and they take him for Duke *Humphrey*, and giues him their writings.

1. *Peti.* Oh we are vndone, this is the Duke of *Suffolke.*
Queene. Now good-fellowes, whom would you speak withall?
2 *Peti.* If it please your Maiestie, with my Lord Protectors Grace.
Queene. Are your sutes to his grace. Let vs see them first,
Looke on them my Lord of *Suffolke.*

66 *vs*] Q_1Q_3. om. Q_2.
78 *rise*] Q_1Q_3. *raise* Q_2.
79 *trow*] Q_1Q_2. *tro* Q_3.
81 *let vs*] Q_1Q_2. *lets* Q_3.
4 *Duke*] Q_1Q_3. om. Q_2.
6 *cannot*] Q_1Q_3. *can* Q_2.
12 *grace.*] Q_1. *grace?* Q_2Q_3.

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Suffolke. A complaint against the Cardinals man,
What hath he done?

2. *Peti.* Marry my Lord, he hath stole away my wife,
And th' are gone togither, and I know not where to find them.

Suffolke. Hath he stole thy wife, thats some iniury indeed.
But what say you?

Peter Thump. Marry sir I come to tel you that my maister said, that the Duke of *Yorke* was true heire vnto the Crowne, and that the *King* was an vsurer.

Queene. An vsurper thou wouldst say.

Peter. I forsooth an vsurper.

Queene. Didst thou say the King was an vsurper?

Peter. No forsooth, I saide my maister saide so, th' other day *when we were scowring the Duke of *Yorks* Armour in our garret.

Suffolke. I marry this is something like,
Whose within there?

Enter one or two.

Sirra take in this fellow and keepe him close,
And send out a Purseuant for his maister straight,
Weele here more of this before the King.

Exet with the Armourers man.

Now sir what yours? Let me see it,
Whats here?
A complaint against the Duke of *Suffolke* for enclosing the commons of long Melford.
How now sir knaue.

1. Peti. I beseech your grace to pardon me, me, I am but a Messenger for the whole town-ship.

He teares the papers.

Suffolke. So now show your petitions to Duke *Humphrey.*
Villaines get you gone and come not neare the Court,
Dare these pesants write against me thus.

Exet Petitioners.

Queene. My Lord of *Suffolke*, you may see by this,

16, 18 *stole*] Q_1Q_3. *stoln* Q_2.
18 *wife,*] Q_1Q_3. *wife?* Q_2.
thats] Q_1Q_3. *that's* Q_2.
21 *vnto*] Q_1Q_3. *to* Q_2.
24, 29 *I*] Q_1Q_3. *Yea* Q_2.
30 *Whose*] Q_1. *Who's* Q_2Q_3.
31 *is*] Q_1Q_3. om. Q_2.
33 *here*] Q_1. *heare* Q_2. *heere* Q_3.
this] Q_1Q_3. *this thing* Q_2.
34 *what*] Q_1. *whats* Q_2. *what's* Q_3.
35 *Whats*] Q_1Q_2. *What's* Q_3.
38 *knaue.*] Q_1Q_3. *knaue?* Q_2.
39 *me, me*] Q_1. *mee* Q_2 (Capell, Devonshire, and Malone 867). *it* Q_2 (Malone 36). *me* Q_3.
41 *petitions*] Q_1Q_3. *petition* Q_2.
42 *you*] Q_1Q_3. *ye* Q_2.
43 *thus.*] Q_1. *thus?* Q_2Q_3.
Exet] Q_1. exeunt. Q_2. Exit Q_3.

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The Commons loues vnto that haughtie Duke,
That seekes to him more then to King *Henry*:
Whose eyes are alwaies poring on his booke
And nere regards the honour of his name,
But still must be protected like a childe,
And gouerned by that ambitious Duke,
That scarse will moue his cap nor speake to vs,
And his proud wife, high minded *Elanor*,
That ruffles it with such a troupe of Ladies,
As strangers in the Court takes her for the Queene.
The other day she vanted to her maides,
That the very traine of her worst gowne,
Was worth more wealth then all my fathers lands,
Can any griefe of minde be like to this.
*I tell thee *Poull*, when thou didst runne at Tilt,
And stolst away our Ladaies hearts in *France*,
I thought King *Henry* had bene like to thee,
Or else thou hadst not brought me out of *France*.
Suffolke. Madame content your selfe a litle while,
As I was cause of your comming to England,
So will I in England worke your full content:
And as for proud Duke *Humphrey* and his wife,
I haue set lime-twigs that will intangle them,
As that your grace ere long shall vnderstand.
But staie Madame, here comes the King.

Enter King *Henry*, and the Duke of *Yorke* and the Duke of *Somerset* on both sides of the King, whispering with him, and enter Duke *Humphrey*, Dame *Elnor*, the Duke of *Buckingham*, the Earle of *Salsbury*, the Earle of *Warwicke*, and the Cardinall of *VVinchester*.

King. My Lords I care not who be Regent in *France*, or *York*,
or *Somerset*, alls wonne to me.
Yorke. My Lord, if *Yorke* haue ill demeande himselfe,
Let *Somerset* enioy his place and go to *France*.
Somerset. Then whom your grace thinke worthie, let him go,

48 *nere*] Q_1Q_3. *ne're* Q_2.
51 *nor*] Q_1Q_3. *to* Q_2.
54 *takes*] Q_1Q_2. *take* Q_3.
the] Q_1Q_3. om. Q_2.
Queene] Here Q_2 alone inserts *She beares a Dukes whole reuennewes on her backe.*
58 *this.*] Q_1. *this?* Q_2Q_3.
59 *Poull*] Q_1. *Poole* Q_2. *Pole* Q_3.
60 *Ladaies*] Q_1. *ladies* Q_2Q_3.
64 *to*] Q_1Q_2. *into* Q_3.
69 and enter] Q_1Q_2. Then entereth Q_3.
71 *alls*] Q_1Q_2. *all's* Q_3.
wonne] Q_1. *one* Q_2Q_3.
74 *thinke*] Q_1Q_2. *thinkes* Q_3.

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And there be made the Regent ouer the French.
VVarwicke. VVhom soeuer you account worthie,
Yorke is the vvorthiest.
Cardinall. Pease *VVarwicke.* Giue thy betters leaue to speake.
VVar. The Cardinals not my better in the field.
Buc. All in this place are thy betters farre.
VVar. And *Warwicke* may liue to be the best of all.
Queene. My Lord in mine opinion, it vvere best that *Somerset* vvere Regent ouer *France.*
Humphrey. Madame onr *King* is old inough himselfe,
To giue his ansvvere vvithout your consent.
Queene. If he be old inough, vvhat needs your grace
To be Protector ouer him so long.
**Humphrey.* Madame I am but Protector ouer the land,
And when it please his grace, I will resigne my charge.
Suffolke. Resigne it then, for since that thou wast *King,*
As who is King but thee. The common state
Doth as we see, all wholly go to wracke,
And Millions of treasure hath bene spent,
And as for the Regentship of *France,*
I say *Somerset* is more worthie then *Yorke.*
Yorke. Ile tell thee *Suffolke* why I am not worthie,
Because I cannot flatter as thou canst.
War. And yet the worthie deeds that *York* hath done,
Should make him worthie to be honoured here.
Suffolke. Peace headstrong *VVarwicke.*
VVar. Image of pride, wherefore should I peace?
Suffolke. Because here is a man accusde of Treason,
Pray God the Duke of *Yorke* do cleare himselfe.
Ho, bring hither the Armourer and his man.

Enter the Armourer and his man.

If it please your grace, this fellow here, hath accused his maister of high Treason, And his words were these.
That the Duke of *Yorke* was lawfull heire vnto the Crowne, and that your grace was an vsurper.
Yorke. I beseech your grace let him haue what punishment the the law will afford, for his villany.
King. Come hether fellow, didst thou speake these words?

78 *Pease*] Q_1. *Peace* Q_2Q_3.
79 *Cardinals*] Q_1. *Cardinal's* Q_2. *Cardnal's* Q_3.
81 *the best*] Q_1Q_2. *best* Q_3.
84 *onr*] Q_1. *our* Q_2Q_3.
86 *old*] Q_1Q_3. *bold* Q_2.
88 *ouer*] Q_1Q_2. *ore* Q_3.
90 *that thou wast*] *thou wast a* Q_3.
91 *thee.*] Q_1. *thee?* Q_2. *thee:* Q_3.
95 *then*] Q_1Q_3. *than* Q_2.
109, 110 *the the*] Q_1. *the* Q_2Q_3.

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Armour. Ant shall please your Maiestie, I neuer said any such matter, God is my vvitnesse, I am falsly accused by this villain
Peter. Tis no matter for that, you did say so. (here.
Yorke. I beseech your grace, let him haue the lavv.
Armour. Alasse my Lord, hang me if euer I spake the vvords, my accuser is my prentise, & vvhen I did correct him for his fault the other day, he did vovv upon his knees that he vvould be euen vvith me, I haue good vvitnesse of this, and therefore I beseech your Maiestie do not cast avvay an honest man for a villaines accusation.
King. Vnckle *Gloster*, vvhat do you thinke of this?
**Humphrey.* The lavv my Lord is this by case, it rests suspitious,
That a day of combat be appointed,
And there to trie each others right or vvrong,
Which shall be on the thirtith of this month,
With *Eben* staues, and *Standbags* combatting
In Smythfield, before your Royall Maiestie.
Exet Humphrey.
Armour. And I accept the Combat vvillingly.
Peter. Alasse my Lord, I am not able to fight.
Suffolke. You must either fight sirra or else be hangde:
Go take them hence againe to prison. *Exet* vvith them.

The Queene lets fall her gloue, and hits the Duches of *Gloster*, a boxe on the eare.

Queene. Giue me my gloue. Why Minion can you not see?
She strikes her.
I cry you mercy Madame, I did mistake,
I did not thinke it had bene you.
Elnor. Did you not proud French-vvoman,
Could *I* come neare your daintie vissage vvith my nayles.
*I*de set my ten commandments in your face.
King. Be patient gentle Aunt.
It vvas against her vvill.
Elnor. Against her vvill. Good King sheele dandle thee,
If thou vvilt alvvaies thus be rulde by her.
But let it rest. As sure as *I* do liue,

112 *Ant*] Q_1. *An't* Q_2Q_3.
116 *my Lord*] Q_1Q_2. *master* Q_3.
the words] Q_1Q_3. *these words* Q_2.
120 *Maiestie*] Q_1. *maiesty* Q_2. *worship* Q_3.
126 *Which...month*] Omitted in Q_3.
127 *Standbags*] Q_1Q_2. *Sandbags* Q_3.
130 *to fight*] Q_1Q_2. *for to fight* Q_3.
132 *them*] Q_1Q_3. *him* Q_2.
136 *French-woman,*] Q_1Q_2. *French-woman?* Q_3.
141 *will.*] Q_1Q_3. *will!* Q_2.

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She shall not strike dame *Elnor* vnreuengde.

Exet Elnor.

King. Beleeue me my loue, thou vvart much to blame,
I vvould not for a thousand pounds of gold,
My noble vnckle had bene here in place.

Enter Duke *Humphrey.*

But see vvhere he comes, *I* am glad he met her not.
Vnckle *Gloster*, vvhat ansvvere makes your grace
Concerning our Regent for the Realme of *France*,
Whom thinks your grace is meetest for to send.

**Humphrey.* My gratious Lord, then this is my resolue,
For that these words the Armourer should speake,
Doth breed suspition on the part of *Yorke*,
Let *Somerset* be Regent ouer the French,
Till trials made, and *Yorke* may cleare himselfe.

King. Then be it so my Lord of *Somerset.*
We make your grace Regent ouer the French,
And to defend our rights gainst forraine foes,
And so do good vnto the Realme of *France.*
Make hast my Lord, tis time that you were gone,
The time of Truse I thinke is full expirde.

Somerset. I humbly thanke your royall Maiestie,
And take my leaue to poste with speed to *France.*

Exet Somerset.

King. Come vnckle *Gloster*, now lets haue our horse,
For we will to Saint Albones presently,
Madame your Hawke they say, is swift of flight,
And we will trie how she will flie to day. *Exet omnes.*

Enter *Elnor*, with sir *Iohn Hum*, *Koger Bullenbrooke* a Coniurer, and *Margery Iourdaine* a Witch. [Sc. IV.]

Elnor. Here sir *Iohn*, take this scrole of paper here,
Wherein is writ the questions you shall aske,
And I will stand vpon this Tower here,
And here the spirit what it saies to you,
And to my questions, write the answeres downe.

She goes vp to the Tower.

145 *vart*] Q_1. *wert* Q_2Q_3.
to blame] Q_1. *too blame* Q_2Q_3.
153 *should*] Q_1Q_3. *doth* Q_2.
155 *ouer*] Q_1Q_2. *ore* Q_3.
156 *trials*] Q_1Q_3. *trial's* Q_2.
159 *rights gainst*] Q_1Q_2. *right 'gainst* Q_3.
165 *lets*] Q_1Q_2. *let's* Q_3.
168 Exet] Q_1. exeunt Q_2. Exit Q_3.
Elnor] Q_1Q_2. Elanor Q_3.
Koger] Q_1. Roger Q_2Q_3.
4 *here*] Q_1. *heare* Q_2Q_3.

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Sir Iohn. Now sirs begin and cast your spels about,
And charme the fiendes for to obey your wils,
And tell Dame *Elnor* of the thing she askes.
Witch. Then *Roger Bullinbrooke* about thy taske,
And frame a Cirkle here vpon the earth,
Whilst I thereon all prostrate on my face,
Do talke and whisper with the diuels be low,
And coniure them for to obey my will.
She lies downe vpon her face.
*Bullenbrooke makes a Cirkle.
Bullen. Darke Night, dread Night, the silence of the Night,
Wherein the Furies maske in hellish troupes,
Send vp I charge you from *Sosetus* lake,
The spirit *Askalon* to come to me,
To pierce the bowels of this Centricke earth,
And hither come in twinkling of an eye,
Askalon, Assenda, Assenda.
It thunders and lightens, and then the spirit riseth vp.
Spirit. Now *Bullenbrooke* what wouldst thou haue me do?
Bullen. First of the King, what shall become of him?
Spirit. The Duke yet liues that *Henry* shall depose,
But him out liue, and dye a violent death.
Bullen. What fate awayt the Duke of *Suffolke.*
Spirit. By water shall he die and take his ende.
Bullen. What shall betide the Duke of *Somerset*?
Spirit. Let him shun Castles, safer shall he be vpon the sandie plaines, then where Castles mounted stand.
Now question me no more, for I must hence againe.
He sinkes downe againe.
Bullen. Then downe I say, vnto the damned poule.
Where Pluto in his firie Waggon sits.
Ryding amidst the singde and parched smoakes,
The Rode of *Dytas* by the Riuer Stykes,
There howle and burne for euer in those flames,
Rise *Iordaine* rise, and staie thy charming Spels.
Sonnes, we are betraide.

12 *be low*] Q_1. *below* Q_2Q_3.
20 *Assenda, Assenda*] Q_1Q_3. *Ascenda, Ascenda* Q_2.
24 *But*] Q_1Q_3. *Yet* Q_2.
out liue] Q_1Q_2. *out-liue* Q_3.
25 *awayt*] Q_1. *awaits* Q_2. *awaites* Q_3.
Suffolke.] Q_1Q_3. *Suffolke?* Q_2.
26 *shall he*] Q_1Q_3. *he shall* Q_2.
29 *then*] Q_1Q_3. om. Q_2.
31 *poule*] Q_1. *poole* Q_2Q_3.
34 *Stykes*] *Stix* Q_3.
37 *Sonnes*] Q_1Q_2. *Zounds* Q_3.

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Enter the Duke of *Yorke*, and the Duke of *Buckingham*, and others.

Yorke. Come sirs, laie hands on them, and bind them sure,
This time was well watcht. What Madame are you there?
This will be great credit for your husband,
That your are plotting Treasons thus with Cuniurers,
The King shall haue notice of this thing.

Exet Elnor aboue.

Buc. See here my Lord what the diuell hath writ.

Yorke. Giue it me my Lord, Ile show it to the King.
*Go sirs, see them fast lockt in prison.

Exet with them.

Bucking. My Lord, I pray you let me go post vnto the King,
Vnto S. Albones, to tell this newes.

Yorke. Content. Away then, about it straight.

Buck. Farewell my Lord.

Exet Buckingham.

Yorke. Whose within there?

Enter one.

One. My Lord.

Yorke. Sirrha, go will the Earles of Salsbury and Warwicke, to sup with me to night. *Exet* Yorke.

One. I will my Lord.

Exet.

Enter the King and Queene with her Hawke on her fist, [ACT II. SC. I.] and Duke *Humphrey* and *Suffolke*, and the *Cardinall*, as if they came from hawking.

Queene. My Lord, how did your grace like this last flight?
But as *I* cast her off the winde did rise,
And twas ten to one, old Ione had not gone out.

King. How wonderfull the Lords workes are on earth,
Euen in these silly creatures of his hands,
Vnckle Gloster, how hie your Hawke did sore?
And on a sodaine soust the Partridge downe.

Suffolke. No maruell if it please your Maiestie
My Lord Protectors Hawke done towre so well,
He knowes his maister loues to be aloft.

41 *your*] Q_1. *you* Q_2Q_3.
Cuniurers] Q_1. *Coniurers* Q_2Q_3.
42 *notice*] Q_1Q_3. *a notice* Q_2.
47 *S.*] Q_1Q_3. *Saint* Q_2.
50 *Whose*] Q_1Q_3. *Who's* Q_2.
52 *Earles*] Q_1Q_3. *Earle* Q_2.
5 *silly*] Q_1Q_3. *seely* Q_2.
6 *sore?*] Q_1. *soare*, Q_2. *sore*, Q_3.
7 *soust*] Q_1. *sowst* Q_2. *souc'd* Q_3.
9 *Hawke*] Q_1. *hawke* Q_2. *hawkes* Q_3.
done] Q_1. *doe* Q_2. *do* Q_3.
10 *He...aloft*] Q_1Q_3. *They know their master sores a Faulcons pitch* Q_3.

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Humphrey. Faith my Lord, it is but a base minde
That can sore no higher then a Falkons pitch.

Card. I thought your grace would be aboue the cloudes.

Humph. I my Lord Cardinall, were it not good
Your grace could flie to heauen.

Card. Thy heauen is on earth, thy words and thoughts beat
a Crowne, proude Protector dangerous Peere, to smooth it t
with King and common-wealth.

Humphrey. How now my Lord, why this is more then need:
Church-men so hote. Good vnckle can you doate.

Suffolke. Why not Hauing so good a quarrell & so bad a cause.

**Humphrey.* As how, my Lord?

Suffolke. As you, my Lord. And it like your Lordly
Lords Protectorship.

Humphrey. Why Suffolke, England knowes thy insolence.

Queene. And thy ambition Gloster.

King. Cease gentle Queene, and whet not on these furious Lordes to wrath, for blessed are the peace-makers on earth.

Card. Let me be blessed for the peace I make,
Against this proud Protector with my sword.

Humphrey. Faith holy vnckle, I would it were come to that.

Cardinall. Euen when thou darest.

Humphrey. Dare. I tell rhee Priest, Plantagenets could neuer brooke the dare.

Card. *I* am Plantagenet as well as thou, and sonne to Iohn of Gaunt.

Humph. In Bastardie.

Cardin. I scorne thy words.

Humph. Make vp no factious numbers, but euen in thine own person meete me at the East end of the groue.

Card. Heres my hand, I will.

King. Why how now Lords?

Card. Faith Cousin Gloster, had not your man cast off so soone, we had had more sport to day, Come with thy swoord and buckler.

11 *it is*] Q_1Q_2. *it 's* Q_3.
12 *That...pitch*] Q_1Q_2 (*soare* Q_2). *That sores no higher then a bird can sore* Q_3.
14 *I*] Q_1Q_3. *Yea* Q_2.
15 *flie*] Q_1. *flie* Q_2. *fly* Q_3.
18 *common-wealth*] *Gommonwealth* Q_3.
20 *hote.*] Q_1. *hote!* Q_2. *hot?* Q_3.
doate.] Q_1. *dote?* Q_2. *do 't* Q_3.
21 *not Hauing...cause.*] Q_1. *not? hauing ...cause.* Q_2. *not, hauing...cause?* Q_3.
23 *it like*] Q_1Q_2. *t'like* Q_3.
33 *darest*] Q_1Q_2. *dar'st* Q_3.
34 *Dare.*] Q_1. *Dare!* Q_2. *Dare:* Q_3. *rhee*] Q_1. *thee* Q_2Q_3.
36 *Plantagenet*] Q_1Q_3. *Plantaganet* Q_2.
42 *Heres*] Q_1Q_2. *Here 's* Q_3.

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umphrey. Faith Priest, Ile shaue your Crowne.
ardinall. Protector, protect thy selfe well.
Yorke. King. The wind growes high, so doth your chollour Lords.
This time Enter one crying, A miracle, a miracle.
This willw now, now sirrha, what miracle is it?
That yo *One.* And it please your grace, there is a man that came blinde
The Kir to S. Albones, and hath receiued his sight at his shrine.
King. Goe fetch him hither, that wee may glorifie the Lord
Buc with him.
Yo Enter the Maior of Saint Albones and his brethren with
*Go Musicke, bearing the man that had bene blind,
betweene two in a chaire.
King. Thou happie man, giue God eternall praise,
Vn *For he it is, that thus hath helped thee.
Humphrey. Where wast thou borne?
Poore man. At *Barwicke* sir, in the North.
Humph. At *Barwicke*, and come thus far for helpe.
Poore man. I sir, it was told me in my sleepe,
That sweet saint Albones, should giue me my sight againe.
Humphrey. What art thou lame too?
Poore man. I indeed sir, God helpe me.
Humphrey. How cam'st thou lame?
Poore man. With falling off on a plum-tree.
Humph. Wart thou blind & wold clime plumtrees?
Poore man. Neuer but once sir in all my life,
My wife did long for plums.
Humph. But tell me, wart thou borne blinde?
Poore man. *I* truly sir.
Woman. I indeed sir, he was borne blinde.
Humphrey. What art thou his mother?
VVoman. His wife sir.
Humphrey. Hadst thou bene his mother,
Thou couldst haue better told.
Why let me see, I thinke thou canst not see yet.

47 *Faith*] Q_1Q_2. *Gods mother* Q_3.
49 *chollour*] Q_1. *color* Q_2. *choller* Q_3.
A miracle, a miracle.] Q_1Q_2. a myracle. Q_3.
50 *How now,*] Q_1. *How now!* Q_2. *How now?* Q_3.
52 *S.*] Q_1Q_2. *saint* Q_3.
his shrine] Q_1Q_2. *the shrine* Q_3.
53 *hither*] Q_1Q_2. *hether* Q_3.
57 Humphrey. *Where...borne?*] Q_1Q_2.
Continued to 'King' in Q_3.
58 *sir*] Q_1Q_2. *please your Maiesty* Q_3.
59 *helpe.*] Q_1Q_3. *help?* Q_2.
60 *I sir*] Q_1Q_3. *Yea sir* Q_2.
62 *art thou*] Q_1Q_2. *are* Q_3.
63, 70, 71 *I*] Q_1Q_3. *Yea* Q_2.
65 *on*] Q_1Q_2. om. Q_3.
66 *Wart*] Q_1Q_2. *Wert* Q_3.
69 *wart*] Q_1Q_2. *wert* Q_3.
72 *thou his*] Q_1Q_3. *thou, his* Q_2.

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Poore man. Yes truly maister, as cleare as day.
Humphrey. Saist thou so. What colours his cloake?
Poore man. Why red maister, as red as blood.
Humphrey. And his cloake?
Poore man. Why thats greene.
Humphrey. And what colours his hose?
Poore man. Yellow maister, yellow as gold.
Humphrey. And what colours my gowne?
Poore man. Blacke sir, as blacke as Ieat.
King. Then belike he knowes what colour Ieat is on.
Suffolke. And yet *I* thinke Ieat did he neuer see.
Humph. But cloakes and gownes ere this day many a one.
But tell me sirrha, whats my name?
Poore man. Alasse maister I know not.
Humphrey. Whats his name?
Poore man. *I* know not.
Humphrey. Nor his?
**Poore man.* No truly sir.
Humphrey Nor his name?
Poore man No indeed maister.
Humphrey Whats thine owne name?
Poore man. *Sander*, and it please you maister.
Humphrey. Then Sander sit there, the lyingest knaue in Christendom. If thou hadst bene born blind, thou mightest aswell haue knowne all our names, as thus to name the seuerall colours we doo weare. Sight may distinguish of colours, but sodeinly to nominate them all, it is impossible. My Lords, saint Albones here hath done a Miracle, and would you not thinke his cunning to be great, that could restore this Cripple to his legs againe.
Poore man. Oh maister I would you could.
Humphrey. My Maisters of saint Albones,
Haue you not Beadles in your Towne.
And things called whippes?
Mayor. Yes my Lord, if it please your grace.
Humph. Then send for one presently.
Mayor. Sirrha, go fetch the Beadle hither straight.
Exet one.
Humph. Now fetch me a stoole hither by and by.

78 *so.*] Q_1. *so!* Q_2. *so:* Q_3.
78, 82 *colours*] Q_1. *colour's* Q_2Q_3.
79 *Why red*] Q_1Q_2. *Red* Q_3.
81 *thats*] Q_1Q_2. *that's* Q_3.
84 *colours*] Q_1Q_2. *colour's* Q_3.
87 *yet*] Q_1Q_3. om. Q_2.
89 *whats*] Q_1. *what's* Q_2Q_3.
91 *Whats*] Q_1Q_3. *What's* Q_2.
97 *Whats*] Q_1Q_3. *What's* Q_2.
100 *mightest*] Q_1. *mightst* Q_2Q_3.
103 *saint*] Q_1Q_2. *S.* Q_3.
105 *againe.*] Q_1Q_3. *againe?* Q_2.
107 *saint*] Q_1Q_2. *S.* Q_3.

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Now sirrha, If you meane to saue your selfe from whipping,
Leape me ouer this stoole and runne away.

Enter Beadle.

Poore man. Alasse maister I am not able to stand alone,
You go about to torture me in vaine.

Humph. Well sir, we must haue you finde your legges.
Sirrha Beadle, whip him till he leape ouer that same stoole.

Beadle. I will my Lord, come on sirrha, off with your doublet quickly.

Poore man. Alas maister what shall *I* do, I am not able to stand.

After the Beadle hath hit him one girke, he leapes ouer the stoole and runnes away, and they run after him, crying, A miracle, a miracle.

Hump. A miracle, a miracle, let him be taken againe, & whipt through euery Market Towne til he comes at Barwicke where he was borne.

Mayor. It shall be done my Lord. *Exet* Mayor.

**Suffolke.* My Lord Protector hath done wonders to day,
He hath made the blinde to see, and halt to go.

Humph. I but you did greater wonders, when you made whole Dukedoms flie in a day.
Witnesse *France.*

King. Haue done I say, and let me here no more of that.

Enter the Duke of *Buckingham.*

What newes brings Duke Humprey of Buckingham?

Buck. Ill newes for some my Lord, and this it is,
That proud dame Elnor our Protectors wife,
Hath plotted Treasons gainst the King and Peeres,
By vvichcrafts, sorceries, and cuniurings,
Who by such meanes did raise a spirit vp,
To tell her what hap should betide the state,
But ere they had finisht their diuellish drift,
By Yorke and my selfe they were all surprisde,
And heres the answere the diuel did make to them.

King. First of the King, what shall become of him?

Reads. The Duke yet liues, that Henry shal depose,
Yet him out liue, and die a violent death.
Gods will be done in all.
What fate awaits the Duke of Suffolke?
By water shall he die and take his end.

122 *do,*] Q_1Q_3. *do?* Q_2.
girke] Q_1Q_2. ierke Q_3.
128 *halt*] Q_1Q_3. *the halt* Q_2.
129 *I*] Q_1Q_3. *Yea* Q_2.
132 *here*] Q_1. *heare* Q_2Q_3.
133 *Humprey*] Q_1. *Humphrey* Q_2. *Humfrey* Q_3.
137 *cuniurings*] Q_1. *coniurings* Q_2Q_3.
145 *out liue*] Q_1Q_2. *out-liue* Q_3.

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Suffolke. By water must the Duke of Suffolke die?
It must be so, or else the diuel doth lie.
King. Let Somerset shun Castles,
For safer shall he be vpon the sandie plaines,
Then where Castles mounted stand.
Card. Heres good stuffe, how novv my Lord Protector
This newes I thinke hath turnde your weapons point,
I am in doubt youle scarsly keepe your promise.
Humphrey. Forbeare ambitious Prelate to vrge my griefe,
And pardon me my gratious Soueraigne,
For here I svveare vnto your Maiestie,
That I am guiltlesse of these hainous crimes
Which my ambitious vvife hath falsly done,
And for she vvould betraie her soueraigne Lord,
I here renounce her from my bed and boord,
*And leaue her open for the lavv to iudge,
Vnlesse she cleare her selfe of this foule deed.
King. Come my Lords this night vveele lodge in S. Albones,
And to morrovv vve vvill ride to London,
And trie the vtmost of these Treasons forth,
Come vnckle Gloster along vvith vs,
My mind doth tell me thou art innocent.
Exet omnes.

Enter the Duke of *Yorke*, and the Earles of *Salsbury* and *VVarwicke.* [Sc. II.]

Yorke. My Lords our simple supper ended, thus,
Let me reueale vnto your honours here,
The right and title of the house of Yorke,
To Englands Crovvne by liniall desent.
VVar. Then Yorke begin, and if thy claime be good,
The Neuils are thy subiects to command.
Yorke. Then thus my Lords.
Edward the third had seuen sonnes,
The first vvas Edvvard the blacke Prince,
Prince of Wales.
The second vvas Edmund of Langly,
Duke of Yorke.
The third vvas Lyonell Duke of Clarence.

149 *die?*] Q_1Q_3. *die:* Q_2.
154 *Protector*] Q_1. *protector?* Q_2. *Protector*, Q_3.
170 Exet] Q_1. exeunt Q_2. Exit Q_3.
1 *ended, thus,*] Q_1. *ended, thus* Q_2. *ended thus*, Q_3.
11—27 *The second...third*] See note (III).

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The fourth vvas Iohn of Gaunt,
The Duke of Lancaster.
The fifth vvas Roger Mortemor, Earle of March.
The sixt vvas sir Thomas of Woodstocke.
William of Winsore vvas the seuenth and last.
Novv, Edvvard the blacke Prince he died before his father, and left behinde him Richard, that aftervvards vvas King, Crovvnde by the name of Richard the second, and he died vvithout an heire.
Edmund of Langly Duke of Yorke died, and left behind him tvvo daughters, Anne and Elinor.
Lyonell Duke of Clarence died, and left behinde Alice, Anne, and Elinor, that vvas after married to my father, and by her I claime the Crovvne, as the true heire to Lyonell Duke *of Clarence, the third sonne to Edward the third. Now sir. In the time of Richards raigne, Henry of Bullingbrooke, sonne and heire to Iohn of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancanster fourth sonne to Edward the third, he claimde the Crowne, deposde the Merthfull King, and as both you know, in Pomphret Castle harmelesse Richard was shamefully murthered, and so by Richards death came the house of Lancaster vnto the Crowne.

Sals. Sauing your tale my Lord, as I haue heard, in the raigne of Bullenbrooke, the Duke of Yorke did claime the Crowne, and but for Owin Glendor, had bene King.

Yorke. True. But so it fortuned then, by meanes of that monstrous rebel Glendor, the noble Duke of York was done to death, and so euer since the heires of Iohn of Gaunt haue possessed the Crowne. But if the issue of the elder should sucseed before the issue of the yonger, then am I lawfull heire vnto the kingdome.

VVarwicke. What plaine proceedings can be more plaine, hee claimes it from Lyonel Duke of Clarence, the third sonne to Edward the third, and Henry from Iohn of Gaunt the fourth sonne. So that till Lyonels issue failes, his should not raigne. It failes not yet, but florisheth in thee & in thy sons, braue slips of such a stock. Then noble father, kneele we both togither, and in this priuate place, be we the first to honor him with birthright to the Crown.

Both. Long liue Richard Englands royall King.

Yorke. I thanke you both. But Lords I am not your King, vntil this sword be sheathed euen in the hart blood of the house of Lancaster.

27 *Now sir. In the time*] Q_1Q_3. *Now sir, in time* Q_2.
28 *Bullingbrooke*] Q_1Q_3. *Bullenbrooke* Q_2.
29 *Lancanster*] Q_1. *Lancaster* Q_2Q_3.
31 *both you*] Q_1Q_3. *you both* Q_2.
36 *Owin Glendor*] Q_1. *Owen Glendor* Q_2. *Owen Glendour* Q_3.
38 *done*] *putte* Q_3.
40 *sucseed*] Q_1. *succeed* Q_2Q_3.
42 *plaine*] Q_1Q_2. om. Q_3. *plaine,*] Q_1. *plaine?* Q_2. *plain,* Q_3.

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Warr. Then Yorke aduise thy selfe and take thy time,
Claime thou the Crowne, and set thy standard vp,
And in the same aduance the milke-white Rose,
And then to gard it, will I rouse the Beare,
Inuiron'd with ten thousand Ragged-staues
To aide and helpe thee for to win thy right,
Maugre the proudest Lord of Henries blood,
That dares deny the right and claime of Yorke,
For why my minde presageth I shall liue
To see the noble Duke of Yorke to be a King.

Yorke. Thanks noble Warwicke, and Yorke doth hope to see,
The Earle of Warwicke liue, to be the greatest man in England,
*but the King. Come lets goe.

Exet omnes.

Enter King *Henry*, and the Queene, Duke *Humphrey*, the Duke of *Suffolke*, and the Duke of *Buckingham*, the *Cardinall*, and Dame *Elnor Cobham*, led with the Officers, and then enter to them the Duke of *Yorke*, and the Earles of *Salsbury* and *Warwicke*. [Sc. III.]

King. Stand foorth Dame Elnor Cobham Duches of Gloster, and here the sentence pronounced against thee for these Treasons, that thou hast committed gainst vs, our States and Peeres.

First for thy hainous crimes, thou shalt two daies in London do penance barefoote in the streetes, with a white sheete about thy bodie, and a waxe Taper burning in thy hand. That done, thou shalt be banished for euer into the Ile of Man, there to ende thy wretched daies, and this is our sentence erreuocable. Away with her.

Elnor. Euen to my death, for I haue liued too long.

Exet some with *Elnor.*

King. Greeue not noble vncle, but be thou glad,
In that these Treasons thus are come to light,
Least God had pourde his vengeance on thy head,
For her offences that thou heldst so deare.

Humph. Oh gratious *Henry*, giue me leaue awhile,
To leaue your grace, and to depart away,

56 *gard*] Q_1. *guard* Q_2Q_3.
will I] Q_1Q_3. *I wil* Q_2.
59 *Lord*] Q_1Q_3. *lords* Q_2.
61 *why my*] Q_1. *why, my* Q_2Q_3.
65 Exet] Q_1. exeunt Q_2. Exit Q_3.
1 *foorth*] Q_1. *forth* Q_2Q_3.
2 *here*] Q_1. *heare* Q_2Q_3.
3 *States*] Q_1Q_3. *State* Q_2.
4 *crimes*] Q_1Q_3. *crime* Q_2.
8 *erreuocable*] Q_1. *irreuocable* Q_2Q_3.
10 Exet] Q_1. exeunt Q_2. Exit Q_3.
13 *Least*] Q_1Q_3. *Lest* Q_2.
15 *awhile*] Q_1Q_3. *a while* Q_2.

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For sorrowes teares hath gripte my aged heart,
And makes the fountaines of mine eyes to swell,
And therefore good my Lord, let me depart.
King. With all my hart good vnkle, when you please,
Yet ere thou goest, *Humphrey* resigne thy staffe,
For Henry will be no more protected,
The Lord shall be my guide both for my land and me.
Humph. My staffe, I noble Henry, my life and all,
My staffe, I yeeld as willing to be thine,
As erst thy noble father made it mine,
And euen as willing at thy feete I leaue it,
As others would ambitiously receiue it,
And long hereafter when I am dead and gone,
*May honourable peace attend thy throne.
King. Vnkle Gloster, stand vp and go in peace,
No lesse beloued of vs, then when
Thou weart Protector ouer my land. *Exet Gloster.*
Queene. Take vp the staffe, for here it ought to stand,
Where should it be, but in King Henries hand?
Yorke. Please it your Maiestie, this is the day
That was appointed for the combating
Betweene the Armourer and his man, my Lord,
And they are readie when your grace doth please.
King. Then call them forth, that they may trie their rightes.

Enter at one doore the Armourer and his neighbours, drinking to him so much that he is drunken, and he enters with a drum before him, and his staffe with a sand-bag fastened to it, and at the other doore, his man with a drum and sand-bagge, and Prentises drinking to him.

1. *Neighbor.* Here neighbor Hornor, I drink to you in a cup of
And feare not neighbor, you shall do well inough. (*Sacke.*
2. *Neigh.* And here neighbor, heres a cup of Charneco.
3. *Neigh.* Heres a pot of good double beere, neighbor drinke
And be merry, and feare not your man.
Armourer. Let it come, yfaith ile pledge you all,
And a figge for Peter.

20 *hart*] Q_1Q_3. *heart* Q_2.
24 *I*] Q_1Q_3. *yea* Q_2.
25 *My staffe.....thine*] Q_1Q_3. Omitted in Q_2.
26 *erst*] Q_1Q_2. *ere* Q_3.
33 *weart*] Q_1. *wert* Q_2Q_c.
my] Q_1Q_2. *this my* Q_3.
41 *Hornor*] Q_1. *Horner* Q_2Q_3.
41, 42 *Here...inough*] As in Q_1Q_2. Prose in Q_3.
43 *heres*] Q_1Q_3. *here's* Q_2.
44 *Heres*] Q_1Q_3. *here's* Q_2.

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1. *Prentise.* Here Peter I drinke to thee, and be not affeard.
2. *Pren.* Here Peter, heres a pinte of Claret-wine for thee.
3. *Pren.* And heres a quart for me, and be merry Peter,
And feare not thy maister, fight for credit of the Prentises.
Peter. I thanke you all, but ile drinke no more,
Here Robin, and if I die, here I giue thee my hammer,
And Will, thou shalt haue my aperne, and here Tom,
Take all the mony that I haue.
O Lord blesse me, I pray God, for I am neuer able to deale with my maister, he hath learnt so much fence alreadie.
Salb. Come leaue your drinking, and fall to blowes.
Sirrha, whats thy name?
Pettr. Peter forsooth.
Salbury. Peter, what more?
**Peter.* *Thumpe.*
Salsbury. Thumpe, then see that thou thumpe thy maister.
Armour. Heres to thee neighbour, fill all the pots again, for before we fight, looke you, I will tell you my minde, for I am come hither as it were of my mans instigation, to proue my selfe an honest man, and Peter a knaue, and so haue at you Peter with downright blowes, as Beuys of Southampton fell vpon Askapart.
Peter. Law you now, I told you hees in his fence alreadie.
Alarmes, and Peter hits him on the head and fels him.
Armou. Hold Peter, I confesse, Treason, treason. He dies.
Peter. O God I giue thee praise. He kneeles downe.
Pren. Ho well done Peter. God saue the King.
King. Go take hence that Traitor from our sight,
For by his death we do perceiue his guilt,
And God in iustice hath reuealde to vs,
The truth and innocence of this poore fellow,
Which he had thought to haue murthered wrongfully.
Come fellow, follow vs for thy reward. *Exet omnis.*

Enter Duke *Humphrey* and his men, in mourning cloakes. [Sc. IV.]

Humph Sirrha, whats a clocke?
Seruing. Almost ten my Lord.

48 *affeard*] Q_1Q_2. *affraid* Q_3.
49, 50 *heres*] Q_1Q_2. *here 's* Q_3.
55 *all the*] Q_1Q_3. *all my* Q_2.
57 *learnt*] Q_1. *learnd* Q_2. *learn'd* Q_3.
58 Salb.] Q_1. Salsb. Q_2. Salis. Q_3.
59 *whats*] Q_1Q_3. *what's* Q_3.
61 Salbury.] Q_1. Salsb. Q_2. Sals. Q_3.
63 Salsbury.] Q_1. Salsb. Q_2. Sals. Q_3.
64 *Heres*] Q_1. *Here* Q_2. *Here's* Q_3.
66 *my mans*] Q_1Q_3. *mans* Q_2.
69 *hees*] Q_1Q_3. *hee 's* Q_3.
Alarmes, and] Q_1. Alarme: and Q_2. Alarmes, Q_3.
78 Exet omnis.] Q_1. exeunt omnes. Q_2. Exit omnes. Q_3.
1 *whats*] Q_1. *what 's* Q_2Q_3.

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Humph. Then is that wofull houre hard at hand,
That my poore Lady should come by this way,
In shamefull penance wandring in the streetes,
Sweete Nell, ill can thy noble minde abrooke,
The abiect people gazing on thy face,
With enuious lookes laughing at thy shame,
That earst did follow thy proud Chariot wheeles,
When thou didst ride in tryumph through the streetes.

Enter Dame *Elnor Cobham* bare-foote, and a white sheete about her, with a waxe candle in her hand, and verses written on her backe and pind on, and accompanied with the Sheriffes of London, and Sir *Iohn Standly*, and Officers, with billes and holbards.

Seruing. My gratious Lord, see where my Lady comes,
Please it your grace, weele take her from the Sheriffes?

**Humph.* I charge you for your liues stir not a foote,
Nor offer once to draw a weapon here,
But let them do their office as they should.

Elnor. Come you my Lord to see my open shame?
Ah Gloster, now thou doest penance too,
See how the giddie people looke at thee,
Shaking their heads, and pointing at thee heere,
Go get thee gone, and hide thee from their sights,
And in thy pent vp studie rue my shame,
And ban thine enemies. Ah mine and thine.

Hum. Ah Nell, sweet Nell, forget this extreme grief,
And beare it patiently to ease thy heart.

Elnor. Ah Gloster teach me to forget my selfe,
For whilst I thinke I am thy wedded wife,
Then thought of this, doth kill my wofull heart.
The ruthlesse flints do cut my tender feete,
And when I start the cruell people laugh,
And bids me be aduised how I tread,
And thus with burning Tapor in my hand,
Malde vp in shame with papers on my backe,
Ah, Gloster, can I endure this and liue.
Sometime ile say I am Duke *Humphreys* wife,
And he a Prince, Protector of the land,
But so he rulde, and such a Prince he was,
As he stood by, whilst I his forelorne Duches

17 *doest*] Q_1Q_3. *dost* Q_2.
27 *Then*] Q_1Q_2. *The* Q_3.
33 *liue.*] Q_1. *liue?* Q_2Q_3.

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Was set with stones, and made a laughing stocke
To every idle rascall follower.
Eleanor. My lovely Neil, what wouldst thou have me do?
Should I attempt to pocket sins from shame,
I should incurre the danger of the law.
And my disgrace would not be manifest.
Elean. Be not mild, nor take me as thy disgrace.
Think me the eie of Greece hung over thy head,
As surely sure it will. For suffolke he,
The new made Duke, that rules the King & all,
Were but that wrong him, & all hates to see
And impious Pride and Envie that haue Power,
Haue all Iayne bayes to betrape thy wings,
And fly with how thou can they will entangle thee.

Enter a Herald of Armes.

Herald. I summon your Grace, from his highnesse Parliament holden at saint Edwards-bury, the first of the next month.
Humphrey. A Parliament and our comming never craude
Therein before. This is sodaine.
Well, we will be there.

Exit Herald.

Maister Sheriffe, I pray proceede no further against my Lady, then the course of law extendes.
Sheriffe. Please it your grace, my office here doth end.
And I must deliver her to sir Iohn Stanley.
To be conducted into the Ile of Man.
Humphrey. Must you sir *Iohn* conduct my Lady?
Stanley. I my gratious Lord, for so it is decreede.
And I am so commanded by the King.
Humph. I pray you sir Iohn, vse her neare the worse,
In that I intreat you to vse her well.
The world may waxe againe and I may live.
To do you fauour if you do it her,
And so sir Iohn farewell.
Elean. What gone my Lord, and bid not me farwell.
Humph. Witnesse my bleeding heart, I cannot stay to speake.

Exit Humphrey and his men.

39 *rascall*] Q_1Q_2 *rascall* Q_3
45 *ouer*] Q_1Q_2 *ore* Q_3
51 *can*] Q_1Q_2 *canst* Q_3
52 *saint*] Q_1Q_2 *S.* Q_3
55 *This is sodaine.*] Q_1Q_2 *This is—* Q_3
60 *Stanly*] Q_1Q_2 *Stanly* Q_3
63 *I my*] Q_1Q_2 *Yes my* Q_3
65 *neare*] Q_1 *nere* Q_2Q_3
70 *What gone*] Q_1Q_2 *What? gone* Q_3
not me] *me not* Halliwell.
farwell.] Q_1 *farewell?* Q_2 *farewel* Q_3

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Elnor. Then is he gone, is noble Gloster gone,
And doth Duke Humphrey now forsake me too?
Then let me haste from out faire Englands boundes,
Come Standly come, and let vs haste away.
Standly. Madam lets go vnto some house hereby,
Where you may shift your selfe before we go.
Elnor. Ah good sir Iohn, my shame cannot be hid,
Nor put away with casting off my sheete:
But come let vs go, maister Sheriffe farewell,
Thou hast but done thy office as thou shoulst.

Exet omnes.

Enter to the Parlament. [ACT III. SCENE I.]

Enter two Heralds before, then the Duke of *Buckingham*, and the *Duke of *Suffolke*, and then the Duke of *Yorke*, and the *Cardinall of VVinchester*, and then the King and the Queene, and then the Earle of *Salisbury*, and the Earle of *VVarwicke*.

King. I wonder our vnkle Gloster staies so long.
Queene. Can you not see, or will you not perceiue,
How that ambitious Duke doth vse himselfe?
The time hath bene, but now that time is past,
That none so humble as Duke Humphrey was:
But now let one meete him euen in the morne,
When euery one will giue the time of day,
And he will neither moue nor speake to vs.
See you not how the Commons follow him
In troupes, crying, God saue the good Duke Humphrey,
And with long life, Iesus preserue his grace,
Honouring him as if he were their King.
Gloster is no litle man in England,
And if he list to stir commotions,
Tys likely that the people will follow him.
My Lord, if you imagine there is no such thing,
Then let it passe, and call it a womans feare.
My Lord of Suffolke, Buckingham, and Yorke,
Disproue my Alligations if you can,

76 *lets*] Q_1Q_2. *let's* Q_3.
hereby] Q_1. *here by* Q_2. *heereby* Q_3.
81 *shoulst*] Q_1. *shouldst* Q_2Q_3.
Exet] Q_1. exeunt Q_2. Exit Q_3.
Parlament] Q_1Q_2. Parliament Q_3.
and the Duke] Q_1Q_2. the Duke Q_3.
the Queene] Q_1Q_3. Queene Q_2.
2 *see,*] Q_1Q_2. *see?* Q_3.
4 *that*] Q_1Q_2. *the* Q_3.
8 *And*] Q_1Q_2. *Yet* Q_3.
9 *how*] Q_1Q_3. om. Q_2.
11 *And...grace*] Q_1Q_2. Omitted in Q_3.
12 *their*] Q_1Q_2. *a* Q_3.
17 *call it*] Q_1Q_2. *call't* Q_3.
19 *Alligations*] Q_1. *allegations* Q_2Q_3.

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And by your speeches, if you can reproue me,
I will subscribe and say, I wrong'd the Duke.
Suffol. Well hath your grace foreseen into that Duke,
And if I had bene licenst first to speake,
I thinke I should haue told your graces tale.
Smooth runs the brooke whereas the streame is deepest.
No, no, my soueraigne, Gloster is a man
Vnsounded yet, and full of deepe deceit.

Enter the Duke of *Somerset.*

King. Welcome Lord Somerset, what newes from France?
Somer. Cold newes my Lord, and this it is,
That all your holds and Townes within those Territores
Is ouercome my Lord, all is lost.
**King.* Cold newes indeed Lord Somerset,
But Gods will be done.
Yorke. Cold newes for me, for I had hope of France,
Euen as I haue of fertill England.

Enter Duke *Humphrey.*

Hum. Pardon my liege, that I haue staid so long.
Suffol. Nay, Gloster know, that thou art come too soone,
Vnlesse thou proue more loyall then thou art,
We do arrest thee on high treason here.
Humph. Why Suffolkes Duke thou shalt not see me blush
Nor change my countenance for thine arrest,
Whereof am I guiltie, who are my accusers?
York. Tis thought my lord, your grace tooke bribes from France,
And stopt the soldiers of their paie,
By which his Maiestie hath lost all France.
Humph. Is it but thought so, and who are they that thinke so?
So God helpe me, as I haue watcht the night
Euer intending good for England still,
That penie that euer I tooke from France,
Be brought against me at the iudgement day.
I neuer robd the soldiers of their paie,
Many a pound of mine owne propper cost
Haue I sent ouer for the soldiers wants,
Because I would not racke the needie Commons.
Car. In your Protectorship you did deuise

30 *Territores*] Q_1. *Territories* Q_2Q_3.
42 *am I*] Q_1Q_2. *I am* Q_3.
45 *By*] Q_1Q_2. *Through* Q_3.
46 *so,*] Q_1Q_2. *so?* Q_3.
47 *helpe me*] Q_1. *help me* Q_2. *me helpe* Q_3.

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Strange torments for offendors, by which meanes
England hath bene defamde by tyrannie.
Hum. Why tis wel knowne that whilst I was protector
Pitie was all the fault that was in me,
A murtherer or foule felonous theefe,
That robs and murthers silly passengers,
I tortord aboue the rate of common law.
Suffolk. Tush my Lord, these be things of no account,
But greater matters are laid vnto your charge,
I do arrest thee on high treason here,
And commit thee to my good Lord Cardinall,
Vntill such time as thou canst cleare thy selfe.
King. Good vnkle obey to his arrest,
*I haue no doubt but thou shalt cleare thy selfe,
My conscience tels me thou art innocent.
Hump. Ah gratious Henry these daies are dangerous,
And would my death might end these miseries,
And staie their moodes for good King Henries sake,
But I am made the Prologue to their plaie,
And thousands more must follow after me,
That dreads not yet their liues destruction.
Suffolkes hatefull tongue blabs his harts malice,
Bewfords firie eyes showes his enuious minde,
Buckinghams proud lookes bewraies his cruel thoughts,
And dogged Yorke that leuels at the Moone
Whose ouerweening arme *I* haue held backe.
All you haue ioynd to betraie me thus:
And you my gratious Lady and soueraigne mistresse,
Causelesse haue laid complaints vpon my head,
I shall not want false witnesses inough,
That so amongst you, you may haue my life.
The Prouerbe no doubt will be well performde,
A staffe is quickly found to beate a dog.
Suffolke. Doth he not twit our soueraigne Lady here,
As if that she with ignomious wrong,
Had sobornde or hired some to sweare against his life.
Queene. I but I can giue the loser leaue to speake.
Humph. Far truer spoke then ment, I loose indeed,

56 *offendors*] Q_1Q_2. *offenders* Q_3.
60 *felonous*] Q_1. *felonious* Q_2Q_3.
61 *silly*] Q_1Q_3. *seely* Q_2.
62 *tortord*] Q_1. *torturd* Q_2Q_3.
77 *harts*] Q_1. *hearts* Q_2Q_3.
85 *inough*] Q_1. *inow* Q_2. *enough* Q_3.
87 *well*] Q_1Q_2. om. Q_3.
90 *ignomious*] Q_1. *ignominious* Q_2Q_3.
91 *sobornde*] Q_1. *subornd* Q_2. *suborn'd* Q_3.
life.] Q_1Q_3. *life?* Q_2.
92 *I but*] Q_1. *Yea but* Q_2. *But* Q_3.

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Beshrovv the vvinners hearts, they plaie me false.
Buck. Hele vvrest the sence and keep vs here all day,
My Lord of Winchester, see him sent avvay.
Car. Who's vvithin there? Take in Duke Humphrey,
And see him garded sure vvithin my house.
Humph. O! thus King Henry casts avvay his crouch,
Before his legs can beare his bodie vp,
And puts his vvatchfull shepheard from his side,
Whilst vvolues stand snarring vvho shall bite him first.
Farvvell my soueraigne, long maist thou enioy,
Thy fathers happie daies free from annoy.
Exet Humphrey, vvith the *Cardinals* men.
King. My Lords what to your vvisdoms shal seem best,
*Do and vndo as if our selfe were here.
Queen. What wil your highnesse leaue the Parlament?
King. I Margaret. My heart is kild with griefe,
Where I may sit and sigh in endlesse mone,
For who's a Traitor, Gloster he is none.
Exet King, Salsbury, and *V Varwicke.*
Queene. Then sit we downe againe my Lord Cardinall,
Suffolke, Buckingham, Yorke, and Somerset.
Let vs consult of proud Duke Humphries fall.
In mine opinion it were good he dide,
For safetie of our King and Common-wealth.
Suffolke. And so thinke *I* Madame, for as you know,
If our King Henry had shooke hands with death,
Duke Humphrey then would looke to be our King:
And it may be by pollicie he workes,
To bring to passe the thing which now we doubt,
The Foxe barkes not when he would steale the Lambe,
But if we take him ere he do the deed,
We should not question if that he should liue.
No. Let him die, in that he is a Foxe,
Least that in liuing he offend vs more.
Car. Then let him die before the Commons know,
For feare that they do rise in Armes for him.
Yorke. Then do it sodainly my Lords.
Suffol. Let that be my Lord Cardinals charge & mine.
Car. Agreed, for hee's already kept within my house.
Enter a Messenger.
Queene. How now sirrha, what newes?

94 *Beshrovv*] Q_1. *Beshrew* Q_2Q_3.
108 *I*] Q_1Q_3. *Yea* Q_2.
110 *Traitor,*] Q_1Q_3. *traitor?* Q_2.
124, 125 *No...more*] Given to 'Yorke' in Q_3.
125 *Least*] Q_1Q_3. *Lest* Q_2.

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Messen. Madame I bring you newes from Ireland,
The wilde Onele my Lords, is vp in Armes,
With troupes of Irish Kernes that vncontrold,
Doth plant themselues within the English pale.
Queene. What redresse shal we haue for this my Lords?
Yorke. Twere very good that my Lord of *S*omerset
That fortunate Champion were sent ouer,
And burnes and spoiles the Country as they goe.
*To keepe in awe the stubborne Irishmen,
He did so much good when he was in France.
Somer. Had Yorke bene there with all his far fetcht
Pollices, he might haue lost as much as I.
Yorke. I, for Yorke would haue lost his life before
That France should haue reuolted from Englands rule.
Somer. I so thou might'st, and yet haue gouernd worse then I.
York. What worse then nought, then a shame take all.
Somer. Shame on thy selfe, that wisheth shame.
Queene. Somerset forbeare, good Yorke be patient,
And do thou take in hand to crosse the seas,
With troupes of Armed men to quell the pride
Of those ambitious Irish that rebell.
Yorke. Well Madame sith your grace is so content,
Let me haue some bands of chosen soldiers,
And Yorke shall trie his fortune against those kernes.
Queene. Yorke thou shalt. My Lord of Buckingham,
Let it be your charge to muster vp such souldiers
As shall suffise him in these needfull warres.
Buck. Madame I will, and leauie such a band
As soone shall ouercome those Irish Rebels,
But Yorke, where shall those soldiers staie for thee?
Yorke. At Bristow, I wil expect them ten daies hence.
Buc. Then thither shall they come, and so farewell.
Exet Buckingham.
Yorke. Adieu my Lord of Buckingham.

133 *Lords*] Q_1Q_3. *lord* Q_2.
134 *Kernes that vncontrold,*] Q_1Q_2. *Kernes, that vncontrolde* Q_3.
135 *Doth*] Q_1Q_3. *Do* Q_2.
After this line, Q_2 and Q_3 insert line 139.
137 *very*] Q_1Q_2. om. Q_3.
139 *burnes and spoiles*] Q_1Q_3. *burne and spoile* Q_2. See note to line 135.
143 *Pollices*] Q_1. *Pollicies* Q_2Q_3.
144, 146 *I*] Q_1Q_3. *Yea* Q_2.
145 *France*] Q_1Q_3. om. Q_2.
147 *What worse then nought,*] Q_1Q_2. *What, worse then naught?* Q_3.
155 *fortune against*] Q_1. *fortune gainst* Q_2. *fortunes 'gainst* Q_3.
156 *shalt. My*] Q_1Q_3. *shalt, my* Q_2.
159 *leauie*] Q_1. *leuie* Q_2Q_3.
162 *I wil*] Q_1. *I will* Q_2. *I'le* Q_3.

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Queene. Suffolke remember what you haue to do.
And you Lord Cardinall concerning Duke Humphrey,
Twere good that you did see to it in time,
Come let vs go, that it may be performde.

Exet omnis, Manit Yorke.

York. Now York bethink thy self and rowse thee vp,
Take time whilst it is offered thee so faire,
Least when thou wouldst, thou canst it not attaine,
Twas men I lackt, and now they giue them me,
And now whilst I am busie in Ireland,
I haue seduste a headstrong Kentishman,
Iohn Cade of Ashford,
*Vnder the title of Iohn Mortemer,
To raise commotion, and by that meanes
I shall perceiue how the common people
Do affect the claime and house of Yorke,
Then if he haue successe in his affaires,
From Ireland then comes Yorke againe,
To reape the haruest which that coystrill sowed,
Now if he should be taken and condemd,
Heele nere confesse that I did set him on,
And therefore ere I go ile send him word,
To put in practise and to gather head,
That so soone as I am gone he may begin
To rise in Armes with troupes of country swaines,
To helpe him to performe this enterprise.
And then Duke Humphrey, he well made away,
None then can stop the light to Englands Crowne,
But Yorke can tame and headlong pull them downe.

Exet Yorke.

Then the Curtaines being drawne, Duke *Humphrey* is discouered [Sc. II.] in his bed, and two men lying on his brest and smothering him in his bed. And then enter the Duke of *Suffolke* to them.

Suffolk. How now sirs, what haue you dispatcht him?

One. I my Lord, hees dead I warrant you.

Suffolke. Then see the cloathes laid smooth about him still,
That when the King comes, he may perceiue

167 *Twere*] Q_1Q_2. *T'were* Q_3.
168 Exet...] Q_1. exeunt omnes, manet Yorke. Q_2. Exit omnes, Manet Yorke. Q_3.
171 *Least*] Q_1Q_2. *Lest* Q_3.
it not] Q_1Q_2. *not it* Q_3.
172 *Twas*] Q_1Q_2. *T'was* Q_3.
176 *Iohn Mortemer,*] Q_1. *Sir Iohn Mortimer,* Q_2. *Iohn Mortimer, (For he is like him euery kinde of way)* Q_3.
2 *I*] Q_1Q_2. *Yea* Q_3.
hees] Q_1. *he is* Q_2. *hee's* Q_3.

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No other, but that he dide of his owne accord.
2. All things is hansome now my Lord.
Suffolke. Then draw the Curtaines againe and get you gone,
And you shall haue your firme reward anon.
Exet murtherers.

Then enter the King and Queene, the Duke of *Buckingham*, and the Duke of *Somerset*, and the Cardinall.

King. My Lord of Suffolke go call our vnkle Gloster,
Tell him this day we will that he do cleare himselfe.
Suffolke. I will my Lord. *Exet Suffolke.*
(Gloster,
King. And good my Lords proceed no further against our vnkle
*Then by iust proofe you can affirme,
For as the sucking childe or harmlesse lambe,
So is he innocent of treason to our state.
Enter *Suffolke.*
How now Suffolke, where's our vnkle?
Suffolke. Dead in his bed, my Lord Gloster is dead.
The King falles in a sound.
Queen. Ay-me, the King is dead: help, help, my Lords.
Suffolke. Comfort my Lord, gratious Henry comfort.
Kin. What doth my Lord of Suffolk bid me comfort?
Came he euen now to sing a Rauens note,
And thinkes he that the cherping of a Wren,
By crying comfort through a hollow voice,
Can satisfie my griefes, or ease my heart:
Thou balefull messenger out of my sight,
For euen in thine eye-bals murther sits,
Yet do not goe. Come Basaliske
And kill the silly gazer with thy lookes.
Queene. Why do you rate my Lord of Suffolke thus,
As if that he had causde Duke Humphreys death?
The Duke and I too, you know were enemies,
And you had best say that I did murther him.
King. Ah woe is me, for wretched Glosters death.
Queene. Be woe for me more wretched then he was,

6 *hansome*] Q_1Q_2. *handsome* Q_3.
8 Exet murtherers.] Q_1. exeunt murderers. Q_2. Exit murtherers. Q_3.
Then enter...] Q_1Q_2. · Enter... Q_3.
12 *against*] Q_1Q_2. *'gainst* Q_3.
Gloster] Q_1Q_2. om. Q_3.
17 *Lord Gloster is*] Q_1. *Lord, Gloster is* Q_2. *Lord of Glosters* Q_3.
sound.] Q_1Q_3. swoone. Q_2.
24 *heart:*] Q_1. *heart?* Q_2Q_3.
25 *messenger out*] Q_1Q_3. *messenger, out* Q_2.
26 *thine*] Q_1Q_3. *thy* Q_2.
27 *Basaliske*] Q_1Q_3. *Basiliske* Q_3.
28 *silly*] Q_1. *seely* Q_2. om. Q_3.
32 *you had*] Q_1Q_3. *y' had* Q_3.

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What doest thou turne away and hide thy face?
I am no loathsome leoper looke on me,
Was I for this nigh wrackt vpon the sea,
And thrise by aukward winds driuen back from Englands bounds.
What might it bode, but that well foretelling
Winds, said, seeke not a scorpions neast.

Enter the Earles of *Warwicke* and *Salisbury*.

War. My Lord, the Commons like an angrie hiue of bees,
Run vp and downe, caring not whom they sting,
For good Duke Humphreys death, whom they report
To be murthered by Suffolke and the Cardinall here.

King. That he is dead good Warwick, is too true,
But how he died God knowes, not Henry.

War. Enter his priuie chamber my Lord and view the bodie.
*Good father staie you with the rude multitude, till I returne.

Salb. I will sonne. *Exet Salbury.*

VVarwicke drawes the curtaines and showes Duke *Humphrey* in his bed.

King. Ah vnkle Gloster, heauen receiue thy soule.
Farewell poore Henries ioy, now thou art gone.

VVar. Now by his soule that tooke our shape vpon him,
To free vs from his fathers dreadfull curse,
I am resolu'd that violent hands were laid,
Vpon the life of this thrise famous Duke.

Suffolk. A dreadfull oth sworne with a solemne toong,
What instance giues Lord Warwicke for these words?

VVar. Oft haue I seene a timely parted ghost,
Of ashie semblance, pale and bloodlesse,
But loe the blood is setled in his face,
More better coloured then when he liu'd,
His well proportioned beard made rough and sterne,
His fingers spred abroad as one that grapst for life,
Yet was by strength surprisde, the least of these are probable,
It cannot chuse but he was murthered.

Queene. Suffolke and the Cardinall had him in charge,
And they *I* trust sir, are no murtherers.

VVar. I, but twas well knowne they were not his friends,

35 *doest*] Q_1. *dost* Q_2Q_3.
36 *leoper*] Q_1. *leaper* Q_2Q_3.
37 *nigh*] Q_1Q_3. *nie* Q_2.
sea,] Q_1Q_3. *sea?* Q_2.
38 *bounds.*] Q_1Q_2. *bounds?* Q_3.
41 *angrie*] Q_1. *angry* Q_2. *hungry* Q_3.
43 *Duke*] Q_1Q_3. om. Q_2.
49 Salbury] Q_1. Salsbury Q_2. Salisbury Q_3.
55 *thrise*] Q_1. om. Q_2. *thrice* Q_3.
56 *toong*] Q_1. *tongue* Q_2Q_3 (and passim).
60 *his*] Q_1Q_3. *the* Q_2.
62 *proportioned*] Q_1Q_2. *proportion'd* Q_3.
65 *chuse*] Q_1Q_2. *choose* Q_3.
68 *I*] Q_1Q_3. *Yea* Q_2.
twas] Q_1Q_2. *tis* Q_3.

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And tis well seene he found some enemies.
Card. But haue you no greater proofes then these?
VVar. Who sees a hefer dead and bleeding fresh,
And sees hard-by a butcher with an axe,
But will suspect twas he that made the slaughter?
Who findes the partridge in the puttocks neast,
But will imagine how the bird came there,
Although the kyte soare with vnbloodie beake?
Euen so suspitious is this Tragidie.
Queene. Are you the kyte Bewford, where's your talants?
Is Suffolke the butcher, where's his knife?
Suffolke. I weare no knife to slaughter sleeping men,
But heres a vengefull sword rusted with case,
That shall be scoured in his rankorous heart,
That slanders me with murthers crimson badge,
*Say if thou dare, proud Lord of Warwickshire,
That I am guiltie in Duke Humphreys death.
Exet Cardinall.
VVar. What dares not Warwicke, if false Suffolke dare him?
Queene. He dares not calme his contumelious spirit,
Nor cease to be an arrogant controwler,
Though Suffolk dare him twentie hundreth times.
VVar. Madame be still, with reuerence may I say it,
That euery word you speake in his defence,
Is slaunder to your royall Maiestie.
Suffolke. Blunt witted Lord, ignoble in thy words,
If euer Lady wronged her Lord so much,
Thy mother tooke vnto her blamefull bed,
Some sterne vntutred churle, and noble stocke
Was graft with crabtree slip, whose frute thou art,
And neuer of the Neuels noble race.
VVar. But that the guilt of murther bucklers thee,
And I should rob the deaths man of his fee,
Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,
And that my soueraignes presence makes me mute,
I would false murtherous coward on thy knees
Make thee craue pardon for thy passed speech,

70 *you*] Q_1Q_2. *ye* Q_3.
71 *hefer*] Q_1. *heifer* Q_2. *heyfer* Q_3.
72 *hard-by*] Q_1. *hard by* Q_2Q_3.
78 *your talants*] Q_1Q_2. *his talents* Q_3.
81 *But heres*] Q_1Q_2. *Yet here 's* Q_3.
case] Q_1. *ease* Q_2Q_3.
82 *rankorous*] Q_1. *rancarous* Q_2. *rancorous* Q_3.
89 *hundreth*] Q_1Q_2. *hundred* Q_3.
90 *be*] Q_1Q_3. *be ye* Q_2.
96 *vntutred*] Q_1Q_3. *vntutor'd* Q_3.
100 *deaths man*] Q_1Q_2. *deathsman* Q_3.

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And say it was thy mother that thou meants,
That thou thy selfe was borne in bastardie,
And after all this fearefull homage done,
Giue thee thy hire and send thy soule to hell,
Pernitious blood-sucker of sleeping men.

Suffol. Thou shouldst be waking whilst I shead thy blood,
If from this presence thou dare go with me.

VVar. Away euen now, or I will drag thee hence.

Warwicke puls him out.

Exet Warwicke and *Suffolke*, and then all the Commons within, cries, downe with *Suffolke*, downe with *Suffolk*. And then enter againe, the Duke of *Suffolke* and *VVarwicke*, with their weapons drawne.

King. Why how now Lords?

Suf. The Traitorous Warwicke with the men of Berry,
Set all vpon me mightie soueraigne i

*The Commons againe cries, downe with *Suffolke*, downe with *Suffolke*. And then enter from them, the Earle of *Salbury*.

Salb. My Lord, the Commons sends you word by me,
The vnlesse false Suffolke here be done to death,
Or banished faire Englands Territories,
That they will erre from your highnesse person,
They say by him the good Duke Humphrey died,
They say by him they feare the ruine of the realme.
And therefore if you loue your subiects weale,
They wish you to banish him from foorth the land.

Suf. Indeed tis like the Commons rude vnpolisht hinds
Would send such message to their soueraigne,
But you my Lord were glad to be imployd,
To trie how quaint an Orator you were,
But all the honour Salsbury hath got,
Is, that he was the Lord Embassador
Sent from a sort of Tinkers to the King.

The Commons cries, an answere from the King, my Lord of *Salsbury*.

King. Good Salsbury go backe againe to them,
Tell them we thanke them all for their louing care,

105 *meants*] Q_1. *meantst* Q_2Q_3.
108 *thy soule*] Q_1Q_2. *thee downe* Q_3.
115 *soueraigne i*] Q_1. *soueraigne*, Q_2Q_3.
Salbury.] Q_1. Salisbury. Q_2. Salisburie. Q_3.
116 Salb.] Q_1. Salsb. Q_2. Salisb. Q_3.
117 *The*] Q_1. *That* Q_2Q_3.
123 *foorth*] Q_1. *forth* Q_2Q_3.
132 *all for*] Q_1Q_2. *for all* Q_3.
louing] Q_1Q_2. *kinde* Q_3.

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And had I not bene cited thus by their meanes,
My selfe had done it. Therefore here I sweare,
If Suffolke be found to breathe in any place,
Where I haue rule, but three daies more, he dies.

Exet Salisbury.

Queene. Oh Henry, reuerse the doome of gentle Suffolkes banishment.

King. Vngentle Queene to call him gentle Suffolke,
Speake not for him, for in England he shall not rest,
If I say, I may relent, but if I sweare, it is erreuocable.
Come good Warwicke and go thou in with me,
For I haue great matters to impart to thee.

Exet King and *VVarwicke*, *Manet* Queene and *Suffolke.*

Queene. Hell fire and vengeance go along with you,
Theres two of you, the diuell make the third.
*Fie womanish man, canst thou not curse thine enemies?

Suffolke. A plague vpon them, wherefore should *I* curse them?
Could curses kill as do the Mandrakes groanes,
I would inuent as many bitter termes
Deliuered strongly through my fixed teeth,
With twise so many signes of deadly hate,
As leaue fast enuy in her loathsome caue,
My toong should stumble in mine earnest words,
Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint,
My haire be fixt on end, as one distraught,
And euery ioynt should seeme to curse and ban,
And now me-thinks my burthened hart would breake,
Should *I* not curse them. Poison be their drinke,
Gall worse then gall, the daintiest thing they taste.
Their sweetest shade a groue of sypris trees.
Their softest tuch as smart as lyzards stings.
Their musicke frightfull, like the serpents hys.
And boding scrike-oules make the consort full.
All the foule terrors in darke seated hell.

Queene. Inough sweete Suffolke, thou torments thy selfe.

Suffolke. You bad me ban, and will you bid me sease?
Now by this ground that I am banisht from,

133 *I not*] Q_1Q_3. *not I* Q_2.
140 *erreuocable*] Q_1. *irreuocable* Q_2Q_3.
141 *good*] Q_1Q_3. om. Q_2.
144 *Theres*] Q_1Q_3. *There's* Q_2.
151 *leaue fast*] Q_1. *leane facde* Q_2. *leane fac'd* Q_3.
156 *breake,*] Q_1Q_3. *breaks.* Q_2.
159 *sypris*] Q_1Q_2. *cypresse* Q_3.
162 *scrike-oules*] Q_1. *scrike-owles* Q_2. *scritch-owles* Q_3.
164 *torments*] Q_1Q_3. *tormentst* Q_2.
165 *sease*] Q_1. *cease* Q_2Q_3.

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Well could I curse away a winters night,
And standing naked on a mountaine top,
Where byting cold would neuer let grasse grow,
And thinke it but a minute spent in sport.
Queene. No more. Sweete *Suffolke* hie thee hence to *France*,
Or liue where thou wilt vvithin this vvorldes globe,
Ile haue an Irish that shall finde thee out,
And long thou shalt not staie, but ile haue thee repelde,
Or venture to be banished my selfe.
Oh let this kisse be printed in thy hand,
That when thou seest it, thou maist thinke on me.
Avvay, I say, that I may feele my griefe,
For it is nothing vvhilst thou standest here.
Suffolke. Thus is poore *Suffolke* ten times banished,
Once by the King, but three times thrise by thee.

Enter *Vavse.*

**Queene.* Hovv novv, vvhither goes Vavvse so fast?
Vavse. To signifie vnto his Maiestie,
That Cardinall Bevvford is at point of death,
Sometimes he raues and cries as he vvere madde,
Sometimes he cals vpon Duke Humphries Ghost,
And vvhispers to his pillovv as to him,
And sometime he calles to speake vnto the King,
And I am going to certifie vnto his grace,
That euen novv he cald aloude for him.
Queene. Go then good Vavvse and certifie the King.

Exet Vavse.

Oh vvhat is vvorldly pompe, all men must die,
And vvoe am I for Bevvfords heauie ende.
But vvhy mourne I for him, vvhilst thou art here?
Svveete Suffolke hie thee hence to France,
For if the King do come, thou sure must die.
Suff. And if I go I cannot liue: but here to die,
What vvere it else, but like a pleasant slumber
In thy lap?
Here could I, could I, breath my soule into the aire,
As milde and gentle as the nevv borne babe,
That dies vvith mothers dugge betvveene his lips,
Where from thy sight I should be raging madde,

173 *shall*] Q_1Q_2. *shalt* Q_3.
175 *venture*] Q_1Q_2. *venter* Q_3.
188 *sometime*] Q_1Q_2. *sometimes* Q_3.
192 *pompe,*] Q_1Q_2. *pomp!* Q_3.
198, 199. *What...lap?*] As in Q_1Q_2. One line in Q_3.
200 *could I, could I, breath*] Q_1Q_2 (*breeath* Q_2). *could I breathe* Q_3.
203 *thy sight*] Q_1Q_2. *my sight* Q_3.

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And call for thee to close mine eyes,
Or vvith thy lips to stop my dying soule,
That *I* might breathe it so into thy bodie,
And then it liu'd in svveete Elyziam,
By thee to die, vvere but to die in ieast,
From thee to die, vvere torment more then death,
O let me staie, befall, vvhat may befall.

Queen. Oh mightst thou staie vvith safetie of thy life,
Then shouldst thou staie, but heauens deny it,
And therefore go, but hope ere long to be repelde.

Suff. *I* goe.

Queene. And take my heart vvith thee.

She kisseth him.

Suff. A ievvell lockt into the vvofulst caske,
That euer yet containde a thing of vvoorth,
*Thus like a splitted barke so sunder we.
This way fall I to death. *Exet Suffolke.*

Queene. This way for me. *Exet Queene.* [Sc. III.]

Enter King and *Salsbury*, and then the Curtaines be drawne, and the Cardinall is discouered in his bed, rauing and staring as if he were madde.

Car. Oh death, if thou wilt let me liue but one whole yeare,
Ile giue thee as much gold as will purchase such another Iland.

King. Oh see my Lord of *S*alsbury how he is troubled,
Lord Cardinall, remember Christ must saue thy soule.

Car. Why died he not in his bed?
What would you haue me to do then?
Can I make men liue whether they will or no?
*S*irra, go fetch me the strong poison which the Pothicary sent me.
Oh see where Duke Humphreys ghoast doth stand,
And stares me in the face. Looke, looke, coame downe his haire,
*S*o now hees gone againe: Oh, oh, oh.

Sal. See how the panges of death doth gripe his heart.

King. Lord Cardinall, if thou diest assured of heauenly blisse,
Hold vp thy hand and make some signe to vs.

The Cardinall dies.

Oh see he dies, and makes no signe at all.
Oh God forgiue his soule.

Salb. So bad an ende did neuer none behold,
But as his death, so was his life in all.

4 *saue*] Q_1Q_3. *haue* Q_2.
8 *strong*] Q_1Q_3. om. Q_2.
10 *coame*] Q_1Q_3. *combe* Q_2.
11 *hees*] Q_1Q_3. *hee 's* Q_2.
14 The Cardinall] Car. Q_3.

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King. Forbeare to iudge, good Salsbury forbeare,
For God will iudge vs all.
Go take him hence, and see his funerals be performde.
Exet omnes.

[ACT IV. SCENE I.]

Alarmes within, and the chambers be discharged, like as it were a fight at sea. And then enter the Captaine of the ship and the Maister, and the Maisters Mate, & the Duke of Suffolke disguised, and others with him, and Water Whickmore.

Cap. Bring forward these prisoners that scorn'd to yeeld,
Vnlade their goods with speed and sincke their ship,
Here Maister, this prisoner I giue to you.
*This other, the Maisters Mate shall haue,
And Water Whickmore thou shalt haue this man,
And let them paie their ransomes ere they passe.
Suffolke. Water! He starteth.
Water. How now, what doest feare me?
Thou shalt haue better cause anon.
Suf. It is thy name affrights me, not thy selfe,
I do remember well, a cunning Wyssard told me,
That by Water I should die:
Yet let not that make thee bloudie minded.
Thy name being rightly sounded,
Is Gualter, not Water.
VVater. Gualter or Water, als one to me,
I am the man must bring thee to thy death.
Suf. I am a Gentleman looke on my Ring,
Ransome me at what thou wilt, it shalbe paid.
VVater. I lost mine eye in boording of the ship,
And therefore ere I marchantlike sell blood for gold,
Then cast me headlong downe into the sea.
2. *Priso.* But what shall our ransomes be?
Mai. A hundreth pounds a piece, either paie that or die.
2. *Priso.* Then saue our liues, it shall be paid.
VVater. Come sirrha, thy life shall be the ransome
I will haue.

21 *be*] Q_1Q_2. om. Q_3.
Exet] Q_1. exeunt Q_2. Exit Q_3.
Whickmore] Q_1Q_2. Whickemore Q_2.
5, 7, 12, 15, 16, 39, 62 *Water*] Q_1Q_2. *Walter* Q_3.
6 *ransomes*] Q_1Q_2. *ransome* Q_3.
8 Water] Q_1Q_2. Walter Q_2.
doest] Q_1. *doest thou* Q_2. *dost* Q_3.
16, 20 Water] Q_1. Walter Q_2Q_3.
16 *als one*] Q_1. *all's on* Q_2. *al's one* Q_3.
19 *shalbe*] Q_1. *shall be* Q_2Q_3.
24 *hundreth*] Q_1Q_2. *hundred* Q_3.
26 Water] Q_1Q_2. Walter Q_2.
26, 27 *Come...haue*] As in Q_1Q_2. One line in Q_3.

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Suff. Staie villaine, thy prisoner is a Prince,
The Duke of Suffolke, William de la Poull.
Cap. The Duke of Suffolke folded vp in rags.
Suf. I sir, but these rags are no part of the Duke,
Ioue sometime went disguisde, and why not I?
Cap. I but Ioue was neuer slaine as thou shalt be.
Suf. Base Iadie groome, King Henries blood
The honourable blood of Lancaster,
Cannot be shead by such a lowly swaine,
I am sent Ambassador for the Queene to France,
I charge thee waffe me crosse the channell safe.
Cap. Ile waffe thee to thy death, go Water take him hence,
And on our long boates side, chop off his head.
Suf. Thou darste not for thine owne.
**Cap.* Yes Poull.
Suffolke. Poull.
Cap. I Poull, puddle, kennell, sinke and durt,
Ile stop that yawning mouth of thine,
Those lips of thine that so oft haue kist the
Queene, shall sweepe the ground, and thou that
Smildste at good Duke Humphreys death,
Shalt liue no longer to infect the earth.
Suffolke. This villain being but Captain of a Pinnais,
Threatens more plagues then mightie Abradas,
The great Masadonian Pyrate,
Thy words addes fury and not remorse in me.
Cap. I but my deeds shall staie thy fury soone.
Suffolke. Hast not thou waited at my Trencher,
When we haue feasted with Queene Margret?
Hast not thou kist thy hand and held my stirrope?
And barehead plodded by my footecloth Mule,
And thought thee happie when I smilde on thee?
This hand hath writ in thy defence,
Then shall I charme thee, hold thy lauish toong.
Cap. Away with him, Water, I say, and off with his hed.
1. *Priso.* Good my Lord, intreat him mildly for your life.
Suffolke. First let this necke stoupe to the axes edge,

29, 42, 43, 44 *Poull*] Q_1. *Poole* Q_2. *Pole* Q_3.
30 *rags.*] Q_1Q_3. *rags?* Q_2.
31, 33, 54 *I*] Q_1Q_3. *Yea* Q_2.
46, 47 *Those...Queene*] As in Q_1Q_3. One line in Q_2.
50 *Pinnais*] Q_1Q_3. *Pinnis* Q_2.
52 *Masadonian*] Q_1. *Macedonian* Q_2Q_3.
56 *Margret*] Q_1. *Margaret* Q_2Q_3.
57 *thy*] Q_1Q_3. *thine* Q_2.
62 *hed*] Q_1. *head* Q_2Q_3.

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Before this knee do bow to any,
Saue to the God of heauen and to my King:
Suffolkes imperiall toong cannot pleade
To such a Iadie groome.
Water. Come, come, why do we let him speake,
I long to haue his head for raunsome of mine eye.
Suffolke. A Swordar and bandeto slaue,
Murthered sweete Tully.
Brutus bastard-hand stabde Iulius Cæsar,
And Suffolke dies by Pyrates on the seas.
Exet Suffolke, and Water.
Cap. Off with his head, and send it to the Queene,
And ransomelesse this prisoner shall go free,
To see it safe deliuered vnto her.
Come lets goe. *Exet omnes.*

*Enter two of the Rebels with long staues. [Sc. II.]

George. Come away Nick, and put a long staffe in thy pike, and prouide thy selfe, for I Can tell thee, they haue been vp this two daies.

Nicke. Then they had more need to go to bed now,
But sirrha George whats the matter?

George. Why sirrha, Iack Cade the Diar of Ashford here,
He meanes to turne this land, and set a new nap on it.

Nick. I marry he had need so, for tis growne threedbare,
Twas neuer merry world with vs, since these gentle men came vp.

George. I warrant thee, thou shalt neuer see a Lord weare a leather aperne now a-daies.

Nick. But sirrha, who comes more beside Iacke Cade?

George. Why theres Dicke the Butcher, and Robin the Sadler, and Will that came a wooing to our Nan last Sunday, and Harry and Tom, and Gregory that should haue your Parnill, and a great sort more is come from Rochester, and from Maydstone, and Canterbury, and all the Townes here abouts, and we must all be Lords or squires, assoone as Iack Cade is King.

Nicke. Harke, harke, I here the Drum, they be comming.

69 Water] Q_1Q_2. Walter Q_3.
speake,] Q_1. *speake?* Q_2Q_3.
71 *bandeto*] Q_1. *bande to* Q_2. *bandetto* Q_3.
73 *bastard-hand*] Q_1Q_2. *bastard hand* Q_3.
74 Water] Q_1Q_2. Walter Q_3.
78 Exet] Q_1. exeunt Q_2. Exit Q_3.
5 *whats*] Q_1Q_2. *what 's* Q_3.
7 *on it*] Q_1Q_2. *on 't* Q_3.
8 *I*] Q_1Q_2. *Yea* Q_3.
9 *gentle men*] Q_1. *gentlemē* Q_2. *Gentlemen* Q_3.
11 *aperne*] *apron* Q_3.
12 *more*] Q_1Q_2. *else* Q_3.
13 *theres*] Q_1Q_2. *there 's* Q_3.
17 *here abouts*] Q_1Q_2. *hereabouts* Q_3.
all be] Q_1. *al be* Q_2. *be al* Q_3.
19 *here*] Q_1. *heare* Q_2Q_3.

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Enter *Iacke Cade, Dicke Butcher, Robin, VVill, Tom, Harry* and the rest, with long staues.

Cade. Proclaime silence.

All. Silence.

Cade. I Iohn Cade so named for my valiancie.

Dicke. Or rather for stealing of a Cade of Sprats.

Cade. My father was a Mortemer.

Nicke. He was an honest man and a good Brick-laier.

Cade. My mother came of the Brases.

VVill. She was a Pedlers daughter indeed, and sold many lases.

Robin. And now being not able to occupie her furd packe, She washeth buckes vp and downe the country.

Cade. Therefore I am honourably borne.

Harry. I for the field is honourable, for he was borne Vnder a hedge, for his father had no house but the Cage.

Cade. I am able to endure much.

George. Thats true, I know he can endure any thing, For I haue seene him whipt two market daies togither.

**Cade.* I feare neither sword nor fire.

VVill. He need not feare the sword, for his coate is of proofe.

Dicke. But mee thinkes he should feare the fire, being so often burnt in the hand, for stealing of sheepe.

Cade. Therefore be braue, for your Captain is braue, and vowes reformation: you shall haue seuen half-penny loaues for a penny, and the three hoopt pot, shall haue ten hoopes, and it shall be felony to drinke small beere, and if I be king, as king I will be.

All. God saue your maiestie.

Cade. I thanke you good people, you shall all eate and drinke of my score, and go all in my liuerie, and weele haue no writing, but the score & the Tally, and there shalbe no lawes but such as comes from my mouth.

Dicke. We shall haue sore lawes then, for he was thrust into the mouth the other day.

George. I and stinking law too, for his breath stinks so, that one cannot abide it.

24 *Mortemer*] Q_1. *Mortimer* Q_2Q_3 (and passim).
25 Nicke] Q_1Q_2. Dicke Q_3.
26 *Brases*] Q_1Q_2. *Lacies* Q_3.
27 VVill.] Q_1. Wil. Q_2. Nicke. Q_3.
30 *honourably*] Q_1Q_3. *honourable* Q_2.
31 *I for*] Q_1. *Yea, for* Q_2. *I* Q_3.
32 *for his*] Q_1Q_2. *because his* Q_3.
no] *no other* Q_3.
34 *Thats*] Q_1Q_2. *That 's* Q_3.
42 *shall be*] Q_1. *shalbe* Q_2Q_3.
43 *and if*] Q_1Q_2. *if* Q_3.
be king] Q_1Q_3. *be the king* Q_2.
46 *weele*] Q_1. *weel* Q_2. *wee'll* Q_3.
47 *shalbe*] Q_1. *shall be* Q_2Q_3.
comes] Q_1Q_2. *come* Q_3.
51 *I*] Q_1Q_3. *Yea* Q_2.

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Enter *VVill* with the Clarke of *Chattam*.

Will. Oh Captaine a pryze.

Cade. Whose that Will?

VVill. The Clarke of *Chattam*, he can write and reade and cast account, I tooke him setting of boyes coppies, and hee has a booke in his pocket with red letters.

Cade. Sonnes, hees a coniurer bring him hither.
Now sir, whats your name?

Clarke. Emanuell sir, and it shall please you.

Dicke. It will go hard with you, I can tell you,
For they vse to write that oth top of letters.

Cade. And what do you vse to write your name?
Or do you as auncient forefathers haue done,
Vse the score and the Tally?

Clarke. Nay, true sir, I praise God I haue bene so well brought vp, that I can write mine owne name.

Cade. Oh hes confest, go hang him with his penny-inckhorne about his necke. *Exet* one with the Clarke.

Enter *Tom.*

Tom. Captaine. Newes, newes, sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother are comming with the kings power, and mean to kil vs all.

**Cade.* Let them come, hees but a knight is he?

Tom. No, no, hees but a knight.

Cade. Why then to equall him, ile make my selfe knight.
Kneele downe Iohn Mortemer,
Rise vp sir Iohn Mortemer.
Is there any more of them that be Knights?

Tom. I his brother.

He Knights *Dicke Butcher.*

Cade. Then kneele downe Dicke Butcher,
Rise vp sir Dicke Butcher.

Now sound vp the Drumme.

54 *Whose*] Q_1Q_2. *Who's* Q_3.
58 *Sonnes*] Q_1. *Soumes* Q_2. *Zounds* Q_3.
hees] Q_1Q_2. *he's* Q_3.
59 *whats*] Q_1Q_2. *what's* Q_3.
60 *you*] Q_1Q_2. *ye* Q_3.
61 *I can tell you*] Q_1Q_2 (*tel* Q_2). *I tell ye* Q_3.
62 *oth*] Q_1. *o'th* Q_2. *ore the* Q_3.
63—65 *And...Tally?*] As in Q_1Q_2. Prose in Q_3.
63 *And what*] Q_1Q_2. *What* Q_3.
you] Q_1Q_2. *ye* Q_3.
66 *true*] Q_1Q_2. *truly* Q_3.
68 *hes*] Q_1. *he has* Q_2Q_3.
penny-inckhorne] Q_1. *penny inckhorne* Q_2. *pen and inkehorne* Q_3.
71 *mean*] Q_1Q_2. *mē* Q_3.
72, 73 *hees*] Q_1Q_2. *he's* Q_3.
78, 88, 95 *I*] Q_1Q_2. *Yea* Q_3.
He...Dicke Butcher] Q_1Q_2. He...him Q_3 (after line 79).
80 Now...drumme] Q_1Q_2. As part of Cade's speech in Q_3.

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Enter sir *Humphrey Stafford* and his brother, with Drumme and souldiers.

Cade. As for these silken coated slaues I passe not a pinne,
Tis to you good people that I speake.

Stafford. Why country-men, what meane you thus in troopes,
To follow this rebellious Traitor Cade?
Why his father was but a Brick-laier.

Cade. Well, and Adam was a Gardner, what then?
But I come of the Mortemers.

Stafford. I, the Duke of Yorke hath taught you that.

Cade. The Duke of York, nay, I learnt it my selfe,
For looke you, Roger Mortemer the Earle of March,
Married the Duke of Clarence daughter.

Stafford. Well, thats true: But what then?

Cade. And by her he had two children at a birth.

Stafford. Thats false.

Cade. I, but I say, tis true.

All. Why then tis true.

Cade. And one of them was stolne away by a begger-woman,
And that was my father, and I am his sonne,
Deny it and you can.

Nicke. Nay looke you, I know twas true,
For his father built a chimney in my fathers house,
And the brickes are aliue at this day to testifie.

Cade. But doest thou heare Stafford, tell the King, that for his fathers sake, in whose time boyes plaide at spanne-counter with Frenche Crownes, I am content that hee shall be King as long *as he liues Marry alwaies prouided, ile be Protector ouer him.

Stafford. O monstrous simplicitie.

Cade. And tell him, weele haue the Lorde Sayes head, and the Duke of Somersets, for deliuering vp the Dukedomes of Anioy and Mayne, and selling the Townes in France, by which meanes England hath bene maimde euer since, and gone as it were with a crouch, but that my puissance held it vp. And besides, they can speake French, and therefore they are traitors.

Stafford. As how I prethie?

Cade. Why the French men are our enemies be they not?

85 *but*] Q_1Q_2. om. Q_3.
86 *and*] Q_1Q_2. om. Q_3.
92 *thats*] Q_1Q_2. *that's* Q_3.
94 *Thats*] Q_1Q_2. *That's* Q_3.
98 *that*] Q_1Q_2. om. Q_3.
100 *twas*] Q_1Q_2. *was* Q_3.
102 *testifie*] Q_1Q_2. *testifye it* Q_3.
106 *liues*] Q_1. *liues:* Q_2Q_3.
107 *simplicitie.* Q_1. *simplicitie!* Q_2. *simplicity.* Q_3.
108 *weele*] Q_1Q_2. *wee'll* Q_3.
111 *maimde*] Q_1. *maimd* Q_2. *maim'd* Q_3.
112 *crouch*] Q_1Q_2. *crutch* Q_3.
my] Q_1Q_2. *the* Q_3.

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And then can hee that speakes with the tongue of an enemy be a good subiect?
Answere me to that.

Stafford. Well sirrha, wilt thou yeeld thy selfe vnto the Kings mercy, and he will pardon thee and these, their outrages and rebellious deeds?

Cade. Nay, bid the King come to me and he will, and then ile pardon him, or otherwaies ile haue his Crowne tell him, ere it be long.

Stafford. Go Herald, proclaime in all the Kings Townes,
That those that will forsake the Rebell Cade,
Shall haue free pardon from his Maiestie.

Exit Stafford and his men.

Cade. Come sirs, saint George for vs and Kent.

Exit omnes.

Alarums to the battaile, and sir *Humphrey Stafford* and his brother is slaine. Then enter Iacke Cade againe and the rest. [Sc. III.]

Cade. Sir Dicke Butcher, thou hast fought to day most valiantly,
And knockt them down as if thou hadst bin in thy slaughter house.
And thus I will reward thee. The Lent shall be as long againe as it was. Thou shalt haue licence to kil for foure score & one a week.
Drumme strike vp, for now weele march to London, for to morrow I meane to sit in the Kings seate at Westminster.

Exit omnes.

Enter the King reading of a Letter, and the Queene, with the Duke of *Suffolkes* head, and the Lord *Say*, with others. [Sc. IV.]

**King.* Sir *Humphrey Stafford* and his brother is slaine,
And the Rebels march amaine to London,
Go back to them, and tell them thus from me,
Ile come and parley with their generall.

Reade. Yet staie, ile reade the Letter one againe.
Lord Say, Iacke Cade hath solemnely vowde to haue thy head.

Say. I, but I hope your highnesse shall haue his.

120 *will*] Q_1. *wil* Q_2. *wil* Q_3.
128 *saint*] Q_1Q_2. *S.* Q_3.
Exet] Q_1. exeunt Q_2. Exit Q_3.
Alarums] Alarmes Q_3.
the battaile] Q_1. battaile Q_2. the battell Q_3.
and sir] Q_1Q_3. where sir Q_2.
is slaine] Q_1Q_2. are both slaine Q_3.
enter] Q_1. om. Q_2. enters Q_3.
1 *valiantly*] Q_1. *valiantly* Q_2Q_3.
4 *Thou*] Q_1Q_3. *and thou* Q_2.
5, 6 *for to morrow*] Q_1Q_3. *and to morrow* Q_2.
6 Exet] Q_1. exeunt Q_2. Exit Q_3.
5 Reade] Q_1Q_2. om. Q_3.
one] Q_1. *once* Q_2Q_3.
7 *I*] Q_1Q_3. *Yes* Q_2.

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King. How now Madam, still lamenting and mourning for Suffolkes death, I feare my loue, if I had bene dead, thou wouldst not haue mournde so much for me.

Queene. No my loue, I should not mourne, but die for thee.

Enter a Messenger.

Messen. Oh flie my Lord, the Rebels are entered
Southwarke, and haue almost wonne the Bridge,
Calling your grace an vsurper,
And that monstrous Rebell Cade, hath sworne
To Crowne himselfe King in Westminster,
Therefore flie my Lord, and poste to Killingworth.

King. Go bid Buckingham and Clifford, gather
An Army vp, and meete with the Rebels.
Come Madame, let vs haste to Killingworth.
Come on Lord Say, go thou along with vs,
For feare the Rebell Cade do finde thee out.

Say. My innocence my Lord shall pleade for me.
And therfore with your highnesse leaue, ile staie behind.

King. Euen as thou wilt my Lord Say.
Come Madame, let vs go.

Exet omnes.

Enter the Lord *Skayles* vpon the Tower walles walking. [Sc. v.]

Enter three or foure Citizens below.

Lord Scayles. How now, is Iacke Cade slaine?

I. *Citizen.* No my Lord, nor likely to be slaine,
For they haue wonne the bridge,
Killing all those that withstand them.
The Lord Mayor craueth ayde of your honor from the Tower,
To defend the Citie from the Rebels.

Lord Scayles. Such aide as I can spare, you shall command,
*But I am troubled here with them my selfe,
The Rebels haue attempted to win the Tower,
But get you to Smythfield and gather head,
And thither I will send you Mathew Goffe,
Fight for your King, your Country, and your liues,
And so farewell, for I must hence againe.

Exet omnes.

9 *death,*] Q_1Q_2. *death?* Q_3.
12, 13 *Oh...Southwarke*] As in Q_1Q_2. One line in Q_3.
26 Exet omnes] Q_1. exeunt omes Q_2. Exit omnes Q_3.
Lord Skayles] Q_1. Lord Scayles Q_2. Sord Skayles Q_3.
Enter three...] Q_1Q_2. Omitted in Q_3.
11 *I will*] Q_1Q_2. *will I* Q_3.
13 Exet] Q_1. exeunt Q_2. Exit Q_3.

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Enter *Iacke Cade* and the rest, and strikes his sword vpon London stone. [Sc. VI.]

Cade. Now is Mortemer Lord of this Citie,
And now sitting vpon London stone, We command,
That the first yeare of our raigne,
The pissing Cundit run nothing but red wine.
And now hence forward, it shall be treason
For any that calles me any othervvise then
Lord Mortemer.

Enter a souldier.

Sould. Iacke Cade, Iacke Cade.

Cade. Sounes, knocke him dovvne. (They kill him.

Dicke. My Lord, theirs an Army gathered togither
Into Smythfield.

Cade. Come then, lets go fight with them,
But first go on and set London Bridge a fire,
And if you can, burne dovvne the Tovver too.
Come lets avvay. *Exet omnes.*

Alarmes, and then *Mathew Goffe* is slaine, and all the rest vvith him. Then enter *Iacke Cade* a-gain, and his company. [Sc. VII.]

Cade. So, sirs novv go some and pull dovvn the Sauoy,
Others to the Innes of the Court, dovvne vvith them all.

Dicke. I haue a sute vnto your Lordship.

Cade. Be it a Lordship Dicke, and thou shalt haue it
For that vvord.

Dicke. That vve may go burne all the Records,
And that all vvriting may be put dovvne,
And nothing vsde but the score and the Tally.

Cade. Dicke it shall be so, and henceforvvard all things shall be in common, and in Cheapeside shall my palphrey go to grasse. *Why ist not a miserable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb should parchment be made, & then with a litle blotting ouer with inke, a man should vndo himselfe.

Some saies tis the bees that sting, but I say, tis their waxe, for I

5 *hence forward*] Q_1. *henceforth* Q_2. *henceforward* Q_3.
6 *any othervvise*] Q_1Q_2. *otherwise* Q_2.
9 *Sounes*] Q_1. *Zounes* Q_2. *Zounds* Q_3.
10 *Lord*] *Lords* Halliwell.
theirs] Q_1. *theres* Q_2. *Ther's* Q_3.
10, 11. *theirs...Smythfield*] As in Q_1Q_2. As one line in Q_3.
12, 15 *lets*] Q_1Q_2. *let's* Q_3.
13 *a fire*] Q_1Q_2. *on fire* Q_3.
15 Exet] Q_1. exeunt Q_2. Exit Q_3.
1 *some*] Q_1Q_2. om. Q_3.
2 *the Court*] Q_1Q_2. *Court* Q_3.
9 *all things*] Q_1Q_2. *al thing* Q_3.
shall be] Q_1Q_2. *shal be* Q_3.
12 *should parchment*] Q_1Q_2. *parchment should* Q_3.

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am sure I neuer seald to any thing but once, and I was neuer mine owne man since.

Nicke. But when shall we take vp those commodities
Which you told vs of.

Cade. Marry he that will lustily stand to it,
Shall go with me, and take vp these commodities following:
Item, a gowne, a kirtle, a petticoate, and a smocke.

Enter *George.*

George. My Lord, a prize, a prize, heres the Lord Say,
Which sold the Townes in France.

Cade. Come hither thou Say, thou George, thou buckrum lord,
What answere canst thou make vnto my mightinesse,
For deliuering vp the townes in France to Mounsier bus mine cue, the Dolphin of France?
And more then so, thou hast most traitorously erected a grammer schoole, to infect the youth of the realme, and against the Kings Crowne and dignitie, thou hast built vp a paper-mill, nay it wil be said to thy face, that thou kepst men in thy house that daily reades of bookes with red letters, and talkes of a Nowne and a Verbe, and such abhominable words as no Christian eare is able to endure it.
And besides all that, thou hast appointed certaine Iustises of peace in euery shire to hang honest men that steale for their liuing, and because they could not reade, thou hast hung them vp: Onely for which cause they were most worthy to liue. Thou ridest on a foot-cloth doest thou not?

Say. Yes, what of that?

Cade. Marry I say, thou oughtest not to let thy horse weare a cloake, when an honester man then thy selfe, goes in his hose and doublet.

Say. You men of Kent.

All. Kent, what of Kent?

Say. Nothing but *bona, terra.*

Cade. *Bonum terrum*, sounds whats that?

Dicke. He speakes French.

**VVill.* No tis Dutch.

Nicke. No tis outtalian, I know it well inough.

19—21 *Marry...smocke*] As in Q_1Q_2. As prose in Q_3.
20 *go with me, and*] Q_1Q_2. Omitted in Q_3.
24—27 *Come...France?*] As in Q_1Q_2. As prose in Q_3.
31 *kepst*] Q_1. *keepst* Q_2. *keep'st* Q_3.
33 *abhominable*] Q_1Q_3. *abominable* Q_2.
34 *that*] Q_1Q_2. *this* Q_3.
peace] Q_1Q_2. *the peace* Q_3.
37, 38. *Thou...not?*] See note (IV).
foot-cloth] Q_1Q_3. *foothcloth* Q_2.
45 *bona, terra*] Q_1. *terra bona* Q_2. *Bona terra* Q_3.
46 *sounds*] Q_1Q_2. *zounds* Q_3.
whats] Q_1Q_2. *what's* Q_3.
49 *outtalian*] Q_1Q_2. *Outalian* Q_3.

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Say. Kent, in the Commentaries Cæsar wrote,
Termde it the ciuel'st place of all this land,
Then noble Country-men, heare me but speake,
I sold not France, I lost not Normandie.

Cade. But wherefore doest thou shake thy head so?

Say. It is the palsie and not feare that makes me.

Cade. Nay thou nodst thy head, as who say, thou wilt be euen with me, if thou getst away, but ile make the sure inough, now I haue thee. Go take him to the standerd in Cheapeside and chop of his head, and then go to milende-greene, to sir Iames Cromer his sonne in law, and cut off his head too, and bring them to me vpon two poles presently. (Away with him.

Exet one or two, with the Lord *Say.*

There shall not a noble man weare a head on his shoulders,
But he shall paie me tribute for it.
Nor there shal not a mayd be married, but he shal fee to me for her.
Maydenhead or else, ile haue it my selfe,
Marry I will that married men shall hold of me in capitie,
And that their wiues shalbe as free as hart can thinke, or toong can (tell.

Enter *Robin.*

Robin. O Captaine, London bridge is a fire.

Cade. Runne to Billingsgate, and fetche pitch and flaxe and squench it.

Enter *Dicke* and a Sargiant.

Sargiant. Iustice, iustice, I pray you sir, let me haue iustice of this fellow here.

Cade. Why what has he done?

Sarg. Alasse sir he has rauisht my wife.

Dicke. Why my Lord he would haue rested me,
And I went and and entred my Action in his wiues paper house.

Cade. Dicke follow thy sute in her common place,
You horson villaine, you are a *S*argiant youle,
Take any man by the throate for twelue pence,
And rest a man when hees at dinner,
And haue him to prison ere the meate be out of his mouth.
Go Dicke take him hence, cut out his toong for cogging,

53 *I lost not*] Q_1Q_2. *nor lost I* Q_3.
56—58 *Nay...thee*] As in Q_1Q_2. As three lines in Q_3, ending *say...away...thee.*
56 *thy head, as who*] Q_1Q_2. *thy head at vs, as who wouldst* Q_3.
57 *the*] Q_1. *thee* Q_2Q_3.
58 *chop of*] Q_1Q_2. *choppe off* Q_3.
66 *capitie*] Q_1. *capite* Q_2Q_3.
70 *squench*] Q_1Q_2. *quench* Q_3.
76 *and and*] Q_1. *and* Q_2Q_3.
78 *Sargiant youle,*] Q_1. *sergeant, youle* Q_2. *Sergeant, you 'l* Q_3.
80 *hees*] *he is* Q_3.
81 *of his*] Q_1Q_2. *on 's* Q_3.
82 *cut*] Q_1Q_2. *and cut* Q_3.

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*Hough him for running, and to conclude,
Braue him with his owne mace.

Exet with the Sargiant.

Enter two with the Lord *Sayes* head, and sir Iames Cromers, vpon two poles.

So, come carry them before me, and at euery lanes ends, let them kisse togither.

Enter the Duke of *Buckingham*, and Lord *Clifford* the Earle of *Comberland*. [Sc. VIII.]

Clifford. Why country-men and warlike friends of Kent,
What meanes this mutinous rebellions,
That you in troopes do muster thus your selues,
Vnder the conduct of this Traitor Cade?
To rise against your soueraigne Lord and King,
Who mildly hath his pardon sent to you,
If you forsake this monstrous Rebell here?
If honour be the marke whereat you aime,
Then haste to France that our forefathers wonne,
And winne againe that thing which now is lost,
And leaue to seeke your Countries ouerthrow.

All. A Clifford, a Clifford.

They forsake *Cade.*

Cade. Why how now, will you forsake your generall,
And ancient freedome which you haue possest?
To bend your neckes vnder their seruile yokes,
Who if you stir, will straightwaies hang you vp,
But follow me, and you shall pull them downe,
And make them yeeld their liuings to your hands.

All. A Cade, a Cade.

They runne to *Cade* againe.

Cliff. Braue warlike friends heare me but speak a word,
Refuse not good whilst it is offered you,
The King is mercifull, then yeeld to him,
And I my selfe will go along with you,
To Winsore Castle whereas the King abides,
And on mine honour you shall haue no hurt.

All. A Clifford, a Clifford, God saue the King.

Cade. How like a feather is this rascall company
*Blowne euery way,

84 *Braue*] $Q_1Q_2Q_3$. *Brain* Knight. *Brane* Halliwell.
88 *this*] Q_1Q_2. *these* Q_3.
rebellions] Q_1Q_3. *rebellion* Q_2.
101 *vnder*] Q_1Q_3. *vnto* Q_2.
102 *straightwaies*] *straight way* Q_3.
106 *a word*] Q_1Q_2. om. Q_3.
114 *way,*] *way?* Q_3.

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But that they may see there want no valiancy in me,
My staffe shall make way through the midst of you,
And so a poxe take you all.
He runs through them with his staffe, and flies away.
Buc. Go some and make after him, and proclaime,
That those that can bring the head of Cade,
Shall haue a thousand Crownes for his labour.
Come march away. *Exet omnes.*

Enter King *Henry* and the Queene, and *Somerset.* [Sc. IX.]

King. Lord Somerset, what newes here you of the Rebell Cade?
Som. This, my gratious Lord, that the Lord Say is don to death,
And the Citie is almost sackt.
King. Gods will be done, for as he hath decreede, so must it be:
And be it as he please, to stop the pride of those rebellious men.
Queene. Had the noble Duke of Suffolke bene aliue,
The Rebell Cade had bene suppresst ere this,
And all the rest that do take part with him.

Enter the Duke of *Buckingham* and *Clifford*, with the Rebels, with halters about their necks.

Cliff. Long liue King Henry, Englands lawfull King,
Loe here my Lord, these Rebels are subdude,
And offer their liues before your highnesse feete.
King. But tell me Clifford, is there Captaine here.
Clif. No, my gratious Lord, he is fled away, but proclamations are sent forth, that he that can but bring his head, shall haue a thousand crownes. But may it please your Maiestie, to pardon these their faults, that by that traitors meanes were thus misled.
King. Stand vp you simple men, and giue God praise,
For you did take in hand you know not what,
And go in peace obedient to your King,
And liue as subiects, and you shall not want,
Whilst Henry liues, and weares the English Crowne.
All. God saue the King, God saue the King.
King. Come let vs hast to London now with speed,
That solemne prosessions may be sung,
In laud and honour of the God of heauen,
And triumphs of this happie victorie. (*Exet omnes.*

115 *want*] Q_1. *wants* Q_2Q_3.
117 and flies] Q_1Q_2. and then flies Q_3.
121 *away*] Q_1Q_3. *way* Q_2.
Exet omnes] Omitted in Q_2. Exit om. Q_3.
1 *here*] *heare* Q_2Q_3.
4 *must it*] Q_1Q_3. *it must* Q_2.
5 *be it*] Q_1Q_2. *be* Q_3.
12 *there*] *their* Q_2Q_3.
16 *by that*] Q_1Q_2. *by these* Q_3.
24 *prosessions*] Q_1. *processions* Q_2Q_3.
26 Exet] Q_1. exeunt Q_2. Exit Q_3.

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*Enter *Iacke Cade* at one doore, and at the other, maister *Alexander* [Sc. x.] *Eyden* and his men, and *Iack Cade* lies downe picking of hearbes and eating them.

Eyden. Good Lord how pleasant is this country life,
This litle land my father left me here,
With my contented minde serues me as well,
As all the pleasures in the Court can yeeld,
Nor would I change this pleasure for the Court.

Cade. Sounes, heres the Lord of the soyle, Stand villaine, thou wilt betraie mee to the King, and get a thousand crownes for my head, but ere thou goest, ile make thee eate yron like an Astridge, and swallow my sword like a great pinne.

Eyden. Why sawcy companion, why should I betray thee?
Ist not inough that thou hast broke my hedges,
And enterd into my ground without the leaue of me the owner,
But thou wilt braue me too.

Cade. Braue thee and beard thee too, by the best blood of the Realme, looke on me well, I haue eate no meate this fiue dayes, yet and I do not leaue thee and thy fiue men as dead as a doore nayle, I pray God I may neuer eate grasse more.

Eyden. Nay, it neuer shall be saide whilst the world doth stand, that Alexander Eyden an Esquire of Kent, tooke oddes to combat with a famisht man, looke on me, my limmes are equall vnto thine, and euery way as big, then hand to hand, ile combat thee. Sirrha fetch me weopons, and stand you all aside.

Cade. Now sword, if thou doest not hew this burly-bond churle into chines of beefe, I beseech God thou maist fal into some smiths hand, and be turnd to hobnailes.

Eyden. Come on thy way. (They fight, and *Cade* fals downe.

Cade. Oh villaine, thou hast slaine the floure of Kent for chiualrie, but it is famine & not thee that has done it, for come ten thousand diuels, and giue me but the ten meales that I wanted this fiue

maister] M. Q_3.
1 *life,*] Q_1Q_3. *life!* Q_2.
6 *Sounes*] Q_1Q_2. *Zounds* Q_3.
heres] *heere's* Q_3.
8 *Astridge*] Q_1. *estridge* Q_2Q_3.
12 *my ground*] Q_1Q_3. *the ground* Q_2.
14 *too,*] Q_1Q_3. *too?* Q_2.
16 *and I do*] Q_1Q_2. *if do* Q_3. *if I do* Steevens.
18—22 *Nay...aside*] As seven lines of verse in Q_3, ending *stands,...Kent,... man...thine...hand...weapons...aside.*
18 *neuer shall*] Q_1Q_2. *shall neuer* Q_3
doth stand] Q_1Q_3. *stands* Q_3.
21 *thee*] Q_1Q_2. *with thee* Q_3.
22 *weopons*] Q_1. *weapons* Q_2Q_3.
23 *doest not hew*] Q_1. *hewst not* Q_2. *dost not hew* Q_3.
24 *I beseech God thou maist*] Q_1Q_2. *I would thou mightst* Q_3.
25 *hand*] *hands* Steevens.
turnd to] Q_1. *turnd into* Q_3. *turn'd to* Q_3.

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daies, and ile fight with you all, and so a poxe rot thee, for Iacke Cade must die. (He dies.

Eyden. Iack Cade, & was it that monstrous Rebell which I haue slaine. Oh sword ile honour thee for this, and in my chamber shalt thou hang as a monument to after age, for this great seruice thou hast done to me. Ile drag him hence, and with my sword cut off his head, and beare it *Exet.*

*Enter the Duke of *Yorke* with Drum and souldiers.

Yorke. In Armes from Ireland comes Yorke amaine, [ACT V. SCENE I.]
Ring belles aloud, bonfires perfume the ayre,
To entertaine faire Englands royall King.
Ah *Sancta Maiesta*, who would not buy thee deare?

Enter the Duke of *Buckingham.*

But soft, who comes here *Buckingham*, what newes with him?

Buc. Yorke, if thou meane well, I greete thee so.

Yorke. Humphrey of Buckingham, welcome I svveare:
What comes thou in loue or as a Messenger?

Buc. I come as a Messenger from our dread Lord and soueraign,
Henry. To knovv the reason of these Armes in peace?
Or that thou being a subiect as I am,
Shouldst thus approach so neare vvith colours spred,
Whereas the person of the King doth keepe?

Yorke. A subiect as he is.
Oh hovv I hate these spitefull abiect termes,
But Yorke dissemble, till thou meete thy sonnes,
Who novv in Armes expect their fathers sight,
And not farre hence I knovv they cannot be.
Humphrey Duke of Buckingham, pardon me,
That I ansvvearde not at first, my mind vvas troubled,
I came to remoue that monstrous Rebell Cade,
And heaue proud *S*omerset from out the Court,
That basely yeelded vp the Tovvnes in France.

Buc. Why that vvas presumption on thy behalfe,
But if it be no othervvise but so,

32 *it*] Q_1Q_2. *this* Q_3.
33 *slaine.*] Q_1Q_2. *slaine?* Q_3.
ile] Q_1Q_3. *I* Q_2.
33—36 *Oh sword...beare it.*] As five lines of verse in Q_3, ending *chamber...age,... me....sword...King.*
35, 36 *his head*] Q_1Q_2 (Devonshire and Malone 36) Q_3. *head* Q_2 (Malone 867).
36 *it*] Q_1. *it with me.* Q_2. *it to the King.* Q_3. See note (v).
5 *here*] Q_1. *here?* Q_2. *heere,* Q_3.
8 *comes*] Q_1Q_3. *comest* Q_2.
Messenger] *Messenger* Q_3.
14 *is.*] Q_1. *is!* Q_2Q_3.
18 *And not*] Q_1Q_3. *And* Q_2.
25 *but so*] Q_1Q_2. *then so* Q_3.

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The King doth pardon thee, and graunt to thy request,
And Somerset is sent vnto the Tovver.
Yorke. Vpon thine honour is it so?
Buc. Yorke, he is vpon mine honour.
York. Then before thy face, I here dismisse my troopes,
Sirs, meete me to morrovv in saint Georges fields,
And there you shall receiue your paie of me.
Exet souldiers.
Buc. Come York, thou shalt go speake vnto the King,
But see, his grace is comming to meete vvith vs.
Enter King *Henry*.
**King.* How now Buckingham, is Yorke friends with vs,
That thus thou bringst him hand in hand with thee?
Buc. He is my Lord, and hath dischargde his troopes
Which came with him, but as your grace did say,
To heaue the Duke of Somerset from hence,
And to subdue the Rebels that vvere vp.
King. Then vvelcome cousin Yorke, giue me thy hand,
And thankes for thy great seruice done to vs,
Against those traitorous Irish that rebeld.
Enter maister *Eyden* vvith *Iacke Cades* head.
Eyden. Long liue Henry in triumphant peace,
Lo here my Lord vpon my bended knees,
I here present the traitorous head of Cade,
That hand to hand in single fight I slue.
King. First thanks to heauen, & next to thee my friend,
That hast subdude that vvicked traitor thus.
O let me see that head that in his life,
Did vvorke me and my land such cruell spight,
A visage sterne, cole blacke his curled locks,
Deepe trenched furrovves in his frovvning brovv,
Presageth vvarlike humors in his life.
Here take it hence and thou for thy revvard,
Shalt be immediatly created Knight.
Kneele dovvne my friend, and tell me vvhats thy name?
Eyden. Alexander Eyden, if it please your grace,
A poore Esquire of Kent.
King. Then rise vp sir Alexander Eyden knight,
And for thy maintenance, I freely giue
A thousand markes a yeare to maintaine thee,

26 *granst*] Q_1Q_3. *grants* Q_2.
32 Exet] Q_1. exeunt Q_2. Exit Q_3.
44 *Henry*] Q_1Q_2. *King Henry* Q_3.
57 *vvhats*] *what's* Q_3.
60 *sir*] om. Q_3.
62 *to maintaine*] Q_1Q_3. *for to maintaine* Q_2.

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Beside the firme reward that was proclaimde,
For those that could performe this worthie act,
And thou shalt waight vpon the person of the king.
Eyden. I humbly thank your grace, and I no longer liue,
Then I proue iust and loyall to my king. [*Exit.*
Enter the Queene with the Duke of *Somerset.*
King. O Buckingham see where Somerset comes.
Bid him go hide himselfe till Yorke be gone.
Queene. He shall not hide himselfe for feare of Yorke,
But beard and braue him proudly to his face.
Yorke. Whose that, proud Somerset at libertie?
Base fearefull Henry that thus dishonor'st me,
By heauen, thou shalt not gouerne ouer me:
I cannot brooke that Traitors presence here,
Nor will I subiect be to such a King,
That knowes not how to gouerne nor to rule,
Resigne thy Crowne proud Lancaster to me,
That thou vsurped hast so long by force,
For now is Yorke resolu'd to claime his owne,
And rise aloft into faire Englands Throane.
Somer. Proud Traitor, I arest thee on high treason,
Against thy soueraigne Lord, yeeld thee false Yorke,
For here I sweare, thou shalt vnto the Tower,
For these proud words which thou hast giuen the king.
Yorke. Thou art deceiued, my sonnes shalbe my baile,
And send thee there in dispight of him.
Hoe, where are you boyes?
Queene. Call Clifford hither presently.
Enter the Duke of *Yorkes* sonnes, *Edward* the Earle of *March*, and crook-backe *Richard*, at the one doore, with Drumme and soldiers, and at the other doore, enter *Clifford* and his sonne, with Drumme and souldiers, and *Clifford* kneeles to *Henry*, and speakes.
Cliff. Long liue my noble Lord, and soueraigne King.
Yorke. We thanke thee Clifford.
Nay, do not affright vs with thy lookes,
If thou didst mistake, we pardon thee, kneele againe.
Cliff. Why, I did no way mistake, this is my King.
What is he mad? to Bedlam with him.

65 *vvaight*] Q_1. *waite* Q_2Q_3.
67 *to my*] Q_1Q_3. *vnto my* Q_2. *to the* Halliwell.
72 *Whose that,*] Q_1. *Who's that?* Q_2. *Who 's that,* Q_3.
86 Yorke.] King. Q_3.
87 *dispight*] Q_1. *spight* Q_2. *despight* Q_3.

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King. I, a bedlam frantike humor driues him thus
To leauy Armes against his lawfull King.
Clif. Why doth not your grace send him to the Tower?
Queene. He is arested, but will not obey,
His sonnes he saith, shall be his baile.
Yorke. How say you boyes, will you not?
Edward. Yes noble father, if our words will serue.
**Richard.* And if our words will not, our swords shall.
Yorke. Call hither to the stake, my two rough beares.
King. Call Buckingham, and bid him Arme himselfe.
Yorke. Call Buckingham and all the friends thou hast,
Both thou and they, shall curse this fatall houre.
Enter at one doore, the Earles of *Salsbury* and *VVarwicke*, with Drumme and souldiers. And at the other, the Duke of *Buckingham*, with Drumme and souldiers.
Cliff. Are these thy beares? weele bayte them soone,
Dispight of thee and all the friends thou hast.
War. You had best go dreame againe,
To keepe you from the tempest of the field.
Clif. I am resolu'd to beare a greater storme,
Then any thou canst coniure vp to day,
And that ile write vpon thy Burgonet,
Might I but know thee by thy houshold badge.
VVar. Now by my fathers age, old Neuels crest,
The Rampant *Be*are chaind to the ragged staffe,
This day ile weare aloft my burgonet,
As on a mountaine top the Cædar showes,
That keepes his leaues in spight of any storme,
Euen to affright the with the view thereof.
Clif. And from thy burgonet will I rend the beare,
And tread him vnderfoote with all contempt,
Dispight the *Be*are-ward that protects him so.
Yoong Clif. And so renowmed soueraigne to Armes,
To quell these Traitors and their compleases.
Richard. Fie, Charitie for shame, speake it not in spight,
For you shall sup with Iesus Christ to night.
Yoong Clif. Foule Stigmaticke thou canst not tell.
Rich. No, for if not in heauen, youle surely sup in hell.

Exet omnes.

96 *I, a*] Q_1Q_3. *Yea, a* Q_2.
97 *leauy*] Q_1Q_2. *leuie* Q_3.
98 *doth*] Q_1Q_3. *do* Q_2.
100 *baile*] Q_1Q_3. *suertie* Q_2.
108 Earles] Q_1Q_3. Earle Q_2.
other] other doore Q_3.
116 *age*] *badge* Halliwell conj.
121 *affright the*] *affright thee* Q_2Q_3.
125 *renowmed*] Q_1. *renowned* Q_2Q_3.
126 *compleases*] Q_1. *complises* Q_2. *complices* Q_3.
130 Exet] Q_1. exeunt Q_2. Exit Q_3.

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Alarmes to the battaile, and then enter the Duke of *Somerset* [SC. II.] and *Richard* fighting, and *Richard* kils him vnder the signe of the Castle in saint *Albones*.

Rich. So Lie thou there, and breathe thy last.
Whats here, the signe of the Castle?
Then the prophesie is come to passe,
*For Somerset was forewarned of Castles,
The which he alwaies did obserue.
And now behold, vnder a paltry Ale-house signe,
The Castle in saint Albones,
Somerset hath made the Wissard famous by his death.

Exet.

Alarme again, and enter the Earle of *Warwicke* alone.

V Var. Clifford of Comberland, tis Warwicke calles,
And if thou doest not hide thee from the Beare,
Now whilst the angry Trompets sound Alarmes,
And dead mens cries do fill the emptie aire:
Clifford I say, come forth and fight with me,
Proud Northerne Lord, Clifford of Comberland,
Warwicke is hoarse with calling thee to Armes.

Clifford speakes within.

Warwicke stand still, and view the way that Clifford hewes with his murthering Curtelaxe, through the fainting troopes to finde thee out.
Warwicke stand still, and stir not till I come.

Enter *Yorke*.

V Var. How now my Lord, what a foote?
Who kild your horse?

Yorke. The deadly hand of Clifford. Noble Lord,
Fiue horse this day slaine vnder me,
And yet braue Warwicke I remaine aliue,
But I did kill his horse he lou'd so well,
The boniest gray that ere was bred in North.

Enter *Clifford*, and *Warwicke* offers to fight with him.

Hold Warwicke, and seeke thee out some other chase,
My selfe will hunt this deare to death.

and Richard kils] Q_1Q_3. Richard kills Q_2.
saint] *S.* Q_3.
1 *breathe thy last*] Q_1Q_2. *tumble in thy blood* Q_3.
2 *whats*] *what 's* Q_3.
7 *saint*] Q_1. *S.* Q_2Q_3.
8 enter] Q_1Q_3. then enter Q_2.

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VVar. Braue Lord, tis for a Crowne thou fights,
Clifford farewell, as I entend to prosper well to day,
It grieues my soule to leaue thee vnassaild.
Exet VVarwicke.
Yorke. Now Clifford, since we are singled here alone,
*Be this the day of doome to one of vs,
For now my heart hath sworne immortall hate
To thee and all the house of Lancaster.
Cliffood. And here I stand, and pitch my foot to thine,
Vowing neuer to stir, till thou or I be slaine.
For neuer shall my heart be safe at rest,
Till I haue spoyld the hatefull house of Yorke.
Alarmes, and they fight, and *Yorke* kils *Clifford.*
Yorke. Now Lancaster sit sure, thy sinowes shrinke,
Come fearefull Henry grouelling on thy face,
Yeeld vp thy Crowne vnto the Prince of Yorke.
Exet Yorke.

Alarmes, then enter yoong *Clifford* alone.
Yoong Clifford. Father of Comberland,
Where may I seeke my aged father forth?
O! dismall sight, see where he breathlesse lies,
All smeard and weltred in his luke-warme blood,
Ah, aged pillar of all Comberlands true house,
Sweete father, to thy murthred ghoast I sweare,
Immortall hate vnto the house of Yorke,
Nor neuer shall I sleepe secure one night,
Till I haue furiously reuengde thy death,
And left not one of them to breath on earth.

He takes him vp on his backe.
And thus as old Ankyses sonne did beare
His aged father on his manly backe,
And fought with him against the bloodie Greeks,
Euen so will I. But staie, heres one of them,
To whom my soule hath sworne immortall hate.
Enter *Richard*, and then *Clifford* laies downe his father,
fights with him, and *Richard* flies away againe.
Out crooktbacke villaine, get thee from my sight,

29 *fights*] Q_1Q_2. *fightst* Q_3.
40 *sinowes*] Q_1. *sinewes* Q_2Q_3.
44 *may I*] Q_1Q_2. *I may* Q_3.
45 *O! dismall sight,*] Q_1. *O dismall sight!* Q_2. *Oh dismall sight,* Q_3.
56 *heres*] *heer's* Q_3.
57 with him,] him, Steevens.
58 *crooktbacke*] Q_1. *croorktbacke* Q_2. *crook'd-backe* Q_3.

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But I will after thee, and once againe
When I haue borne my father to his Tent,
Ile trie my fortune better with thee yet.
Exet yoong *Clifford* with his father.

*Alarmes againe, and then enter three or foure, bearing the Duke of *Buckingham* wounded to his Tent.

Alarmes still, and then enter the King and Queene.

Queene. Avvay my Lord, and flie to London straight,
Make hast, for vengeance comes along vvith them,
Come stand not to expostulate, lets go.
King. Come then faire Queene to London let vs hast,
And sommon a Parlament vvith speede,
To stop the fury of these dyre euents.
Exet King and Queene.

Alarmes, and then a flourish, and enter the Duke of [Sc. III.] *Yorke* and *Richard.*

Yorke. Hovv novv boyes, fortunate this fight hath bene,
I hope to vs and ours, for Englands good,
And our great honour, that so long vve lost,
Whilst faint-heart Henry did vsurpe our rights:
But did you see old Salsbury, since we
With bloodie mindes did buckle with the foe,
I would not for the losse of this right hand,
That ought but well betide that good old man.
Rich. My Lord, I saw him in the thickest throng,
Charging his Lance with his old weary armes,
And thrise I saw him beaten from his horse,
And thrise this hand did set him vp againe,
And still he fought with courage gainst his foes,
The boldest sprited man that ere mine eyes beheld.
Enter *Salsbbury* and *Warwicke.*
Edward. See noble father, where they both do come,
The onely props vnto the house of Yorke.
Sals. Well hast thou fought this day, thou valiant Duke,
And thou braue bud of Yorkes encreasing house,
The small remainder of my weary life,

61 *yet*] Q_1Q_2. om. Q_3.
64 *lets*] *let's* Q_3.
66 *sommon*] Q_1. *summon* Q_2. *summon vp* Q_3.
66, 90 *Parlament*] *Parliament* Q_3.
67 Exet] Q_1. exeunt Q_2. Exit Q_3.
and Richard.] Q_1Q_2. Edward, and Richard. Q_3.
81 *sprited*] Q_1Q_2. *spirited* Q_3.

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I hold for thee, for with thy warlike arme,
Three times this day thou hast preseru'd my life.
Yorke. What say you Lords, the King is fled to London?
There as I here to hold a Parlament.
*What saies Lord Warwicke, shall we after them?
VVar. After them, nay before them if we can.
Now by my faith Lords, twas a glorious day,
Saint Albones battaile wonne by famous Yorke,
Shall be eternest in all age to come.
Sound Drummes and Trumpets, and to London all,
And more such daies as these to vs befall.
Exet omnes.

90 *here*] *heare* Q_2. *heere* Q_3.
93 *twas*] *t'was* Q_3.
95 *eternest*] Q_1. *eternisd* Q_2. *eternis'd* Q_3.
97 Exet] Q_1. exeunt Q_2. Exit Q_3.

FINIS.

LONDON.
Printed by Thomas Creed, for Thomas Millington,
and are to be sold at his shop vnder Saint Peters
Church in Cornwall.
1594.

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NOTES TO THE FIRST PART OF THE CONTENTION, &c.

Note I.

I. 1. 66. The Quarto of 1594 has 'Exet' throughout this play, which is corrected in the edition of 1619 to 'Exit,' and in that of 1600 to 'Exit' or 'exeunt.' We have only recorded the corrections of 'Exet' to 'Exeunt.'

Note II.

I. 2. 45—47. Instead of these lines the Quarto of 1619 has:

'As long as Gloster beares this base and humble minde:
Were I a man, and Protector as he is,
I'de reach to'th Crowne, or make some hop headlesse.
And being but a woman, ile not behinde
For playing of my part, in spite of all that seek to crosse me thus:
Who is within there?'

Note III.

II. 2. 11—27. In the edition of 1619 this passage is so much altered that it is necessary to give it at full:

'The second was *William* of *Hatfield*,
Who dyed young.
The third was *Lyonell*, Duke of *Clarence*.
The fourth was *Iohn of Gaunt*,
The Duke of *Lancaster*.
The fift was *Edmund of Langley*,
Duke of Yorke.
The sixt was *William of Windsore*,
Who dyed young.
The seauenth and last was Sir *Thomas of Woodstocke*, Duke of *Yorke*.
Now *Edward* the blacke Prince dyed before his Father, leauing behinde him two sonnes, *Edward* borne at *Angolesme*, who died

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young, and *Richard* that was after crowned King, by the name of *Richard* the second, who dyed without an heyre.

Lyonell Duke of Clarence dyed, and left him one only daughter, named *Phillip*, who was married to Edmund Mortimer earle of March and Vlster: and so by her I claime the Crowne, as the true heire to Lyonell Duke of Clarence, third sonne to Edward the third.'

Note IV.

IV. 7. 37, 38. On the line 'Thou ridest on a foot-cloth doest thou not?' Mr Halliwell remarks, 'This passage, though completely necessary for the sense, is entirely omitted in the edition of 1619 and by Mr Knight.' It is indeed omitted by Mr Knight, who follows Steevens, but it is found in Capell's copy of the edition of 1619, 'Thou ridest on a foot-cloth, dost thou not?' We take this opportunity of remarking that, in all cases where the readings given by us from the edition of 1619 differ from those quoted by Mr Halliwell, we have given them as they stand in Capell's copy. Mr Halliwell appears to quote from Mr Knight's reprint. Instances of these variations occur in I. 3. 6, where Steevens and Mr Knight print 'They' for 'That,' the reading of all the Quartos: in I. 4. 41, where they have 'treason' for 'treasons:' in II. 3. 3, where they have 'against' for 'gainst.' In III. 2. 76, Mr Halliwell says the edition of 1619 reads 'with the vnbloody beake': in Capell's copy it is 'With vnbloody beake.' In IV. 10. 16 he quotes 'Yet if I do not' as the reading of the edition of 1619 where Capell's copy has 'Yet if do not,' the former being the reading of Steevens's reprint. In IV. 10. 25 'hand' is the reading of all the Quartos, while Steevens has 'hands.' It is possible that these variations may be found in other copies of the ed. of 1619.

Note V

IV. 10. 36. In the edition of 1594 the words which follow 'beare it' have dropped out.

The Facsimile by Charles Praetorius, 1889, without any indication that the words are supplied, reads 'beare it to the King.'

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THE

TRUE TRAGEDIE.

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The true Tragedie of Richard Duke *of Yorke, and the good King* Henry the Sixt.

Enter *Richard* Duke of Yorke, The Earle of *Warwicke*, *The Duke of* Norffolke, *Marquis Montague*, *Edward Earle of March*, *Crookeback Richard*, and the yong *Earle of Rutland*, with Drumme and Souldiers, with white Roses in their hats.

Warwike. [ACT I. SCENE I.]

Wonder how the king escapt our hands.
Yorke. Whilst we pursude the horsemen of the North,
He slilie stole awaie and left his men:
Whereat the great Lord of Northumland,
Whose warlike eares could neuer brooke retrait,
Chargde our maine battels front, and therewith him
Lord *Stafford* and Lord *Clifford* all abrest (slain.
Brake in and were by the hands of common Souldiers
Edw. Lord *Staffords* father Duke of *Buckhingham*,
Is either slaine or wounded dangerouslie,
*I cleft his Beuer with a downe right blow:
Father that this is true behold his bloud.
Mont. And brother heeres the Earle of *Wiltshires* Bloud, whom *I* encountred as the battailes ioind.
Rich. Speake thou for me and tell them what *I* did.
York. What is your grace dead my L. of *Summerset?*
Norf. Such hope haue all the line of *Iohn* of *Gawnt*,

Crookeback] Q_1Q_3. then Crooke backe Q_2.
6 *therewith*] Q_1Q_2. *there with* Q_3.
8 *the hands*] Q_1Q_2. *th' hands* Q_3.
10 *dangerouslie*] Q_1. *danderously* Q_2. *dangerously* Q_3.
14 *Bloud, whom*] Q_1. *blood, Whom* Q_2Q_3.
16 *L.*] Q_1Q_3. *Lord* Q_2.

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Rich. Thus doe *I* hope to shape king *Henries* head.
War. And so do *I* victorious prince of Yorke,
Before I see thee seated in that throne
Which now the house of *Lancaster* vsurpes,
I vow by heauens these eies shal neuer close.
This is the pallace of that fearefull king,
And that the regall chaire? Possesse it Yorke:
For this is thine and not king *Henries* heires.
York Assist me then sweet *Warwike*, and I wil:
For hither are we broken in by force.
Norf. Weele all assist thee, and he that flies shall die.
York. Thanks gentle *Norffolke*. Staie by me my Lords
and souldiers staie you heere and lodge this night:
War. And when the king comes offer him no
Violence, vnlesse he seek to put vs out by force.
Rich. Armde as we be, lets staie within this house?
War. The bloudie parlement shall this be calde,
Vnlesse *Plantagenet* Duke of Yorke be king
And bashfull *Henrie* be deposde whose cowardise
Hath made vs by words to our enemies.
York. Then leaue me not my Lords: for now I meane
To take possession of my right.
* *War.* Neither the king, nor him that loues him best,
The proudest burd that holds vp *Lancaster*.
Dares stirre a wing if *Warwike* shake his bels.
Ile plant *Plantagenet*: and root him out who dares?
Resolue thee *Richard*: Claime the English crowne.

Enter king *Henrie* the sixt, with the Duke of *Excester*, The Earle of *Northumberland*, the Earle of *Westmerland* and *Clifford*, the Earle of *Cumberland*, with red Roses in their hats.

King. Looke Lordings where the sturdy rebel sits,
Euen in the chaire of state: belike he meanes
Backt by the power of *Warwike* that false peere,
To aspire vnto the crowne, and raigne as king.
Earle of *Northumberland*, he slew thy father.
And thine *Clifford*: and you both haue vow'd reuenge.
On him, his sonnes, his fauorites, and his friends.

22 *heauens*] Q_1Q_2. *heauen* Q_3.
24 *chaire?*] Q_1. *chaire;* Q_2. *chaire:* Q_3.
32 *Violence, vnlesse*] Q_1. *violence, Vnlesse* Q_2. *violence, Vnlesse* Q_3.
38 *lets*] Q_1Q_2. *let's* Q_3.
41 *burd*] Q_1. *bird* Q_2Q_3.
42 *Dares*] Q_1Q_2. *Dare* Q_3.

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Northu. And if I be not, heauens be reuengd on me.
Clif. The hope thereof, makes *Clifford* mourn in steel.
West. What? shall we suffer this, lets pull him downe.
My hart for anger breakes, I cannot speake.
King. Be patient gentle Earle of *Westmerland.*
Clif. Patience is for pultrouns such as he
He durst not sit there had your father liu'd?
My gratious Lord: here in the Parlement,
Let vs assaile the familie of Yorke.
North. Well hast thou spoken cosen, be it so.
King. O know you not the Cittie fauours them,
*And they haue troopes of soldiers at their becke?
Exet. But when the D. is slaine, theile quicklie flie.
King. Far be it from the thoughtes of *Henries* hart,
To make a shambles of the parlement house.
Cosen of *Exeter*, words, frownes, and threats,
Shall be the warres that Henrie meanes to vse.
Thou factious duke of Yorke, descend my throne,
I am thy soueraigne.
York. Thou art deceiu'd: I am thine. (*York.*
Exet. For shame come downe he made thee D. of
York. Twas mine inheritance as the kingdome is.
Exet. Thy father was a traytor to the crowne.
War. *Exeter* thou art a traitor to the crowne,
In following this vsurping *Henry.*
Clif. Whom should he follow but his naturall king.
War. True *Clif.* and that is *Richard* Duke of Yorke.
King. And shall I stande while thou sittest in my throne?
York. Content thy selfe it must and shall be so.
War. Be Duke of *Lancaster*, let him be king.
West. Why? he is both king & Duke of *Lancaster*,
And that the Earle of *Westmerland* shall mainetaine.
War. And *Warwike* shall disproue it. You forget
That we are those that chaste you from the field
And slew your father, and with colours spred,
Marcht through the Cittie to the pallas gates.
Nor. No *Warwike* I remember it to my griefe,

54 *this,*] Q_1. *this?* Q_2Q_3.
lets] Q_1Q_2. *Let 's* Q_3.
68 *becke?*] Q_1Q_2. *becke.* Q_3.
64, 72. *D.*] Q_1Q_2. *Duke* Q_3.
73 *mine*] Q_1Q_2. *my* Q_3.
78 *that is*] Q_1Q_2. *thats* Q_3.
79 *sittest*] Q_1. *sitst* Q_2Q_3.
82 *Duke*] Q_1Q_2. *D.* Q_3.
89 *remember it*] Q_1Q_2. *remember 't* Q_3.

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And by his soule thou and thy house shall rew it.
West. *Plantagenet* of thee and of thy sonnes,
*Thy kinsmen and thy friendes, Ile haue more liues,
Then drops of bloud were in my fathers vaines.
Clif. Vrge it no more, least in reuenge thereof,
I send thee *Warwike* such a messenger,
As shall reueng his death before I stirre.
War. Poore *Clifford*, how I skorn thy worthles threats
York. Wil ye we shew our title to the crowne,
Or else our swords shall plead it in the field?
King. What title haste thou traitor to the Crowne?
Thy father was as thou art Duke of *Yorke*,
Thy grandfather *Roger Mortimer* earle of *March*,
I am the sonne of Henrie the Fift who tamde the *French*,
And made the Dolphin stoope, and seazd vpon their
Townes and prouinces.
War. Talke not of *France* since thou hast lost it all.
King. The Lord protector lost it and not I,
When I was crownd I was but nine months old.
Rich. You are olde enough now and yet me thinkes
you lose,
Father teare the crowne from the Vsurpers head.
Edw. Do so sweet father, set it on your head.
Mont. Good brother as thou lou'st & honorst armes,
Lets fight it out and not stand cauilling thus.
Rich. Sound drums and trumpets & the king will fly.
York. Peace sonnes:
Northum. Peace thou and giue king Henry leaue to
speake. (me?
King. Ah *Plantagenet*, why seekest thou to depose
Are we not both both *Plantagenets* by birth,
*And from two brothers lineallie discent?
Suppose by right and equitie thou be king,
Thinkst thou that I will leaue my kinglie seate
Wherein my father and my grandsire sat?
No, first shall warre vnpeople this my realme,
I and our colours often borne in *France*,
And now in *England* to our harts great sorrow
Shall be my winding sheete, why faint you Lords?

108, 104 *vpon their Townes*] Q_1Q_3. *vpon Their townes* Q_2.
108 *You are*] Q_1Q_3. *Y' are* Q_2.
112 *Lets*] Q_1Q_3. *Let 's* Q_2.
115 *leaue*] Q_1. *leaue* Q_2Q_3.
116 *seekest*] Q_1Q_3. *seek'st* Q_2.
117 *both both*] Q_1. *both* Q_2Q_3.
birth,] Q_1. *birth.* Q_2. *birth?* Q_3.
118 *discent*] Q_1Q_3. *descent* Q_2.

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My titles better farre than his.
War. Proue it *Henrie* and thou shalt be king?
King. Why *Henrie* the fourth by conquest got the Crowne.
York. T'was by rebellion gainst his soueraigne.
King. I know not what to saie my titles weake,
Tell me maie not a king adopt an heire?
War. What then?
King. Then am I lawfull king For *Richard*
The second in the view of manie Lords
Resignde the Crowne to *Henrie* the fourth,
Whose heire my Father was, and I am his.
York I tell thee he rose against him being his Soueraigne, & made him to resigne the crown perforce.
War. Suppose my Lord he did it vnconstrainde,
Thinke you that were preiudiciall to the Crowne?
Exet. No, for he could not so resigne the Crowne,
But that the next heire must succeed and raigne.
King. Art thou against vs, Duke of *Exceter*?
Exet. His is the right, and therefore pardon me.
King. All will reuolt from me and turne to him.
* *Northum.* *Plantagenet* for all the claime thou laist,
Thinke not king *Henry* shall be thus deposde?
War. Deposde he shall be in despight of thee.
North. Tush *Warwike*, Thou art deceiued? tis not thy Southerne powers of *Essex*, *Suffolke*, *Norffolke*, and of *Kent.* that makes thee thus presumptuous and proud,
Can set the Duke vp in despight of me.
Cliff. King *Henrie* be thy title right or wrong,
Lord *Clifford* vowes to fight in thy defence.
Maie that ground gape and swallow me aliue,
Where I do kneele to him that slew my father.
King. O *Clifford*, how thy words reuiue my soule.
York. *Henry* of *Lancaster* resigne thy crowne.
What mutter you? or what conspire you Lords?
War. Doe right vnto this princelie Duke of *Yorke*,
Or I will fill the house with armed men,

126, 130 *titles*] Q_1Q_3. *title's* Q_2.
129 *T'was*] Q_1. *Twas* Q_2Q_3.
135 *Henrie*] Q_1. *Henerie* Q_2. *Henry* Q_3.
138 *Soueraigne, &*] Q_1. *Soueraigne, And* Q_2. *Soueraigne, And* Q_3.
146 *laist*] Q_1Q_3. *layest* Q_2.
149—151 *Tush...proud*] In Q_3 the lines end *deceiu'd.. Norfolke...proud.*
150, 151 *and of Kent. that*] Q_1. *and of Kent, That* Q_2. *And Kent, that* Q_3.
159 *you?*] Q_1Q_3. *you,* Q_2.

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Enter Souldiers.

And ouer the chaire of state where now he sits,
Wright vp his title with thy vsurping bloud.
King. O *Warwike*, heare me speake.
Let me but raigne in quiet whilst I liue.
York. Confirme the crowne to me and to mine heires
And thou shalt raigne in quiet whilst thou liu'st.
King. Conuey the souldiers hence, and then I will.
War. Captaine conduct them into *Tuthill* fieldes.
Clif. What wrong is this vnto the Prince your son?
War. What good is this for *England* and himselfe?
Northum. Base, fearfull, and despairing *Henry*.
Clif. How hast thou wronged both thy selfe and vs?
* *West.* I cannot staie to heare these Articles. *Exit.*
Clif. Nor I, Come cosen lets go tell the Queene.
Northum. Be thou a praie vnto the house of *Yorke*,
And die in bands for this vnkingly deed. *Exit.*
Clif. In dreadfull warre maist thou be ouercome,
Or liue in peace abandon'd and despisde. *Exit.*
Exet. They seeke reuenge, and therefore will not yeeld my Lord.
King. Ah *Exeter*?
War. Why should you sigh my Lord?
King. Not for my selfe Lord *Warwike*, but my sonne,
Whom I vnnaturallie shall disinherit.
But be it as it maie: I heere intaile the Crowne
To thee and to thine heires, conditionallie,
That here thou take thine oath, to cease these ciuill
Broiles, and whilst I liue to honour me as thy king and Soueraigne.
York. That oath I willinglie take and will performe.
War. Long liue king *Henry*. *Plantagenet* embrace him?
King. And long liue thou and all thy forward sonnes.
York. Now *Yorke* and *Lancaster* are reconcilde.
Exet. Accurst be he that seekes to make them foes,
Sound Trumpets.

163 *Wright*] Q_1. *Write* Q_2Q_3.
165 *whilst*] Q_1Q_2. *while* Q_3.
174 Exit.] Q_1Q_2. om. Q_3.
175 *Queene.*] Q_1Q_2. *Queene.* Exit. Q_3.
177 *vnkingly*] Q_1Q_2. *vnkindly* Q_3.
180 *my Lord*] Q_1Q_3. *my L.* Q_2.
187, 188 *That...Soueraigne*] Q_1. As two lines in Q_2, ending *broiles...Soueraigne.* As three in Q_3, ending *oath...liue...Soueraigne.*
187 *thine oath*] Q_1Q_2. *an oath* Q_3.
190 *him?*] Q_1. *him.* Q_2Q_3.

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York My Lord Ile take my leaue, for Ile to *Wakefield*
To my castell. *Exit Yorke* and his sonnes.
War. And Ile keepe *London* with my souldiers. *Exit.*
Norf. And Ile to *Norffolke* with my followers. *Exit.*
Mont. And I to the sea from whence I came. *Exit.*
*Enter the *Queene* and the *Prince.*
Exet. My Lord here comes the Queen, Ile steale away.
King. And so will *I.*
Queene. Naie staie, or else I follow thee.
King. Be patient gentle *Queene*, and then Ile staie.
Quee. What patience can there? ah timerous man,
Thou hast vndoone thy selfe, thy sonne, and me,
And giuen our rights vnto the house of *Yorke.*
Art thou a king and wilt be forst to yeeld?
Had I beene there, the souldiers should haue tost
Me on on their launces points, before I would haue
Granted to their wils. The Duke is made
Protector of the land: Sterne *Fawconbridge*
Commands the narrow seas. And thinkst thou then
To sseepe secure? I heere diuorce me *Henry*
From thy bed, vntill that Act of Parlement
Be recalde, wherein thou yeeldest to the house of *Yorke.*
The Northen Lords that haue forsworne thy colours,
Will follow mine if once they see them spred,
And spread they shall vnto thy deepe disgrace.
Come sonne, lets awaie and leaue him heere alone.
King. Staie gentle *Margaret*, and here me speake.
Queene. Thou hast spoke too much alreadie, therefore be still.
King. Gentle sonne *Edwarde*, wilt thou staie with me?
Quee. I, to be murdred by his enemies. *Exit.*
Prin. When I returne with victorie from the field,
Ile see your Grace, till then Ile follow her. *Exit.*
King. Poore *Queene*, her loue to me and to the prince
*Her sonne,
Makes hir in furie thus forget hir selfe.
Reuenged maie shee be on that accursed Duke.

194, 195 *My Lord...castell*] As in Q_1Q_3. In Q_3 the lines end *leaue...Castle.*
195 and his sonnes] Q_1Q_3. with his sonnes Q_3.
201 *I follow*] Q_1Q_3. *Ile follow* Q_3.
206 *there?*] Q_1. *there be?* Q_2Q_3.
205 *our*] Q_1Q_3. *ouer* Q_3.
212 *sseepe*] Q_1. *sleepe* Q_2Q_3.
215 *Northen*] Q_1Q_3. *Northerne* Q_3.
218 *him*] Q_1Q_3. *them* Q_3.
222 *murdred*] Q_1Q_3. *murdered* Q_3.
226 *hir...hir*] Q_1. *her...her* Q_2Q_3. *forget*] Q_1Q_3. *to forget* Q_3.

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Come cosen of *Exeter*, staie thou here,
For *Clifford* and those Northern Lords be gone
I feare towards *Wakefield*, to disturbe the Duke.

Enter *Edward*, and *Richard*, and *Montague*. [SC. II.]

Edw. Brother, and cosen *Montague*, giue mee leaue to speake.

Rich. Nay, I can better plaie the Orator.

Mont. But I haue reasons strong and forceable.

Enter the Duke of *Yorke*.

York. Howe nowe sonnes what at a iarre amongst your selues?

Rich. No father, but a sweete contention, about that which concernes your selfe and vs, The crowne of England father.

York. The crowne boy, why *Henries* yet aliue,
And I have sworne that he shall raigne in quiet till
His death.

Edw. But I would breake an hundred othes to raigne one yeare.

Rich. And if it please your grace to giue me leaue,
Ile shew your grace the waie to saue your oath,
And dispossesse king *Henrie* from the crowne.

Yorke I prethe *Dicke* let me heare thy deuise.

Rich. Then thus my Lord. An oath is of no moment
*Being not sworne before a lawfull magistrate.
Henry is none but doth vsurpe your right,
And yet your grace stands bound to him by oath.
Then noble father resolue your selfe,
And once more claime the crowne.

Yorke *I*, saist thou so boie? why then it shall be so.
I am resolude to win the crowne, or die.
Edward, rhou shalt to *Edmund Brooke* Lord *Cobham*,
With vvhom the *Kentishmen* vvill vvillinglie rise:
Thou cosen *Montague*, shalt to *Norffolke* straight,
And bid the Duke to muster vppe his souldiers,
And come to me to *Wakefield* presentlie.
And *Richard* thou to *London* strait shalt post,
And bid *Richard Neuill* Earle of *Warwike*

5—7 *No...father*] As in Q_1. As two lines in Q_2Q_3, ending *which...father*.
8 *boy, why*] Q_1Q_3. *boy? Why* Q_2.
9, 10 *And...death*] One line in Q_2Q_3.
11, 12 *But...yeare*] One line in Q_2Q_3.
17 *Then...moment*] Two lines in Q_2.
25 *rhou*] Q_1. *thou* Q_2Q_3.

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To leaue the cittie, and with his men of warre,
To meet me at Saint *Albons* ten daies hence.
My selfe heere in *Sandall* castell will prouide
Both men and monie to furder our attempts.
Now, what newes? Enter a Messenger.
Mes. My Lord, the *Queene* with thirtie thousand men,
Accompanied with the Earles of *Cumberland*,
Nnrthumberland and *Westmerland*, and others of the
House of *Lancaster*, are marching towards *Wakefield*,
To besiedge you in your castell heere.
Enter sir *Iohn* and sir *Hugh Mortimer*.
Yorke A Gods name, let them come. Cosen *Montague* post you hence: and boies staie you with me.

Sir *Iohn* and sir *Hugh Mortemers* mine vncles,
*Your welcome to *Sandall* in an happie houre,
The armie of the Queene meanes to besiedge vs.
Sir *Iohn.* Shee shall not neede my Lorde, weele meete her in the field.
York What with fiue thousand souldiers vncle?
Rich. I father, with fiue hundred for a need,
A womans generall, what should you feare?
York. Indeed, manie braue battels haue I woon
In *Normandie*, when as the enimie
Hath bin ten to one, and why should I now doubt
Of the like successe? I am resolu'd. Come lets goe.
Edw. Lets martch awaie, I heare their drums. *Exit.*

Alarmes, and then Enter the yong Earle of *Rutland* and his Tutor. [Sc. III.]

Tutor. Oh flie my Lord, lets leaue the Castell,
And flie to *Wakefield* straight.

33 *Saint*] Q_1Q_3. *S.* Q_2.
39, 40 *Nnrthumberland... Wakefield*] As in Q_1Q_2. As three lines in Q_3, ending *Westmerland ... Lancaster, ... Wakefield.*
39 *Nnrthumberland*] Q_1. *Northumberland* Q_2Q_3.
and others] Q_1Q_2. *with others* Q_3.
42, 43 *A Gods...me*] As in Q_1Q_2. As three lines in Q_3, ending *come... hence...me.*
44 *Mortemers*] Q_1. *Mortimers* Q_2. *Mortimer* Q_3.
45 *Your*] Q_1. *Y'are* Q_2Q_3.
47 *Shee...field*] Two lines in Q_3, ending *Lord...field.*
48 *souldiers*] *soludiors* Q_3.
50 *womans*] Q_1. *woman's* Q_2Q_3.
51 *woon*] Q_1. *won* Q_2. *wonne* Q_3.
55 *Lets*] Q_1Q_2. *Let's* Q_3.
Exit.] Q_1Q_3. Exeunt. Q_2.

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Enter *Clifford.*

Rut. O Tutor, looke where bloudie *Clifford* comes.
Clif. Chaplin awaie, thy Priesthood saues thy life,
As for the brat of that accursed Duke
Whose father slew my father, he shall die.
Tutor. Oh *Clifford* spare this tender Lord, least
Heauen reuenge it on thy head: Oh saue his life.
Clif. Soldiers awaie and drag him hence perforce:
Awaie with the villaine. *Exit* the Chaplein.
How now, what dead alreadie? or is it feare that
Makes him close his eies? Ile open them.
Rut. So lookes the pent vp Lion on the lambe,
*And so he walkes insulting ouer his praie,
And so he turnes againe to rend his limmes in sunder,
Oh *Clifford*, kill me with thy sword, and
Not with such a cruell threatning looke,
I am too meane a subiect for thy wrath,
Be thou reuengde on men, and let me liue.
Clif. In vaine thou speakest poore boy: my fathers
Bloud hath stopt the passage where thy wordes shoulde
enter.
Rut. Then let my fathers blood ope it again? he is a
Man, and *Clifford* cope with him.
Clif. Had I thy brethren here, their liues and thine
Were not reuenge sufficient for me.
Or should *I* dig vp thy forefathers graues,
And hang their rotten coffins vp in chaines,
It could not slake mine ire, nor ease my hart.
The sight of anie of the house of *Yorke*,
Is as a furie to torment my soule.
Therefore till *I* root out that cursed line
And leaue not one on earth, *I*le liue in hell therefore.
Rut. Oh let me praie, before *I* take my death.
To thee *I* praie: Sweet *Clifford* pittie me.
Clif. *I*, such pittie as my rapiers point affords.
Rut. *I* neuer did thee hurt, wherefore wilt thou kill
mee?
Clif. Thy father hath.

4 *Chaplin*] Q_1Q_2. *Chaplaine* Q_3.
8 *Heauen reuenge*] Q_1Q_2. *heauen Reuenge* Q_3.
10 the Chaplein] Q_1. the Chaplin. Q_2. Chaplaine. Q_3.
14 *ouer*] Q_1Q_2. *ore* Q_3.
18 *too*] Q_1Q_3. *to* Q_2.
21 *Bloud hath*] Q_1Q_3. *blood, Hath* Q_2.
22, 23 *againe? he is a Man*] Q_1. *againe, He is a man* Q_2. *againe, he is a Man* Q_3.

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Rut. But twas ere *I* was borne.
Thou hast one sonne, for his sake pittie me,
Least in reuenge thereof, sith God is iust,
*He be as miserablie slaine as *I*.
Oh, let me liue in prison all my daies,
And when *I* giue occasion of offence,
Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause.
Clif. No cause? Thy Father slew my father, therefore Die.
Plantagenet I come *Plantagenet*,
And this thy sonnes bloud cleauing to my blade,
Shall rust vpon my weapon, till thy bloud
Congeald with his, doe make me wipe off both. *Exit.*

Alarmes, Enter the Duke of *Yorke solus.* [SCENE IV.]

Yorke Ah *Yorke*, post to thy castell, saue thy life,
The goale is lost thou house of *Lancaster*,
Thrise happie chance is it for thee and thine,
That heauen abridgde my daies and cals me hence,
But God knowes what chance hath betide my sonnes:
But this I know they haue demeand themselues,
Like men borne to renowne by life or death:
Three times this daie came *Richard* to my sight,
And cried courage Father: Victorie or death.
And twise so oft came *Edward* to my view,
With purple Faulchen painted to the hilts,
In bloud of those whom he had slaughtered.
Oh harke, *I* heare the drums? No waie to flie:
No waie to saue my life? And heere *I* staie:
And heere my life must end.

Enter the *Queene*, *Clifford*, *Northumberland*, and souldiers.

*Come bloudie *Clifford*, rough *Northumberland*,
I dare your quenchlesse furie to more bloud.
This is the But, and this abides your shot.
Northum. Yeeld to our mercies proud *Plantagenet*.
Clif. I, to such mercie as his ruthfull arme
With downe right paiment lent vnto my father,
Now *Phaeton* hath tumbled from his carre,
And made an euening at the noone tide pricke.
York. My ashes like the *Phœnix* maie bring forth

38 *twas*] Q_1Q_2. *t'was* Q_3. *thou* Q_3.
2 *lost thou*] Q_1. *lost; thou* Q_2. *lost,* 18 *flie:*] Q_1. *flie?* Q_2Q_3.

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A bird that will reuenge it on you all,
And in that hope I cast mine eies to heauen,
Skorning what ere you can afflict me with:
Why staie you Lords? what, multitudes and feare?
Clif. So cowards fight when they can flie no longer:
So Doues doe pecke the Rauens piersing tallents:
So desperate theeues all hopelesse of their liues,
Breath out inuectiues gainst the officers.
York. Oh *Clifford*, yet bethinke thee once againe,
And in thy minde orerun my former time:
And bite thy toung that slaunderst him with cowardise,
Whose verie looke hath made thee quake ere this.
Clif. I will not bandie with thee word for word,
But buckle with thee blowes twise two for one.
Queene. Hold valiant *Clifford* for a thousand causes,
I would prolong the traitors life a while.
Wrath makes him death, speake thou *Northumberland.*
Nor. Hold *Clifford*, doe not honour him so much,
To pricke thy finger though to wound his hart:
What valure were it when a curre doth grin,
For one to thrust his hand betweene his teeth,
When he might spurne him with his foote awaie?
*Tis warres prise to take all aduantages,
And ten to one, is no impeach in warres.
Fight and take him.
Clif. I, I, so striues the Woodcocke with the gin.
North. So doth the cunnie with the net.
York. So triumphs theeues vpon their conquered
Bootie: So true men yeeld by robbers ouermatcht.
North. What will your grace haue done with him?
Queene. Braue warriors, *Clifford* & *Northumberland*
Come make him stand vpon this molehill here,
That aimde at mountaines with outstretched arme,
And parted but the shaddow with his hand.
Was it you that reuelde in our Parlement,
And made a prechment of your high descent?
Where are your messe of sonnes to backe you now?
The wanton *Edward*, and the lustie *George*?
Or where is that valiant *Crookbackt* prodegie?

32 *gainst*] Q_1Q_2. *'gainst* Q_3.
41 *death*] Q_1. *deafe* Q_2Q_3.
44 *valure*] Q_1. *valour* Q_2Q_3.
were] Q_1Q_2. *where* Q_3.
51 *triumphs*] Q_1Q_3. *triumphes* Q_2.
51, 52 *conquered Bootie*] Q_1. *conquered booty* Q_2. *conquer'd booty* Q_3.
52 *robbers*] *robbbers* Q_3.
62 *where is*] Q_1Q_2. *wher's* Q_3.
Crookbackt] Q_1. *Crookebackt* Q_2. *crookt-backt* Q_3.

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Dickey your boy, that with his grumbling voice,
Was wont to cheare his Dad in mutinies?
Or amongst the rest, where is your darling *Rutland?*
Looke *Yorke?* I dipt this napkin in the bloud,
That valiant *Clifford* with his rapiers point,
Made issue from the bosome of thy boy.
And if thine eies can water for his death,
I giue thee this to drie thy cheeks withall.
Alas poore *Yorke?* But that I hate thee much,
I should lament thy miserable state?
I prethee greeue to make me merrie *Yorke?*
Stamp, raue and fret, that I maie sing and dance.
What? hath thy fierie hart so parcht thine entrailes,
That not a teare can fall for *Rutlands* death?
*Thou wouldst be feede I see to make me sport.
Yorke cannot speake, vnlesse he weare a crowne.
A crowne for *Yorke?* and Lords bow low to him.
So: hold you his hands, whilst *I* doe set it on.
I, now lookes he like a king?
This is he that tooke king *Henries* chaire,
And this is he was his adopted aire,
But how is it that great *Plantagenet,*
Is crownd so soone, and broke his holie oath,
As I bethinke me you should not be king,
Till our *Henry* had shooke hands with death,
And will you impale your head with *Henries* glorie,
And rob his temples of the Diadem
Now in his life against your holie oath?
Oh, tis a fault too too vnpardonable.
Off with the crowne, and with the crowne his head,
And whilst we breath, take time to doe him dead.

Clif. Thats my office for my fathers death.

Queen. Yet stay: & lets here the Orisons he makes,

York. She wolfe of *France,* but worse than Wolues of *France:*
Whose tongue more poison'd than the Adders tooth:
How ill beseeming is it in thy sexe,

65 *amongst*] Q_1Q_3. *mongst* Q_2.
67 *rapiers*] Q_1Q_3. *Rapier* Q_2.
72 *state?*] Q_1. *state:* Q_2. *state* Q_3.
73 *Yorke?*] Q_1. *Yorke:* Q_2Q_3.
75 *What?*] Q_1Q_3. *What,* Q_2.
parcht] Q_1. *partcht* Q_2. *parch* Q_3.
79 *Yorke?*] Q_1Q_3. *Yorke,* Q_2.
80 *whilst*] Q_1Q_3. *while* Q_2.
81 *king?*] Q_1. *King.* Q_2Q_3.
83 *aire*] Q_1. *heire* Q_2. *keyre* Q_3.
90 *his*] *this* Halliwell.
94 *Thats*] Q_1Q_3. *That 's* Q_2.
97 *tongue*] Q_1Q_3. *tongue 's* Q_2.
than] Q_1Q_3. *then* Q_2.

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To triumph like an *Amazonian* trull
Vpon his woes, whom *Fortune* captiuates?
But that thy face is visard like, vnchanging,
Made impudent by vse of euill deeds:
I would assaie, proud Queene, to make thee blush:
To tell thee of whence thou art, from whom deriu'de,
Twere shame enough to shame thee, wert thou not
shamelesse.
*Thy father beares the type of king of *Naples*,
Of both both the *Sissiles* and *Ierusalem*,
Yet not so wealthie as an English Yeoman.
Hath that poore Monarch taught thee to insult?
It needes not, or it bootes thee not proud Queene,
Vnlesse the Adage must be verifide:
That beggers mounted, run their horse to death.
Tis beautie, that oft makes women proud,
But God he wots thy share thereof is small.
Tis gouernment, that makes them most admirde,
The contrarie doth make thee wondred at.
Tis vertue that makes them seeme deuine,
The want thereof makes thee abhominable.
Thou art as opposite to euerie good,
As the *Antipodes* are vnto vs,
Or as the south to the Septentrion.
Oh Tygers hart wrapt in a womans hide?
How couldst thou draine the life bloud of the childe,
To bid the father wipe his eies withall,
And yet be seene to beare a womans face?
Women are milde, pittifull, and flexible,
Thou indurate, sterne, rough, remorcelesse.
Bids thou me rage? why novv thou hast thy vvill.
Wouldst haue me weepe? vvhy so thou hast thy vvish.
For raging windes blowes vp a storme of teares,
And when the rage alaies the raine begins.
These teares are my sweet *Rutlands* obsequies,
And euerie drop begs vengeance as it fals,
On thee fell *Clifford*, and the false French woman.
North. Beshrevv me but his passions moue me so,

101 *visard like*] Q_1Q_2. *visard-like* Q_3.
105 *Twere* Q_1Q_2. *T'were* Q_3.
106 *type*] Q_1Q_3. *tipe* Q_2.
107 *Sissiles*] Q_1Q_3. *Cissiles* Q_3.
117 *that*] Q_1Q_3. om. Q_2.
122 *hide?*] Q_1. *hide!* Q_2. *hide;* Q_3.
130 *blowes*] Q_1Q_2. *blow* Q_3.
131 *alaies*] Q_1. *alayes* Q_2. *alaes* Q_3.
134 *French woman*] Q_1Q_2. *French-woman* Q_3.

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As hardlie can I checke mine eies from teares.
* *York.* That face of his the hungrie Cannibals
Could not haue tucht, would not haue staind with bloud
But you are more inhumaine, more inexorable,
O ten times more then Tygers of *Arcadia.*
See ruthlesse *Queene* a haplesse fathers teares.
This cloth thou dipts in bloud of my sweet boy,
And loe with teares I wash the bloud awaie.
*K*eepe thou the napkin and go boast of that,
And if thou tell the heauie storie well,
Vpon my soule the hearers will sheed teares,
I, euen my foes will sheed fast falling teares,
And saie, alas, it was a pitteous deed.
Here, take the crowne, and with the crowne my curse,
And in thy need such comfort come to thee,
As now *I* reape at thy tvvo cruell hands.
Hard-harted *Clifford*, take me from the world,
My soule to heauen, my bloud vpon your heads.
North. Had he bin slaughterman of all my kin,
I could not chuse but weepe with him to see,
How inlie anger gripes his hart.
Quee. What weeping ripe, my Lorde *Northumberland?*
Thinke but vpon the wrong he did vs all,
And that will quicklie drie your melting tears.
Clif. Thears for my oath, thears for my fathers death.
Queene. And thears to right our gentle harted kind.
York. Open thy gates of mercie gratious God,
My soule flies foorth to meet with thee.
Queene. Off with his head and set it on *Yorke* Gates,
So *Yorke* maie ouerlooke the towne of *Yorke.*

Exeunt omnes.

*Enter *Edward* and *Richard*, with drum [ACT II. SCENE I.] and Souldiers.

Edw. After this dangerous fight and haplesse warre,
How doth my noble brother *Richard* fare?
Rich. I cannot ioy vntil I be resolu'de,
Where our right valiant father is become.

136 *can I*] Q_1Q_2. *I can* Q_3.
145 *heauie*] Q_1Q_2. om. Q_3.
146 *sheed*] Q_1. *shead* Q_2. *shed* Q_3.
147 *sheed*] Q_1. *shed* Q_2Q_3.
151 *tvvo*] Q_1Q_2. *too* Q_3.
152 *Hard-harted*] Q_1Q_2. *Hard harted* Q_3.
156 *inlie*] Q_1Q_2. *inward* Q_3.
160 *Thears.....thears*] Q_1Q_2. *There's... there's* Q_3.
my] Q_1Q_2. *mine* Q_3.
161 *thears*] Q_1Q_2. *there's* Q_3.

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How often did I see him beare himselfe,
As doth a lion midst a heard of neat,
So fled his enemies our valiant father,
Me thinkes tis pride enough to be his sonne.
Three sunnes appeare in the aire.
Edw. Loe how the morning opes her golden gates,
And takes her farewell of the glorious sun,
Dasell mine eies or doe I see three suns?
Rich Three glorious suns, not seperated by a racking
Cloud, but seuered in a pale cleere shining skie.
See, see, they ioine, embrace, and seeme to kisse,
As if they vowde some league inuiolate:
Now are they but one lampe, one light, one sun,
In this the heauens doth figure some euent.
Edw. *I* thinke it cites vs brother to the field,
That we the sonnes of braue *Plantagenet*,
Alreadie each one shining by his meed,
May ioine in one and ouerpeere the world,
As this the earth, and therefore hence forward,
Ile beare vpon my Target, three faire shining suns.
But what art thou? that lookest so heauilie?
Mes. Oh one that was a wofull looker on,
When as the noble Duke of *Yorke* was slaine.
Edw. O speake no more, for I can heare no more.
Rich. Tell on thy tale, for *I* will heare it all.
**Mes.* When as the noble Duke was put to flight,
And then pursu'de by *Clifford* and the *Queene*,
And manie souldiers moe, who all at once
Let driue at him and forst the Duke to yeald:
And then they set him on a molehill there,
And crownd the gratious Duke in high despite,
Who then with teares began to waile his fall.
The ruthlesse *Queene* perceiuing he did weepe,
Gaue him a handkercher to wipe his eies,
Dipt in the bloud of sweet young *Rutland*
By rough *Clifford* slaine: who weeping tooke it vp.
Then through his brest they thrust their bloudy swordes,

7 *his*] Q_1Q_2. *the* Q_3.
our] Q_1Q_2. *from our* Q_3.
11 *Dasell*] Q_1Q_2. *Dazle* Q_3.
eies] Q_1. *eies?* Q_2. *eyes*, Q_3.
12 *seperated*] Q_1Q_2. *separated* Q_3.
12, 13 *racking Cloud, but*] Q_1. *racking cloude: But* Q_2. *racking cloud But* Q_3.
24 *thou? that*] Q_1. *thou that* Q_2Q_3.
lookest] Q_1Q_2. *look'st* Q_3.
After this line Q_3 inserts *Enter a Messenger.*
32 *forst*] Q_1Q_2. *forc'st* Q_3.
39 *By*] *But* Halliwell.

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Who like a lambe fell at the butchers feete.
Then on the gates of *Yorke* they set his head,
And there it doth remaine the piteous spectacle
That ere mine eies beheld.
Edw. Sweet Duke of *Yorke* our prop to leane vpon,
Now thou art gone there is no hope for vs:
Now my soules pallace is become a prison.
Oh would she breake from compasse of my breast,
For neuer shall I haue more ioie.
Rich. I cannot weepe, for all my breasts moisture
Scarse serues to quench my furnace burning hart:
I cannot ioie till this white rose be dide,
Euen in the hart bloud of the house of *Lancaster*.
Richard, I bare thy name, and *I*le reuenge thy death,
Or die my selfe in seeking of reuenge.
Edw. His name that valiant Duke hath left with thee,
His chaire and Dukedome that remaines for me.
Rich. Nay, if thou be that princely Eagles bird,
Shew thy descent by gazing gainst the sunne.
*For chaire, and dukedome, Throne and kingdome saie:
For either that is thine, or else thou wert not his?

Enter the Earle of *Warwike*, *Montague*, with drum, ancient, and souldiers.

War. How now faire Lords: what fare? what newes abroad?
Rich. Ah *Warwike!* should we report the balefull
Newes, and at each words deliuerance stab poinyardes
In our flesh till all were told, the words would adde
More anguish then the wounds.
Ah valiant Lord the Duke of *Yorke* is slaine.
Edw. Ah *Warwike Warwike*, that *Plantagenet*,
Which held thee deere: I, euen as his soules redemption,
Is by the sterne *L. Clifford*, done to death.
War. Ten daies a go I drownd those newes in teares.
And now to adde more measure to your woes,
I come to tell you things since then befalne.
After the bloudie fraie at *Wakefield* fought,

51 *hart*] Q_1. *heart* Q_2. *hate* Q_3.
54 *bare*] Q_1Q_3. *beare* Q_2.
59 *descent*] Q_1Q_3. *disent* Q_2.
61 *his?*] Q_1. *his.* Q_2Q_3.
68 *Ah*] Q_1Q_3. *Ah gentle* Q_2.
report] Q_1Q_3. *but reporte*, Q_2.
63—66 *Ah...wounds*] Q_1. In Q_2 the lines end *reporte ... deliuerance ... tould ... woundes*. In Q_3 they end at *newes... flesh...adde...wounds*.
69 *I*] Q_1Q_3. om. Q_2.
70 *L.*] Q_1. *Lord* Q_2Q_3.
71 *a go*] Q_1. *agoe* Q_2. *ago* Q_3.
73 *things*] Q_1Q_2. *newes* Q_3.

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Where your braue father breath'd his latest gaspe,
Tidings as swiftie as the post could runne,
Was brought me of your losse, and his departure.
I then in London keeper of the *King*,
Mustred my souldiers, gathered flockes of friends,
And verie vvell appointed as I thought,
Marcht to saint *Albons* to entercept the *Queene*,
Bearing the *King* in my behalfe along,
For by my scoutes I was aduertised,
That she was comming, with a full intent
To dash your late decree in parliament,
Touching king *Henries* heires and your succession.
Short tale to make, we at Saint *Albons* met,
*Our battles ioinde, and both sides fiercelie fought.
But whether twas the coldnesse of the king,
He lookt full gentlie on his warlike *Queene*,
That robde my souldiers of their heated spleene
Or whether twas report of his successe,
Or more then common feare of *Cliffords* rigor,
Who thunders to his captaines bloud and death,
I cannot tell. But to conclude with truth,
Their weapons like to lightnings went and came.
Our souldiers like the night Owles lasie flight,
Or like an idle thresher with a flaile,
Fel gentlie downe as if they smote their friends.
I cheerd them vp with iustice of the cause,
With promise of hie paie and great rewardes,
But all in vaine, they had no harts to fight,
Nor we in them no hope to win the daie,
So that We fled. The king vnto the *Queene*,
Lord *George* your brother, *Norffolke*, and my selfe,
In hast, post hast, are come to ioine with you,
For in the marches here we heard you were,
Making another head to fight againe.
Edw. Thankes gentle *Warwike*.
How farre hence is the Duke with his power?
And when came *George* from *Burgundie* to *England*?
War. Some fiue miles off the Duke is with his power,
But as for your brother he was latelie sent

76 *swiftie*] Q_1. *swiftlie* Q_2. *swiftly* Q_3.
81 *to entercept*] Q_1. *t'entercept* Q_2. *to intercept* Q_3.
89, 92 *twas*] Q_1Q_2. *'twas* Q_3.
90 *He lookt*] Q_1. *Who lookt* Q_2. *He look'd* Q_3.
97 *night Owles*] Q_1Q_2. *Night-Owles* Q_3.
108 *another*] Q_1Q_3. *an other* Q_2.

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From your kind Aunt, Duches of *Burgundie*,
With aide of souldiers gainst this needfull warre.
Rich. Twas ods belike, when valiant *Warwike* fled.
Oft haue I heard thy praises in pursute,
But nere till now thy scandall of retire.
* *War.* Nor now my scandall *Richard* dost thou heare,
For thou shalt know that this right hand of mine,
Can plucke the Diadem from faint *Henries* head,
And wring the awefull scepter from his fist:
Were he as famous and as bold in warre,
As he is famde for mildnesse, peace and praier.
Rich. I know it well Lord *Warwike* blame me not,
Twas loue I bare thy glories made me speake.
But in this troublous time, whats to be done?
Shall we go throw away our coates of steele,
And clad our bodies in blacke mourning gownes,
Numbring our *Auemaries* with our beades?
Or shall we on the helmets of our foes,
Tell our deuotion with reuengefull armes?
If for the last, saie *I*, and to it Lords.
War. Why therefore *Warwike* came to find you out,
And therefore comes my brother *Montagus*.
Attend me Lords, the proud insulting Queene,
With *Clifford*, and the haught *Northumberland*,
And of their feather manie mo proud birdes,
Haue wrought the easie melting king like waxe.
He sware consent to your succession,
His oath inrolled in the Parliament.
But now to London all the crew are gone,
To frustrate his oath or what besides
May make against the house of *Lancaster*.
Their power *I* gesse them fifty thousand strong.
Now if the helpe of *Norffolke* and my selfe,
Can but amount to 48. thousand,
With all the friendes that thou braue earle of *March*,
Among the louing Welshmen canst procure,
*Why via, To London will we march amaine,
And once againe bestride our foming steedes,
And once againe crie charge vpon the foe,
But neuer once againe turne backe and flie.

115 *gainst*] Q_1Q_2. *'gainst* Q_3.
127 *whats*] Q_1Q_2. *what's* Q_3.
138 *mo*] Q_1Q_2. *moe* Q_3.
143 *frustrate*] Q_1Q_2. *frusterate* Q_3.
or] Q_1Q_2. *ot* Q_3.
147 48.] Q_1Q_2. *eight and forty* Q_3.

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Rich. I, now me thinkes I heare great *Warwike* speake:
Nere maie he liue to see a sunshine daie,
That cries retire, when *Warwike* bids him stay.
Edw. Lord *Warwike*, on thy shoulder will I leane,
And when thou faints, must *Edward* fall:
Which perill heauen forefend.
War. No longer Earle of *March*, but Duke of *Yorke*,
The next degree, is Englands royall king:
And king of England shalt thou be proclaimde,
In euery burrough as we passe along:
And he that casts not vp his cap for ioie,
Shall for the offence make forfeit of his head.
King *Edward*, valiant *Richard*, *Montague*,
Stay we no longer dreaming of renowne,
But forward to effect these resolutions.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. The Duke of *Norffolke* sends you word by me,
The *Queene* is comming with a puissant power,
And craues your companie for speedie councell.
War. Why then it sorts braue Lordes. Lets march away. *Exeunt Omnes.*

Enter the *King* and *Queene*, Prince *Edward*, and the Northerne Earles, with drum and Souldiers. [Sc. II.]

Ques. Welcome my Lord to this braue town of *York*.
Yonders the head of that ambitious enemie,
That sought to be impaled with your crowne.
*Doth not the object please your eie my Lord?
King. Euen as the rockes please them that feare their wracke.
Withhold reuenge deare God, tis not my fault,
Nor wittinglie haue I infringde my vow.
Clif. My gratious Lord, this too much lenitie,
And harmefull pittie must be laid aside,
To whom do Lyons cast their gentle lookes?
Not to the beast that would vsurpe his den.
Whose hand is that the sauage Beare doth licke?
Not his that spoiles his young before his face.
Whose scapes the lurking serpentes mortall sting?

158 *faints*] Q_1Q_3. *faint'st* Q_2.
161 *degree, is*] Q_1. *degree is* Q_2. *degree is,* Q_3.
165 *the*] Q_1Q_3. *th'* Q_2.
172 *Lets*] Q_1Q_2. *Let's* Q_3.
2 *Yonders*] Q_1Q_3. *Yonder's* Q_2.
14 *Whose scapes*] Q_1. *Who scapes* Q_2Q_3.

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Not he that sets his foot vpon her backe.
The smallest worme will turne being troden on,
And Doues will pecke, in rescue of their broode.
Ambitious *Yorke* did leuell at thy Crowne,
Thou smiling, while he knit his angrie browes.
He but a Duke, would haue his sonne a king,
And raise his issue like a louing sire.
Thou being a king blest with a goodlie sonne,
Didst giue consent to disinherit him,
Which argude thee a most vnnaturall father.
Vnreasonable creatures feed their yong,
And though mans face be fearefull to their eies,
Yet in protection of their tender ones,
Who hath not seene them euen with those same wings
Which they haue sometime vsde in fearefull flight,
Make warre with him, that climes vnto their nest,
Offring their owne liues in their yongs defence?
For shame my Lord, make them your president,
Were it not pittie that this goodlie boy,
*should lose his birth right through his fathers fault?
And long hereafter saie vnto his child,
What my great grandfather and grandsire got,
My carelesse father fondlie gaue awaie?
Looke on the boy and let his manlie face,
Which promiseth successefull fortune to vs all,
Steele thy melting thoughtes,
To keepe thine owne, and leaue thine owne with him.

King. Full wel hath *Clifford* plaid the Orator,
Inferring arguments of mighty force.
But tell me, didst thou neuer yet heare tell,
That things euill got had euer bad successe,
And happie euer was it for that sonne,
Whose father for his hoording went to hell?
I leaue my sonne my vertuous deedes behind,
And would my father had left me no more,
For all the rest is held at such a rate,
As askes a thousand times more care to keepe,
Then maie the present profit counteruaile.
Ah cosen *Yorke*, would thy best friendes did know,
How it doth greeue me that thy head stands there.

Quee. My Lord, this harmefull pittie makes your followers faint.
You promisde knighthood to your princelie sonne.

84 *birth right*] Q_1. *birth-right* Q_2Q_3. 45 *euill*] Q_1Q_2. *ill* Q_3.

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Vnsheath your sword and straight doe dub him knight.
Kneele downe *Edward.*
King. *Edward Plantagenet*, arise a knight,
And learne this lesson boy, draw thy sword in right.
Prince. My gratious father by your kingly leaue,
Ile draw it as apparant to the crowne,
And in that quarrel vse it to the death.
**Northum.* Why that is spoken like a toward prince.
Enter a Messenger.
Mes. Royall commaunders be in readinesse,
For with a band of fiftie thousand men,
Comes *Warwike* backing of the Duke of *Yorke.*
And in the townes whereas they passe along,
Proclaimes him king, and manie flies to him,
Prepare your battels, for they be at hand.
Clif. I would your highnesse would depart the field,
The *Queene* hath best successe when you are absent.
Ques. Do good my Lord, and leaue vs to our fortunes.
King. Why thats my fortune, therefore Ile stay still.
Clif. Be it with resolution then to fight.
Prince, Good father cheere these noble Lords,
Vnsheath your sword, sweet father crie Saint *George.*
Clif. Pitch we our battell heere, for hence wee will not moue.
Enter the house of *Yorke.*
Edward. Now periurde *Henrie* vvilt thou yeelde thy crovvne,
And kneele for mercie at thy soueraignes feete?
Queen. Go rate thy minions proud insulting boy,
Becomes it thee to be thus malepert,
Before thy king and lawfull soueraigne?
Edw. *I* am his king, and he should bend his knee,
I was adopted heire by his consent.
George. Since when he hath broke his oath.
For as we heare you that are king
Though he doe weare the Crowne,
Haue causde him by new act of Parlement
To blot our brother out, and put his owne son in.
**Clif.* And reason *George.* Who should succeede the father but the son?

57 *straight doe dub*] Q_1. *straight do bub* Q_2. *straight way dub* Q_3.
60 *boy*] Q_1Q_2. om. Q_3.
74 *thats*] Q_1Q_2. *that's* Q_3.
79 *crowne,*] Q_1Q_2. *Crowne?* Q_3.
89 *Parlement*] Q_1. *Parliament* Q_2Q_3.
91 *And...son?*] Two lines in Q_3, the first ending *George.*

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Rich. Are you their butcher?
Clif. *I Crookbacke*, here I stand to answere thee, or any of your sort.
Rich. Twas you that kild yong *Rutland*, was it not?
Clif. Yes, and old *Yorke* too, and yet not satisfide.
Rich. For Gods sake Lords giue synald to the fight.
War. What saiest thou *Henry*? wilt thou yeelde thy crowne?
Queen. What, long tongde *War.* dare you speake?
When you and *I* met at saint *Albones* last,
Your legs did better seruice than your hands.
War. I, then twas my turne to flee, but now tis thine.
Clif. You said so much before, and yet you fled.
War. Twas not your valour *Clifford*, that droue mee thence.
Northum. No, nor your manhood *Warwike*, that could make you staie.
Rich. *Northumberland*, *Northumberland*, wee holde
Thee reuerentlie. Breake off the parlie, for scarse
I can refraine the execution of my big swolne
Hart, against that *Clifford* there, that
Cruell child-killer.
Clif. Why I kild thy father, calst thou him a child?
Rich. I like a villaine, and a trecherous coward,
As thou didst kill our tender brother *Rutland*.
But ere sunne set Ile make thee curse the deed.
King. Haue doone with wordes great Lordes, and Heare me speake.
Queen. Defie them then, or else hold close thy lips.
**King.* I prethe giue no limits to my tongue,
I am a king and priuiledge to speake.
Clif. My Lord the wound that bred this meeting here
Cannot be cru'd with words, therefore be still.
Rich. Then executioner vnsheath thy sword,

92 *their*] Q_1Q_2. *there* Q_3.
93 *I...sort*] Two lines in Q_3, the first ending *thee*.
96 *synald*] Q_1Q_2. *signall* Q_3.
98 *War.*] Q_1Q_2. *Warwicke* Q_3.
101 *flee*] Q_1Q_2. *flye* Q_3.
tis] Q_1Q_2. *t'is* Q_3.
102 *so*] Q_1Q_2. *as* Q_3.
103 *that*] Q_1Q_2. om. Q_3.
104 *you*] Q_1Q_2. *yee* Q_3.
105—109 *Northumberland ... child-killer*] As in Q_1. As prose in Q_2. As five lines in Q_3 ending *hold...reuerently... refraine...heart...child-killer*.
113 *sunne set*] Q_1Q_2. *sun-set* Q_3.
114 *Haue...speake*] Q_1Q_2. Two lines in Q_3, ending *Lords...speake*.
117 *am a king and*] Q_1Q_2. *being a King am* Q_3.
priuiledge] Q_1. *preuiledgde* Q_2. *priuiledg'd* Q_3.
119 *cru'd*] Q_1. *cur'd* Q_2Q_3.

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By him that made vs all I am resolu'de,
That *Cliffords* manhood hangs vpon his tongue.
Edw. What saist thou *Henry*, shall *I* haue my right or no?
A thousand men haue broke their fast to daie,
That nere shall dine, vnlesse thou yeeld the crowne.
War. If thou denie their blouds be on thy head,
For *Yorke* in iustice puts his armour on.
Prin. If all be right that *Warwike* saies is right,
There is no wrong but all things must be right.
Rich. Whosoeuer got thee, there thy mother stands,
For well I wot thou hast thy mothers tongue.
Queen. But thou art neither like thy sire nor dam,
But like a foule mishapen stygmaticke
Markt by the destinies to be auoided,
As venome Todes, or Lizards fainting lookes.
Rich. Iron of *Naples*, hid with English gilt,
Thy father beares the title of a king,
As if a channell should be calde the Sea;
Shames thou not, knowing from whence thou art de-
Riu'de, to parlie thus with Englands lawfull heires?
Edw. A wispe of straw were worth a thousand crowns,
To make that shamelesse callet know her selfe,
Thy husbands father reueld in the hart of *France*,
And tam'de the French, and made the Dolphin stoope;
And had he macht according to his state,
*He might haue kept that glorie till this daie.
But when he tooke a begger to his bed,
And gracst thy poore sire with his bridall daie,
Then that sun-shine bred a showre for him
Which washt his fathers fortunes out of France,
And heapt seditions on his crowne at home.
For what hath mou'd these tumults but thy pride?
Hadst thou beene meeke, our title yet had slept?
And we in pittie of the gentle king,
Had slipt our claime vntill an other age.
George. But when we saw our summer brought the gaine,

135 *venome*] Q_1Q_2. *venom'd* Q_3.
139 *Shames thou*] Q_1. *Sham'st* Q_2. *Sham'st thou* Q_3.
139, 140 *de-Riu'de, to*] Q_1. *deriu'de To* Q_2Q_3.
145 *macht*] Q_1. *matcht* Q_2Q_3.
148 *gracst*] Q_1. *grac'd* Q_2. *grac'st* Q_3.
153 *slept?*] Q_1. *slept*, Q_2Q_3.
155 *an other*] Q_1Q_2. *another* Q_3.
156 *the gaine*] Q_1Q_2. *thee gaine* Q_3.

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And that the haruest brought vs no increase,
We set the axe to thy vsurping root,
And though the edge haue something hit our selues,
Yet know thou we will neuer cease to strike,
Till we haue hewne thee downe,
Or bath'd thy growing with our heated blouds.
Edw. And in this resolution, I defie thee,
Not willing anie longer conference,
Since thou deniest the gentle king to speake.
Sound trumpets, let our bloudie colours waue,
And either victorie or else a graue.
Quee. Staie *Edward* staie.
Edw. Hence wrangling woman, Ile no longer staie,
Thy words will cost ten thousand liues to daie.
Exeunt Omnes. Alarmes.

Enter *Warwike.* [Sc. III.]

War. Sore spent with toile as runners with the race,
I laie me downe a little while to breath,
*F*or strokes receiude, and manie blowes repaide,
*Hath robd my strong knit sinnews of their strength,
And force perforce needes must *I* rest my selfe.

Enter *Edward.*

Edw. Smile gentle heauens or strike vngentle death,
That we maie die vnlesse we gaine the daie*:*
What fatall starre malignant frownes from heauen
Vpon the harmelesse line of *Yorkes* true house?

Enter *George.*

George. Come brother, come, lets to the field againe,
For yet theres hope inough to win the daie*:*
Then let vs backe to cheere our fainting Troupes,
Lest they retire now we haue left the field.
War. How now my lords: what hap, what hope of good?

Enter *Richard* running.

Rich. Ah *Warwike*, why haste thou withdrawne thy selfe?
Thy noble father in the thickest thronges,
Cride still for *Warwike* his thrise valiant son,
Vntill with thousand swords he was beset,
And manie wounds made in his aged brest,
And as he tottering sate vpon his steede,

164 *Not*] Q_1Q_2. *Nor* Q_3.
169 *wrangling woman*] Q_1Q_2. *wrangling. woman* Q_3.
5 *perforce*] Q_1Q_2. *per force* Q_3.
rest] Q_1Q_3. *yeeld* Q_2.
11 *theres*] Q_1Q_2. *there's* Q_3.
13 *Lest*] Q_1Q_2. *Least* Q_3.
14 *lords: what hap,*] Q_1. *Lords? what hap,* Q_2. *Lords, what hap?* Q_3.
20 *tottering*] Q_1. *totering* Q_2. *tottring* Q_3.

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He waft his hand to me and cride aloud:
Richard, commend me to my valiant sonne,
And still he cride *Warwike* reuenge my death,
And with those words he tumbled off his horse,
And so the noble Salsbury gaue vp the ghost.
War. Then let the earth be drunken with his bloud,
*I*le kill my horse because I will not flie:
And here to God of heauen I make a vow,
Neuer to passe from forth this bloudy field
Till I am full reuenged for his death.
Edw. Lord *Warwike*, I doe bend my knees with thine,
*And in that vow now ioine my soule to thee,
Thou setter vp and puller downe of kings,
vouchsafe a gentle victorie to vs,
Or let vs die before we loose the daie:
George. Then let vs haste to cheere the souldiers harts,
And call them pillers that will stand to vs,
And hiely promise to remunerate
Their trustie seruice, in these dangerous warres.
Rich. Come, come awaie, and stand not to debate,
For yet is hope of fortune good enough.
Brothers, giue me your hands, and let vs part
And take our leaues vntill we meet againe,
Where ere it be in heauen or in earth.
Now I that neuer wept, now melt in wo,
To see these dire mishaps continue so.
Warwike farewel.
War. Awaie awaie, once more sweet Lords farewell.

Exeunt Omnes.

Alarmes, and then enter *Richard* at one dore and *Clifford* at the other. [Sc. IV.]

Rich. A *Clifford* a *Clifford.*
Clif. A *Richard* a *Richard.*
Rich. Now *Clifford*, for *Yorke* & young *Rutlands* death,
This thirsty sword that longs to drinke thy bloud,
Shall lop thy limmes, and slise thy cursed hart,
For to reuenge the murders thou hast made.
Clif. Now *Richard*, I am with thee here alone,
This is the hand that stabd thy father *Yorke*,
And this the hand that slew thy brother *Rutland*,

24 *off*] Q_1Q_3. *of* Q_2.
35 *loose*] Q_1Q_3. *lose* Q_2.
37 *pillers*] Q_1Q_3. *pillars* Q_2.
38 *promise*] *promise* Q_3.
5 *slise*] Q_1. *slice* Q_2Q_3.

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And heres the heart that triumphs in their deathes,
And cheeres these hands that slew thy sire and brother,
*To execute the like vpon thy selfe,
And so haue at thee.

Alarmes. They fight, and then enters *Warwike* [Sc. v.]
and rescues *Richard*, & then *exeunt omnes.*
Alarmes still, and then enter *Henry solus.*

Hen. Oh gratious God of heauen looke downe on vs,
And set some endes to these incessant griefes,
How like a mastlesse ship vpon the seas,
This woful battaile doth continue still,
Now leaning this way, now to that side driue,
And none doth know to whom the daie will fall.
O would my death might staie these ciuill iars!
Would I had neuer raind, nor nere bin king,
Margret and *Clifford*, chide me from the fielde,
Swearing they had best successe when *I* was thence.
Would God that I were dead so all were well,
Or would my crowne suffice, I were content
To yeeld it them and liue a priuate life.

Enter a souldier with a dead man in his armes.

Sould Il blowes the wind that profits no bodie,
This man that I haue slaine in fight to daie,
Maie be possessed of some store of crownes,
And I will search to find them if I can,
But stay. Me thinkes it is my fathers face,
Oh I tis he whom I haue slaine in fight,
From London was I prest out by the king,
My father he came on the part of *Yorke*,
And in this conflict I haue slaine my father:
Oh pardon God, I knew not what I did,
And pardon father, for I knew thee not.

Enter an other souldier with a dead man.

*2. *Soul.* Lie there thou that foughtst with me so stoutly,
Now let me see what store of gold thou haste,
But staie, me thinkes this is no famous face:
Oh no it is my sonne that *I* haue slaine in fight
O monstrous times begetting such euents,
How cruel bloudy, and ironious,
This deadlie quarrell dailie doth beget,

10 *heres*] Q_1. *heer's* Q_2. *heere's* Q_3.
7 *ciuill iars!*] Q_1Q_2. *cruell iarres* Q_3.
8 *raind*] Q_1. *raigned* Q_2. *raign'd* Q_3.
24 an other] Q_1Q_2. another Q_3.
30 *ironious*] Q_1Q_2. *ironous* Q_3.

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Poore boy thy father gaue thee lif too late,
And hath bereau'de thee of thy life too sone.
King Wo aboue wo, griefe more then common griefe,
Whilst Lyons warre and battaile for their dens,
Poore lambs do feele the rigor of their wraths:
The red rose and the white are on his face,
The fatall colours of our striuing houses,
Wither one rose, and let the other flourish,
For if you striue, ten thousand liues must perish.
1. *Sould.* How will my mother for my fathers death,
Take on with me and nere be satisfide?
2. *Sol.* How will my wife for slaughter of my son,
Take on with me and nere be satisfide?
King. How will the people now misdeeme their king,
Oh would my death their mindes could satisfie.
1. *Sould.* Was euer son so rude his fathers bloud to spil?
2, *Soul.* Was euer father so vnnaturall his son to kill?
King. Was euer king thus greeud and vexed still?
1. *Sould.* Ile beare thee hence from this accursed place,
For wo is me to see my fathers face.
Exit with his father.
2. *Soul.* Ile beare thee hence & let them fight that wil,
For *I* haue murdered where I should not kill.
Exit with his sonne.
**K Hen.* Weepe wretched man, Ile lay thee teare for tear,
Here sits a king as woe begone as thee.
Alarmes and enter the *Queene.*
Queen. Awaie my Lord to *Barwicke* presentlie,
The daie is lost, our friends are murdered,
No hope is left for vs, therefore awaie.
Enter prince *Edward.*
Prince. Oh father flie, our men haue left the field,
Take horse sweet father, let vs saue our selues.
Enter *Exeter.*
Exet. Awaie my Lord for vengance comes along with (him:
Nay stand not to expostulate make hast,
Or else come after, Ile awaie before:
K Hen. Naie staie good *Exeter*, for Ile along with thee.

32 *thee lif*] Q_1Q_3. *the life* Q_2.
too late] Q_1Q_3. *to late* Q_2.
37 *white*] Q_1Q_3. *Whight* Q_2.
43 *of my*] Q_1Q_3. *of her* Q_2.
53 *murdered*] Q_1Q_3. *murdred* Q_2.
58 *hope*] Q_1Q_3. *helpe* Q_2.
61 *comes*] Q_1Q_3. *come* Q_2.

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Enter *Clifford* wounded, with an arrow in his necke. [Sc. VI.]

Clif. Heere burnes my candell out,
That whilst it lasted gaue king *Henry* light.
Ah *Lancaster*, I feare thine ouerthrow,
More then my bodies parting from my soule.
My loue and feare glude manie friendes to thee,
And now *I* die, that tough commixture melts.
Impairing *Henry* strengthened misproud *Yorke*,
The common people swarme like summer flies,
And whither flies the Gnats but to the sun?
And who shines now but *Henries* enemie?
Oh *Phœbus* hadst thou neuer giuen consent,
That *Phaeton* should checke thy fierie steedes,
Thy burning carre had neuer scorcht the earth.
And *Henry* hadst thou liu'd as kings should doe,
And as thy father and his father did,
*Giuing no foot vnto the house of *Yorke*,
I and ten thousand in this wofull land,
Had left no mourning Widdowes for our deathes,
And thou this daie hadst kept thy throne in peace.
For what doth cherish weedes but gentle aire?
And what makes robbers bold but lenitie?
Bootlesse are plaintes, and curelesse are my woundes,
No waie to flie, no strength to hold our flight,
The foe is mercilesse and will not pittie me,
And at their hands *I* haue deserude no pittie.
The aire is got into my bleeding wounds,
And much effuse of bloud doth make me faint,
Come *Yorke* and *Richard*, *Warwike* and the rest,
I stabde your fathers, now come split my brest.

Enter *Edward*, *Richard* and *Warwike*, and Souldiers.

Edw. Thus farre our fortunes keepes an vpward
Course, and we are grast with wreathes of victorie.
Some troopes pursue the bloudie minded Queene,
That now towards *Barwike* doth poste amaine,
But thinke you that *Clifford* is fled awaie with them?
War. No, tis impossible he should escape,
For though before his face I speake the words,

73 *whither*] Q_1Q_2. *whether* Q_3.
85 *lenitie*] Q_1. *lenetie* Q_2. *lenity* Q_3.
93 and Warwike] Q_1. and Warwike Q_2. Warwicke Q_3.
94, 95 *Thus...Course*] One line in Q_2.
95 *grast*] Q_1Q_2. *grac'd* Q_3.

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Your brother Richard markt him for the graue.
And where so ere he be I warrant him dead.
Clifford grones and then dies.
Edw. Harke, what soule is this that takes his heauy leaue?
Rich. A deadlie grone, like life and deaths departure.
Edw. See who it is, and now the battailes ended,
Friend or foe, let him be friendlie vsed.
Rich. Reuerse that doome of mercie, for tis *Clifford*,
*Who kild our tender brother *Rutland*,
And stabd our princelie father Duke of *Yorke*.
War. From off the gates of *Yorke* fetch down the
Head, Your fathers head which *Clifford* placed there.
Insteed of that, let his supplie the roome.
Measure for measure must be answered.
Edw. Bring forth that fatall scrichowle to
our house,
That nothing sung to vs but bloud and death,
Now his euill boding tongue no more shall speake.
War. I thinke his vnderstanding is bereft.
Say *Clifford*, doost thou know who speakes to thee?
Darke cloudie death oreshades his beames of life,
And he nor sees nor heares vs what we saie.
Rich. Oh would he did, and so perhaps he doth,
And tis his policie that in the time of death,
He might auoid such bitter stormes as he
In his houre of death did giue vnto our father.
George. *Richard* if thou thinkest so, vex him with eager words.
Rich. *Clifford*, aske mercie and obtaine no grace.
Edw. *Clifford*, repent in bootlesse penitence.
War. *Clifford* deuise excuses for thy fault.
George. Whilst we deuise fell tortures for thy fault.
Rich. Thou pittiedst *Yorke*, and I am sonne to *Yorke*.
Edw. Thou pittiedst *Rutland*, and I will pittie thee.
George. Wheres captaine *Margaret* to fence you now?
War. They mocke thee *Clifford*, sweare as thou wast wont.
Rich. What not an oth? Nay, then *I* know hees dead.
*Tis hard, when *Clifford* cannot foord his friend an oath.

109 *father*] Q_1Q_3. om. Q_2.
110, 111 *From...there*] As in Q_1Q_3. In Q_2 the first line ends at *head*.
112 *Insteed*] Q_1. *In stead* Q_2. *Instead* Q_3.
116 *euill*] Q_1Q_3. *yll* Q_2.
122 *that in the*] Q_1Q_3. *in the* Q_2.
132 *Wheres*] Q_1. *Where's* Q_2Q_3.
134, 136 *hees*] Q_1. *hee's* Q_2Q_3.

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By this I know hees dead, and by my soule,
Would this right hand buy but an howres life,
That I in all contempt might raile at him.
Ide cut it off and with the issuing bloud,
Stifle the villaine whose instanched thirst,
Yorke and young *Rutland* could not satisfie.
War. *I*, but he is dead, off with the traitors head,
And reare it in the place your fathers stands.
And now to London with triumphant march,
There to be crowned *Englands* lawfull king.
From thence shall *Warwike* crosse the seas to *France*,
And aske the ladie *Bona* for thy *Queene*,
So shalt thou sinew both these landes togither,
And hauing *France* thy friend thou needst not dread,
The scattered foe that hopes to rise againe.
And though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,
Yet looke to haue them busie to offend thine eares.
First Ile see the coronation done,
And afterward Ile crosse the seas to *France*,
To effect this marriage if it please my Lord.
Edw. Euen as thou wilt good *Warwike* let it be.
But first before we goe, *George* kneele downe.
Wee here create thee Duke of *Clarence*, and girt thee with
the sword.
Our younger brother *Richard* Duke of *Glocester*.
Warwike as my selfe shal do & vndo as him pleaseth best.
Rich. Let me be Duke of *Clarence*, *George* of *Gloster*,
For *Glosters* Dukedome is too ominous.
War. *Tush* thats a childish obseruation.
Richard be Duke of *Gloster*. Now to London.
*To see these honors in possession. *Exeunt Omnes.*

Enter two keepers with bow and arrowes. [ACT III. SCENE I.]

Keeper. Come, lets take our stands vpon this hill,
And by and by the deere will come this waie.
But staie, heere comes a man, lets listen him a while.

Enter king *Henrie* disguisde.

Hen. From *Scotland* am I stolne euen of pure loue,
And thus disguisde to greet my natiue land.

149 *needst*] Q_1Q_2. *needs* Q_3.
155 *my Lord*] Q_1. *my Lord?* Q_2. *my Lord.* Q_3.
158 *We...sword*] As in Q_1Q_2. Two lines in Q_3, the first ending *Clarence.*
159 *Glocester*] Q_1Q_2. *Gloster* Q_3.
160 *him*] Q_1Q_2. *himselfe* Q_3.
168 *thats*] Q_1Q_2. *that's* Q_3.

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No, *Henrie* no, *It* is no land of thine,
No bending knee will call thee *Cæsar* now,
No humble suters sues to thee for right,
For how canst thou helpe them and not thy selfe?
Keeper. I marrie sir, here is a deere, his skin is a
Keepers fee. Sirra stand close, for as I thinke,
This is the king, king *Edward* hath deposde.
Hen. My *Queene* and sonne poore soules are gone to
France, and as I heare the great commanding *Warwike*,
To intreat a marriage with the ladie *Bona*,
If this be true, poore *Queene* and sonne,
Your labour is but spent in vaine,
For *Lewis* is a prince soone wun with words,
And *Warwike* is a subtill Orator.
He laughes and saies, his Edward is instalde,
She weepes, and saies her *Henry* is deposde,
He on his right hand asking a wife for *Edward*,
She on his left side crauing aide for *Henry*.
Keeper. What art thou that talkes of kings and queens?
Hen. More then I seeme, for lesse I should not be.
A man at least, and more I cannot be,
And men maie talke of kings, and why not I?
* *Keeper.* I but thou talkest as if thou wert a king thy selfe.
Hen. Why so I am in mind though not in shew.
Keeper. And if thou be a king where is thy crowne?
Hen. My crowne is in my hart, not on my head.
My crowne is calde content, a crowne that
Kings doe seldome times enioy.
Keeper. And if thou be a king crownd with content,
Your crowne content and you, must be content
To go with vs vnto the officer, for as we thinke
You are our quondam king, *K. Edward* hath deposde,
And therefore we charge you in Gods name & the kings
To go along with vs vnto the officers.
Hen. Gods name be fulfild, your kings name be
Obaide, and be you kings, command and Ile obay.

Exeunt Omnes.

10—12 *I marrie...deposde*] As in Q_1Q_2. In Q_2 the lines end *fee...King...deposde.*
10 *here is*] Q_1Q_2. *heere's* Q_3.
13, 14 *My... Warwike*] As in Q_1. In Q_2 Q_3 the lines end *France... Warwicke.*
18 *wun*] Q_1. *wonne* Q_1. *won* Q_3.
24 Keeper.] Q_1Q_2. Heeper. Q_3.
28 *talkest*] Q_1Q_2. *talkes* Q_3.
29 *shew.*] *shew?* Q_3.
32, 33 *My...enioy*] As prose in Q_3.
37 *K.*] Q_1Q_2. *King* Q_3.
40, 41 *Gods...obay*] As in Q_1Q_2. In Q_2 the first line ends *obayde.*

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Enter king *Edward*, *Clarence*, and *Gloster*, *Montague*, *Hastings*, and the Lady *Gray*.

K Edw. Brothers of *Clarence*, and of *Glocester*, [Sc. II.]
This ladies husband heere sir *Richard Gray*,
At the battaile of saint *Albones* did lose his life,
His lands then were seazed on by the conqueror.
Her sute is now to repossesse those lands,
And sith in quarrell of the house of *Yorke*,
The noble gentleman did lose his life,
In honor we cannot denie her sute.
Glo. Your highnesse shall doe well to grant it then.
K Edw I, so *I* will, but yet Ile make a pause.
Glo. I, is the winde in that doore?
Clarence, I see the Lady hath some thing to grant,
Before the king will grant her humble sute.
Cla. He knowes the game, how well he keepes the wind.
**K Ed.* Widow come some other time to know our mind.
La. May it please your grace *I* cannot brooke delaies,
I beseech your highnesse to dispatch me now.
K Ed. Lords giue vs leaue, wee meane to trie this widowes wit.
Cla. I, good leaue haue you.
Glo. For you will haue leaue till youth take leaue,
And leaue you to your crouch.
K Ed. Come hither widdow, how many children haste thou?
Cla. I thinke he meanes to begge a child on her.
Glo. Nay whip me then, heele rather giue hir two.
La. Three my most gratious Lord.
Glo. You shall haue foure and you wil be rulde by him.
K Ed. Were it not pittie they shoulde loose their fathers lands?
La. Be pittifull then dread L. and grant it them.
K. Edw. Ile tell thee how these lands are to be got.
La. So shall you bind me to your highnesse seruice.
K Ed. What seruice wilt thou doe me if I grant it them?
La. Euen what your highnesse shall command.

1 *Glocester*] Q_1Q_2. *Gloster* Q_3.
3 *saint*] Q_1Q_2. *S.* Q_3.
12 *Clarence,*] Q_1Q_2. *Clarence.* Q_3.
some thing] Q_1Q_2. *somthing* Q_3.
14 Cla.] Q_1Q_2. Glo. Q_3.
24 *heele*] Q_1. *hee 'l* Q_2Q_3.
hir] Q_1. *her* Q_2Q_3.
25 *most*] Q_1Q_3. om. Q_2.
26 *and*] Q_1Q_2. *if* Q_3.
27 *Were it*] Q_1Q_2. *Wer 't* Q_3.
loose] Q_1. *lose* Q_2Q_3.
28 *L.*] Q_1Q_2. *Lord* Q_3.

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Glo. Naie then widow Ile warrant you all your
Husbands lands, if you grant to do what he
Commands. Fight close or in good faith
You catch a clap.
Cla. Naie I feare her not vnlesse she fall.
Glo. Marie godsforbot man, for heele take vantage then.
La. Why stops my Lord, shall I not know my taske?
K Ed. An easie taske, tis but to loue a king.
La. Thats soone performde, because I am a subiect.
**K Ed.* Why then thy hushandes landes *I* freelie giue thee.
La. I take my leaue with manie thousand thankes.
Cla. The match is made, shee seales it with a cursie.
K Ed. Staie widdow staie, what loue dost thou thinke
I sue so much to get?
La. My humble seruice, such as subiects owes and the lawes commands.
K Ed. No by my troth, I meant no such loue,
But to tell thee the troth, I aime to lie with thee.
La. To tell you plaine my Lord, I had rather lie in prison.
K Edw. Why then thou canst not get thy husbandes lands.
La. Then mine honestie shall be my dower,
For by that losse I will not purchase them.
K Ed. Herein thou wrongst thy children mightilie.
La. Heerein your highnesse wrongs both them and
Me, but mightie Lord this merrie inclination
Agrees not with the sadnesse of my sute.
Please it your highnes to dismisse me either with *I* or no.
K Ed I, if thou saie *I* to my request,
No, if thou saie no to my demand.
La. Then no my Lord, my sute is at an end.
Glo. The widdow likes him not, shee bends the brow.
Cla. Why he is the bluntest woer in christendome.
K Ed Her lookes are all repleat with maiestie,
One waie or other she is for a king,
And she shall be my loue or else my *Queene.*

33—36 *Naie...clap*] As in Q_1Q_2. Three lines in Q_3, ending *landes...commaundes ...clap.*
38 *godsforbot*] Q_1Q_2. *gods-forbot* Q_3. *heele*] Q_1Q_2. *hee 'l* Q_3.
41 *Thats*] Q_1Q_2. *That 's* Q_3.
42 *hushandes*] Q_1. *husbands* Q_2. *husbandes* Q_3.
44 *cursie*] Q_1. *curtesie* Q_2. *curtsie* Q_3.
48 *meant*] Q_1Q_2. *meane* Q_3.
55, 56 *Heerein...Me*] One line in Q_3.
62 *bends*] Q_1Q_2. *bens* Q_3.

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Saie that king *Edward* tooke thee for his *Queene.*
La. Tis better said then done, my gratious Lord,
*I am a subiect fit to iest withall,
But far vnfit to be a Soueraigne.
K. Edw. Sweet widdow, by my state I sweare, *I* speake
No more then what my hart intends,
And that is to enioie thee for my loue.
La. And that is more then I will yeeld vnto,
I know *I* am too bad to be your *Queene,*
And yet too good to be your Concubine.
K. Edw. You cauill widdow, I did meane my *Queene.*
La. Your grace would be loath my sonnes should call
you father.
K. Edw. No more then when my daughters call thee
Mother. Thou art a widow and thou hast some children,
And by Gods mother *I* being but a bacheler
Haue other some. Why tis a happy thing
To be the father of manie children.
Argue no more, for thou shalt be my Queene.
Glo. The ghostlie father now hath done his shrift.
Cla. When he was made a shriuer twas for shift.
K. Edw. Brothers, you muse what talke the widdow
And *I* haue had, you would thinke it strange
If *I* should marrie her.
Cla. Marrie her my Lord, to whom?
K Edw. Why *Clarence* to my selfe.
Glo. That would be ten daies wonder at the least.
Cla. Why thats a daie longer then a wonder lastes.
Glo. And so much more are the wonders in extreames.
K Edw. Well, ieast on brothers, *I* can tell you, hir
Sute is granted for her husbands lands.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. And it please your grace, *Henry* your foe is
*Taken, and brought as prisoner to your pallace gates.
K. Edw. Awaie with him and send him to the Tower,
And let vs go question with the man about

71, 72 *I speake...intends*] One line in Q_3.
75 *too bad*] Q_1Q_3. *to bad* Q_2.
76 *too good*] Q_1Q_3. *to good* Q_2.
79, 80 *No more...children*] In Q_2Q_3 the first line ends at *mother.*
86 *twas*] Q_1Q_2. *'twas* Q_3.
87—89 *Brothers...her*] As prose in Q_3.
93 *thats*] Q_1Q_2. *that's* Q_3.
95, 96 *hir...lands*] One line in Q_3.
96 *lands*] Q_1Q_2. *lauds* Q_3.
97, 98 *And...Taken,*] One line in Q_3.
100 *let vs*] Q_1. *lets* Q_2Q_3.
100—102 *And...honourablie*] Two lines in Q_2, the first ending *apprehension.* Three in Q_3, ending *about...vse... honourably.*

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His apprehension. Lords along, and vse this
Ladie honorablie. *Exeunt Omnes.*

Manet Gloster and speakes.

Glost. I, *Edward* will vse women honourablie,
Would he were wasted marrow, bones and all,
That from his loines no issue might succeed
To hinder me from the golden time *I* looke for,
For *I* am not yet lookt on in the world.
First is there *Edward*, *Clarence*, and *Henry*
And his sonne, and all they lookt for issue
Of their loines ere *I* can plant my selfe,
A cold premeditation for my purpose,
What other pleasure is there in the world beside?
I will go clad my bodie in gaie ornaments,
And lull my selfe within a ladies lap,
And witch sweet Ladies with my words and lookes.
Oh monstrous man, to harbour such a thought!
Why loue did scorne me in my mothers wombe.
And for *I* should not deale in hir affaires,
Shee did corrupt fraile nature in the flesh,
And plaste an enuious mountaine on my backe,
Where sits deformity to mocke my bodie,
To drie mine arme vp like a withered shrimpe.
To make my legges of an vnequall size,
And am *I* then a man to be belou'd?
Easier for me to compasse twentie crownes.
Tut *I* can smile, and murder when *I* smile,
I crie content, to that that greeues me most.
*I can adde colours to the Camelion,
And for a need change shapes with *Protheus*,
And set the aspiring *Catalin* to schoole.
Can *I* doe this, and cannot get the crowne?
Tush were it ten times higher, *I*le pull it downe. *Exit.*

Enter king *Lewis* and the ladie *Bona*, and *Queene* [Sc. III.]
Margaret, *Prince Edward*, and *Oxford*
and others.

Lewis. Welcome *Queene* Margaret to the Court of *France*,
*I*t fits not *Lewis* to sit while thou dost stand.

102 Exeunt Omnes] Q_1Q_3. Exeunt Q_2.
109 *lookt for*] Q_1. *looke for* Q_2Q_3.
118 *hir*] Q_1. *her* Q_2Q_3.
120 *plaste*] Q_1. *plast* Q_3. *plac'd* Q_3.
127 *that that*] Q_1. *that, that* Q_3. *that which* Q_3.
131 *cannot*] Q_1Q_3. *can not* Q_2.
and others] Q_1Q_3. with others Q_3.
132 *pull*] *put* Halliwell.
1 *Queene*] Q_1Q_3. *Q.* Q_3.

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Sit by my side, and here *I* vow to thee,
Thou shalt haue aide to repossesse thy right,
And beat proud Edward from vsurped seat.
And place king *Henry* in his former rule.
Queen. *I* humblie thanke your royall maiestie.
And pray the God of heauen to blesse thy state,
Great king of *France*, that thus regards our wrongs.
Enter *Warwike.*
Lew. How now, who is this?
Queen. Our Earle of *Warwike* Edwardes chiefest friend.
Lew. Welcome braue *Warwike*, what brings thee to *France*?
War. From worthy Edward king of *England*,
My Lord and Soueraigne and thy vowed friend,
I come in kindnes and vnfained loue,
First to do greetings to thy royall person,
And then to craue a league of amitie,
And lastlie to confirme that amitie
With nuptiall knot if thou vouchsafe to grant
That vertuous ladie *Bona* thy faire sister,
*To Englands king in lawfull marriage.
Queen. And if this go forward all our hope is done.
War. And gratious Madam, in our kings behalfe,
I am commanded with your loue and fauour,
Humblie to kisse your hand and with my tongue,
To tell the passions of my soueraines hart,
Where fame late entring at his heedfull eares,
Hath plast thy glorious image and thy vertues.
Queen. King *Lewes* and Lady *Bona* heare me speake,
Before you answere *Warwike* or his words,
For hee it is hath done vs all these wrongs.
War. Iniurious *Margaret.*
Prince Ed. And why not Queene?
War. Because thy father *Henry* did vsurpe,
And thou no more art Prince then shee is Queene.
Ox. Then *Warwike* disanuls great *Iohn* of *Gaunt*,
That did subdue the greatest part of *Spaine*,
And after *Iohn* of *Gaunt* wise *Henry* the fourth,
Whose wisedome was a mirrour to the world.
And after this wise prince *Henry* the fift,
Who with his prowesse conquered all *France*,
From these our *Henries* lineallie discent.

28 *plast*] Q_1Q_2. *plac'd* Q_3.
42 *Henries*] Q_1Q_2. *Henry is* Q_3.
lineallie] *lineasly* Q_2.

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War. *Oxford*, how haps that in this smooth discourse
You told not how *Henry* the sixt had lost
All that *Henry* the fift had gotten.
Me thinkes these peeres of *France* should smile at that,
But for the rest you tell a pettigree
Of threescore and two yeares a sillie time,
To make prescription for a kingdomes worth.
Oxf. Why *Warwike*, canst thou denie thy king,
Whom thou obeyedst thirtie and eight yeeres,
*And bewray thy treasons with a blush?
War. Can *Oxford* that did euer fence the right,
Now buckler falshood with a pettigree?
For shame leaue *Henry* and call *Edward* king.
Oxf. Call him my king by whom mine elder
Brother the Lord *Awbray Vere* was done to death,
And more than so, my father euen in the
Downefall of his mellowed yeares,
When age did call him to the dore of death?
No *Warwike* no, whilst life vpholds this arme,
This arme vpholds the house of *Lancaster*.
War. And I the house of *Yorke*.
K Lewes. Queene *Margaret*, prince *Edward* and
Oxford, vouchsafe to forbeare a while,
Till I doe talke a word with *Warwike*.
Now Warwike euen vpon thy honor tell me true;
Is Edward lawfull king or no?
For I were loath to linke with him, that is not lawful heir.
War. Thereon *I* pawne mine honour and my credit.
Lew. What is he gratious in the peoples eies?
War. The more, that *Henry* is vnfortunate.
Lew. What is his loue to our sister *Bona*?
War. Such it seemes
As maie beseeme a monarke like himselfe.
My selfe haue often heard him saie and sweare,
That this his loue was an eternall plant,
The root whereof was fixt in vertues ground,
The leaues and fruite maintainde with beauties sun,
Exempt from enuie, but not from disdaine,
Vnlesse the ladie *Bona* quite his paine.
Lew. Then sister let vs heare your firme resolue.

47, 54 *pettigree*] Q_1Q_2. *pedigree* Q_3.
48 *yeares a*] Q_1. *yeares; a* Q_2. *yeares, a* Q_3.
56, 57 *Call...Brother*] One line in Q_2.
64, 65 *Queene...Oxford*] As one line Q_2.
71, 73 *What is*] Q_1. *What, is* Q_2Q_3.
74, 75 *Such...himselfe*] One line in Q_3

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*Bona. Your grant or your denial shall be mine,
But ere this daie *I* must confesse, when I
Haue heard your kings deserts recounted,
Mine eares haue tempted iudgement to desire.
Lew. Then draw neere Queene *Margaret* and be a
Witnesse, that *Bona* shall be wife to the English king.
Prince Edw. To *Edward*, but not the English king.
War. *Henry* now liues in *Scotland* at his ease,
Where hauing nothing, nothing can he lose,
And as for you your selfe our *quondam* Queene,
You haue a father able to mainetaine your state,
And better twere to trouble him then *France*.
Sound for a post within.
Lew. Here comes some post *Warwike* to thee or vs.
Post. My Lord ambassador this letter is for you,
Sent from your brother Marquis *Montague*.
This from our king vnto your Maiestie.
And these to you Madam, from whom I know not.
Oxf. I like it well that our faire Queene and mistresse,
Smiles at her newes when *Warwike* frets as his.
P. Ed. And marke how *Lewes* stamps as he were nettled.
Lew. Now *Margaret* & *Warwike*, what are your news?
Queen. Mine such as fils my hart full of ioie.
War. Mine full of sorrow and harts discontent.
Lew. What hath your king married the Ladie *Gray*,
And now to excuse himselfe sends vs a post of papers?
How dares he presume to vse vs thus?
Quee. This proueth *Edwards* loue, & *Warwikes* honesty.
War. King *Lewis*, I here protest in sight of heauen,
And by the hope *I* haue of heauenlie blisse,
That I am cleare from this misdeed of *Edwards*.
*No more my king, for he dishonours me,
And most himselfe, if he could see his shame.
Did I forget that by the house of *Yorke*,
My father came vntimelie to his death?
Did *I* let passe the abuse done to my neece?
Did I impale him with the regall Crowne,
And thrust king *Henry* from his natiue home,
And most vngratefull doth he vse me thus?

88 *or your*] Q_1Q_2. *or* Q_3.
87, 88 *Then... Witnesse*] One line in Q_2.
94 *twere*] Q_1Q_2. *'twere* Q_3.
101 *as his*] Q_1. *at his* Q_2Q_3.
104 *Mine such...full of*] Q_1. *Mine, such ...full of* Q_2. *Mine is such...with* Q_3.
116 *vntimelie to his*] *to an vntimely* Q_3.
117 *my*] Q_1Q_2. *thy* Q_3.
119 *home,*] Q_1. *home?* Q_2Q_3.

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My gratious *Queene* pardon what is past,
And henceforth I am thy true seruitour,
I will reuenge the wrongs done to ladie *Bona*,
And replant *Henry* in his former state.
Queen. Yes *Warwike* I doe quite forget thy former
Faults, if now thou wilt become king *Henries* friend.
War. So much his friend, I his vnfained friend,
That if king *Lewes* vouchsafe to furnish vs
With some few bands of chosen souldiers,
Ile vndertake to land them on our coast,
And force the Tyrant from his seate by warre,
Tis not his new made bride shall succour him.
Lew. Then at the last I firmelie am resolu'd,
You shall haue aide: and English messenger returne
In post, and tell false *Edward* thy supposed king,
That *Lewis* of France is sending ouer Maskers
To reuell it with him and his new bride.
Bona. Tell him in hope heele be a Widower shortlie,
Ile weare the willow garland for his sake.
Queen. Tell him my mourning weedes be laide aside,
And I am readie to put armour on.
War. *T*ell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore Ile vncrowne him er't be long.
*Thears thy reward, begone.
Lew. But now tell me *Warwike*, what assurance
I shall haue of thy true loyaltie?
War. This shall assure my constant loyaltie,
If that our Queene and this young prince agree,
Ile ioine mine eldest daughter and my ioie
To him forthwith in holie wedlockes bandes.
Queen. Withall my hart, that match *I* like full wel,
Loue her sonne *Edward*, shee is faire and yong,
And giue thy hand to *Warwike* for thy loue.
Lew. *I*t is enough, and now we will prepare,
To leuie souldiers for to go with you.
And you Lord *Bourbon* our high Admirall,
Shall waft them safelie to the English coast,
And chase proud *Edward* from his slumbring trance,
For mocking marriage with the name of *France*.

125, 126 *Yes...Faults*] One line in Q_2Q_3.
125 *I doe*] *Ile* Q_2.
134, 135 *You...king*] As three lines in Q_2, ending *ayde...post...King*.
138 *heele*] Q_1Q_2. *hee'l* Q_3.
144 *Thears*] Q_1. *Ther's* Q_2. *There's* Q_3. *begone*] Q_1Q_2. *be gone*. Exit Mes. Q_3.
150 *wedlockes*] Q_1Q_2. *wedlocke* Q_3.
151 *Withall*] Q_1. *With all* Q_2Q_3.
155 *leuie*] Q_1. *leuie* Q_2Q_3.

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War. *I* came from *Edward* as *I*mbassadour
But I returne his sworne and mortall foe:
Matter of marriage was the charge he gaue me,
But dreadfull warre shall answere his demand.
Had he none else to make a stale but me?
Then none but I shall turne his iest to sorrow.
I was the chiefe that raisde him to the crowne,
And *I*le be chiefe to bring him downe againe,
Not that I pittie *Henries* miserie,
But seeke reuenge on *Edwards* mockerie. *Exit.*

Enter king *Edward*, the *Queene* and *Clarence*, and *Gloster*, and *Montague* and *Hastings*, and *Penbrooke*, with souldiers. [ACT. IV. SC. I.]

Edw. Brothers of *Clarence*, and of *Glocester*,
What thinke you of our marriage with the ladie *Gray*?
**Cla.* My Lord, we thinke as *Warwike* and *Levves*
That are so slacke in iudgement, that theile take
No offence at this suddaine marriage.
Edw. Suppose they doe, they are but *Levves* and
Warwike, and I am your king and *Warwikes*,
And will be obaied.
Glo. And shall, because our king, but yet such
Sudden marriages seldome proueth well.
Edw. Yea brother *Richard* are you against vs too?
Glo. Not *I* my Lord, no, God forfend that I should
Once gaine saie your highnesse pleasure, (ther.
I, & twere a pittie to sunder them that yoake so wel togi-
Edw. Setting your skornes and your dislikes aside,
Shew me some reasons why the Ladie *Gray*,
Maie not be my loue and Englands *Queene*?
Speake freelie *Clarence*, *Gloster*,
Montague and *Hastings*.
Cla. My Lord then this is my opinion,
That *Warwike* beeing dishonored in his embassage,

160 *Imbassadour*] Q_1. *Embassadour* Q_2. *Embassador* Q_3.
and Clarence] Q_1Q_2. Clarence Q_3.
and Gloster.....and Hastings] Q_1Q_2. Gloster, Montague, Hastings. Q_3.
1 *Glocester*] Q_1Q_2. *Gloster* Q_3.
4, 5 *That...marriage*] As prose in Q_3.
4 *theile*] Q_1. *theyle* Q_2. *they will* Q_3.
6, 7 *Suppose.....Warwike*] One line in Q_2Q_3.
7 *am*] Q_1Q_2. *am both* Q_3.
9, 10 *And...well*] As prose in Q_2.
9 *our king*] Q_1Q_2. *you are our king* Q_3.
10 *seldome*] Q_1Q_2. *sildome* Q_3.
12, 13 *should...pleasure*] One line in Q_3.
13 *gaine saie*] Q_1. *gainesay* Q_2. *gainsay* Q_3.
14 *a pittie*] Q_1Q_2. *pitty* Q_3.
18 *Gloster*] Q_1Q_2. *Glocester* Q_3.
20 *my*] Q_1Q_2. *mine* Q_3.

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Doth seeke reuenge to quite his iniuries.
Glo. And *Levves* in regard of his sisters wrongs,
Doth ioine with *Warwike* to supplant your state.
Edw. Suppose that *Lewis* and *Warwike* be appeasd,
By such meanes as I can best deuise.
Mont. But yet to have ioind with France in this
Alliance, would more haue strengthened this our
Common wealth, gainst forraine stormes,
Then anie home bred marriage.
Hast. Let England be true within it selfe,
We need not France nor any alliance with them.
Cla. For this one speech the Lord *Hastings* wel deserues,
*To haue the daughter and heire of the Lord *Hungerford.*
Edw. And what then? It was our will it should be so?
Cla. I, and for such a thing too the Lord *Scales*
Did well deserue at your hands, to haue the
Daughter of the Lord *Bonfield*, and left your
Brothers go seeke elsewhere, but in
Your madnes, you burie brotherhood.
Edw. Alasse poore *Clarence*, is it for a wife,
That thou art mal-content,
Why man be of good cheere, I will prouide thee one.
Cla. Naie you plaide the broker so ill for your selfe,
That you shall giue me leaue to make my
Choise as I thinke good, and to that intent,
I shortlie meane to leaue you.
Edw. Leaue me or tarrie I am full resolu'd,
Edward will not be tied to his brother wils.
Queen. My Lords doe me but right and you must
Confesse, before it pleasd his highnesse to aduance
My state to title of a Queene,
That I was not ignoble in my birth.
Edw. Forbeare my loue to fawne vpon their frownes,
For thee they must obay, naie shall obaie,

22 *quite*] Q_1Q_2. *quit* Q_3.
26 *deuise.*] Q_1Q_3. *deuise?* Q_2.
29 *Common wealth*] Q_1Q_2. *Common-wealth* Q_3.
30 *home bred*] Q_1Q_2. *home-bred* Q_3.
35 *so?*] Q_1Q_2. *so*, Q_3.
39, 40 *Brothers.....madnes*] One line in Q_3.
40 *brotherhood*] Q_1Q_2. *brother-hood* Q_3.
42 *mal-content,*] Q_1. *mal-content?* Q_2. *male-content*, Q_3.
43 *I will*] Q_1 Q_2. *Ile* Q_3.
45, 46 *That...choise*] One line in Q_3.
45 *you*] Q_1Q_2. *ye* Q_3.
50—52 *My Lords... Queene*] In Q_3 the lines end *confesse.....aduance.....Queene.* In Q_3 they end *right...highnesse... Queene.*
53 *in*] Q_1Q_2. *from* Q_3.

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And if they looke for fauour at my hands. (France.
Mont. My lord, heere is the messenger returnd from
Enter a Messenger.
Edw. Now sirra, What letters or what newes?
Mes. No letters my Lord, and such newes as without
your highnesse speciall pardon I dare not relate.
Edw. We pardon thee, and as neere as thou canst
Tell me, What said *Lewis* to our letters?
Mes. At my departure these were his verie words.
*Go tell false *Edward* thy supposed king,
That *Lewis* of France is sending ouer Maskers,
To reuill it with him and his new bride.
Edw. Is *Lewis* so braue, belike he thinkes me *Henry*.
But what said Lady *Bona* to these wrongs?
Mes. Tel him quoth she, in hope heele proue a widdow-
er shortly, Ile wear the willow garland for his sake.
Edw. She had the wrong, indeed she could saie
Little lesse. But what saide *Henries* Queene, for as
I heare, she was then in place?
Mes. Tell him quoth shee my mourning weeds be
Doone, and I am readie to put armour on.
Edw. Then belike she meanes to plaie the *Amazon*.
But what said *Warwike* to these iniuries?
Mes. He more incensed then the rest my Lord,
Tell him quoth he, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore Ile vncrowne him er't be long.
Ed. Ha, Durst the traytor breath out such proude words?
But I will arme me to preuent the worst.
But what is *Warwike* friendes with *Margaret*?
Mes. I my good Lord, theare so linkt in friendship,
That young Prince *Edward* marries *Warwikes* daughter.
Cla. The elder, belike *Clarence* shall haue the
Yonger. All you that loue me and *Warwike*

57 Enter a Messenger.] Q_1Q_2. Enter Messenger. Q_3.
58 *letters*] *letters?* Q_3.
59, 60 *No...relate.*] Three lines in Q_3, ending *Lord,...pardon,...relate.*
60 *speciall*] Q_1Q_2. om. Q_3.
61, 62 *We...tell me*] One line in Q_2Q_3.
66 *reuill*] Q_1. *reuell* Q_2Q_3.
67 *braue,*] Q_1. *braue?* Q_2Q_3.
69, 70 *Tel...shortly*] One line in Q_2.
69 *heele*] Q_1. *hee'l* Q_2. *heel* Q_3.
70 *the willow*] *a willow* Q_3.
71, 72 *She...lesse*] One line in Q_3.
72, 73 *But...place?*] As prose in Q_3. In Q_3 lines 71—73 end *wrong,.....Queene,... place?*
75 *Doone*] Q_1. *done* Q_2Q_3, reading as one line *Tell...done.*
83 *what is*] Q_1Q_3. *what, is* Q_2.
84 *theare*] Q_1. *they are* Q_2Q_3.
86—88 *The elder.....Follow me*] Two lines in Q_2Q_3, ending *younger...me.*
86 *elder,*] Q_1Q_3. *elder?* Q_2.
87 *Yonger.*] Q_1Q_3. *younger?* Q_2.

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Follow me. *Exit Clarence* and *Summerset.*
Edw. Clarence and *Summerset* fled to *Warwike.*
What saie you brother *Richard*, will you stand to vs?
Glo. I my Lord, in despight of all that shall
Withstand you For why hath Nature
Made me halt downe right, but that I
Should be valiant and stand to it, for if
*I would, *I* cannot runne awaie.
Edw. Penbrooke, go raise an armie presentlie,
Pitch vp my tent, for in the field this night
I meane to rest, and on the morrow morne,
Ile march to meet proud *Warwike* ere he land
Those stragling troopes which he hath got in France.
But ere I goe *Montague* and *Hastings*,
You of all the rest are neerest allied
In bloud to *Warwike*, therefore tell me, if
You fauour him more then me or not:
Speake truelie, for I had rather haue you open
Enemies, then hollow friends.
Monta. So God helpe *Montague* as he proues true.
Hast. And *Hastings* as hee fauours *Edwards* cause.
Edw. It shall suffice, come then lets march awaie.
Exeunt Omnes.

Enter *Warwike* and *Oxford*, with souldiers.

War. Trust me my Lords all hitherto goes well, [Sc. II.]
The common people by numbers swarme to vs,
But see where *Sommerset* and *Clarence* comes,
Speake suddenlie my Lords, are we all friends?
Cla. Feare not that my Lord.
War. Then gentle *Clarence* welcome vnto *Warwike.*
And welcome *Summerset*, I hold it cowardise,
To rest mistrustfull where a noble hart,
Hath pawnde an open hand in signe of loue,
Else might I thinke that *Clarence*, *Edwards* brother,
Were but a fained friend to our proceedings,
But welcome sweet *Clarence* my daughter shal be thine.
And now what rests but in nights couerture,

91—95 *I...awaie*] In Q_2Q_3 the lines end *you...right...to it?...away.*
94 *to it,*] Q_1. *to it?* Q_2. *to it:* Q_3.
102 *of*] Q_1Q_2. *aboue* Q_3.
neerest] Q_1Q_2. *neere* Q_3.
103, 104 *if...or not*] One line in Q_3.
105, 106 *Speak...Enemies*] One line in Q_2Q_3.
109 *lets*] Q_1Q_2. *let's* Q_3.
Oxford] Q_1Q_3. Oxenford Q_2.
4 *friends?*] Q_1Q_3. *friends.* Q_3.
8 *hart,*] Q_1. *heart:* Q_2. *heart* Q_3.
12 *shal be*] Q_1. *shalbe* Q_2. *shall be* Q_3.

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Thy brother being carelesse encampt,
*His souldiers lurking in the towne about,
And but attended by a simple guarde,
We maie surprise and take him at our pleasure,
Our skouts haue found the aduenture verie easie,
Then crie king *Henry* with resolued mindes,
And breake we presentlie into his tent.
Cla. Why then lets on our waie in silent sort,
For *Warwike* and his friends God and saint *George*.
War. This is his tent, and see where his guard doth [Sc. III.]
Stand, Courage my souldiers, now or neuer,
But follow me now, and *Edward* shall be ours.
All. A *Warwike*, a *Warwike*.
Alarmes, and *Gloster* and *Hastings* flies.
Oxf. Who goes there? (Duke
War. *Richard* and *Hastings* let them go, heere is the
Edw. The Duke, why *Warwike* when we parted
Last, thou caldst me king?
War. I, but the case is altred now.
When you disgraste me in my embassage,
Then *I* disgraste you from being king,
And now am come to create you Duke of *Yorke*,
Alasse how should you gouerne anie kingdome,
That knowes not how to vse embassadors,
Nor how to vse your brothers brotherlie,
Nor how to shrowd your selfe from enimies.
Edw. Well *Warwike*, let fortune doe her worst,
Edward in mind will beare himselfe a king.
War. Then for his minde be *Edward* Englands king,
But *Henry* now shall weare the English crowne.
Go conuaie him to our brother archbishop of *Yorke*,
And when I haue fought with *Penbrooke* & his followers,
*Ile come and tell thee what the ladie *Bona* saies,
And so for a while farewell good Duke of *Yorke*.
Exeunt some with *Edward*.
Cla. What followes now all hithertoo goes well,
But we must dispatch some letters to *France*,
To tell the *Queene* of our happy fortune,
And bid hir come with speed to ioine with vs.

22 *saint*] Q_1Q_2. *S.* Q_3.
23, 24 *This...Stand*] One line in Q_2Q_3.
29, 30 *The Duke...Last*] One line in Q_3.
30 *caldst*] Q_1Q_2. *calledst* Q_3.
32, 33 *disgraste*] Q_1. *disgrast* Q_2. *disgrac'st* Q_3.
46 Exeunt...] Q_1Q_2. Exit... Q_3.
47 *now,*] Q_1Q_3. *now?* Q_3.
48 *to*] Q_1Q_2. *into* Q_3.
50 *hir*] Q_1. *her* Q_2Q_3.

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War. *I* thats the first thing that we haue to doe,
And free king *Henry* from imprisonment,
And see him seated in his regall throne,
Come let vs haste awaie, and hauing past these cares,
*I*le post to *Yorke*, and see how *Edward* fares.

Exeunt Omnes.

Enter *Gloster*, *Hastings*, and sir *VVilliam Stanly.* [Sc. v.]

Glo. Lord *Hastings*, and sir *VVilliam Stanly*,
Know that the cause *I* sent for you is this.
I looke my brother with a slender traine,
Should come a hunting in this forrest heere.
The Bishop of *Yorke* befriends him much,
And lets him vse his pleasure in the chase,
Now I haue priuilie sent him word,
How *I* am come with you to rescue him.
And see where the huntsman and he doth come.

Enter *Edward* and a Huntsman.

Hunts This waie my Lord the deere is gone.
Edw. No this waie huntsman, see where the
Keepers stand. Now brother and the rest,
What, are you prouided to depart?
Glo. *I*, *I*, the horse stands at the parke corner,
Come, to Linne, and so take shipping into *Flanders*.
Edw. Come then: *Hastings*, and *Stanlie*, *I* will
*Requite your loues. Bishop farewell,
Sheeld thee from *Warwikes* frowne,
And praie that I maie repossesse the crowne.
Now huntsman what will you doe?
Hunts Marrie my Lord, I thinke *I* had as good
Goe with you, as tarrie heere to be hangde.
Edw. Come then lets awaie with speed.

Exeunt Omnes.

Enter the *Queene* and the Lord *Riuers.* [Sc. iv.]

Riuers. Tel me good maddam, why is your grace
So passionate of late?
Queen. Why brother *Riuers*, heare you not the newes,
Of that successe king *Edward* had of late?

51 *thats*] Q_1Q_2. *that's* Q_3.
54 *let vs*] Q_1Q_2. *lets* Q_3.
Stanly] Q_1Q_2. Stanley Q_3.
11—13 *No...depart?*] In Q_2 the lines end *stand...rest...depart?* In Q_3 they end *huntsman...rest...depart?*
16, 17 *I will...farewell*] One line in Q_2Q_3.
18 *frowne*] Q_1Q_3. *frownes* Q_2.
1, 2 *Tel...late*] One line in Q_3, the first ending *madame*.
3 *you*] Q_1Q_2. *ye* Q_3.

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Riu. What? losse of some pitcht battaile against *Warwike*,
Tush, feare not faire *Queen*, but cast those cares aside.
King *Edwards* noble mind his honours doth display:
And *Warwike* maie loose, though then he got the day.
Queen. If that were all, my griefes were at an end:
But greater troubles will I feare befall.
Riu. What, is he taken prisoner by the foe,
To the danger of his royall person then?
Queen. I, thears my griefe, king *Edward* is surprisde,
And led awaie, as prisoner vnto *Yorke*.
Riu. The newes is passing strange, I must confesse:
Yet comfort your selfe, for *Edward* hath more friends,
Then *Lancaster* at this time must perceiue,
That some will set him in his throne againe.
Queen. God grant they maie, but gentle brother come,
And let me leane vpon thine arme a while,
Vntill I come vnto the sanctuarie,
There to preserue the fruit within my wombe,
*K. *Edwards* seed true heire to *Englands* crowne. *Exit.*

Enter *Edward* and *Richard*, and *Hastings* with a troope of Hollanders. [Sc. VII.]

Edw. Thus far from *Belgia* haue we past the seas,
And marcht from *Raunspur* hauen vnto *Yorke*:
But soft the gates are shut, *I* like not this.
Rich. Sound vp the drum and call them to the wals.

Enter the Lord Maire of *Yorke* vpon the wals.

Mair. My Lords we had notice of your comming,
And thats the cause we stand vpon our garde,
And shut the gates for to preserue the towne.
Henry now is king, and we are sworne to him.
Edw. Why my Lord Maire, if *Henry* be your king,
Edward I am sure at least, is Duke of *Yorke*.
Mair. Truth my Lord, we know you for no lesse.
Edw I craue nothing but my Dukedome.
Rich. But when the *Fox* hath gotten in his head,
Heele quicklie make the bodie follow after.
Hast. Why my Lord Maire, what stand you vpon points?

5 *Warwike,*]Q_1. *Warwicke?* Q_2. *Warwick.* Q_3.
11 *What,*]Q_1Q_3. *What?* Q_2.
13 *theare*s]Q_1. *ther 's* Q_2Q_3.
14 *prisoner*]Q_1Q_3. *prison* Q_2.
15 *passing*] *pessing* Q_3.
20 *a while*]Q_1. *awhile* Q_2Q_3.
2 *Raunspur*]Q_1Q_3. *Rounspur* Q_2.
4, &c. Maire]Q_1. Maior Q_2Q_3.
6 *thats*]Q_1Q_3. *that 's* Q_2.
9, 15 *Maire*]Q_1. *Maior* Q_2Q_3.
11 *Truth*]Q_1Q_3. *Trueth* Q_2.
14 *Heele*]Q_1Q_3. *Hee 'l* Q_2.

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Open the gates, we are king *Henries* friends.
Mair. Saie you so, then *I*le open them presentlie,
Exit Maire.
Ri. By my faith, a wise stout captain & soone perswaded.
The Maire opens the dore, and brings the keies in his hand.
Edw. So my Lord Maire, these gates must not be shut,
But in the time of warre, giue me the keies:
What, feare not man for *Edward* will defend
the towne and you, despight of all your foes.
Enter sir *Iohn Mountgommery* with drumme and souldiers.
*How now *Richard*, who is this?
Rich. Brother, this is sir *I*ohn *Mountgommery*,
A trustie friend vnlesse *I* be deceiude.
Edw. Welcome sir Iohn. Wherfore come you in armes?
Sir Iohn. To helpe king *Edward* in this time of stormes,
As euerie loyall subiect ought to doe.
Edw. Thankes braue *Mountgommery*.
But I onlie claime my Dukedom,
Vntil it please God to send the rest.
Sir Iohn. Then fare you wel? Drum strike vp and let vs
March away, I came to serue a king and not a Duke.
Edw. Nay staie sir Iohn, and let vs first debate,
With what security we maie doe this thing.
Sir Iohn. What stand you on debating, to be briefe,
Except you presently proclaime your selfe our king,
Ile hence againe, and keepe them backe that come to
Succour you, why should we fight when
You pretend no title?
Rich. Fie brother, fie, stand you vpon tearmes?
Resolue your selfe, and let vs claime the crowne.
Edw. *I* am resoulde once more to claime the crowne,
And win it too, or else to loose my life.
Sir Iohn. I now my soueraigne speaketh like himselfe,
And now will I be *Edwards* Champion,
Sound Trumpets, for *Edward* shall be proclaimd.
Edward the fourth by the grace of God, king of England

21, 22 *What...towne*] One line in Q_2.
21 *man for*] Q_1. *man: for* Q_2. *man, for* Q_3.
31 *the rest*] Q_1Q_3. *thee rest* Q_2.
38—40 *Ile...title*] As prose in Q_2. In Q_3 the lines end *backe...fight...title?*
41 *fie*] om. Q_3.
44 *loose*] Q_1. *lose* Q_2Q_3.
45 *speaketh like*] Q_1. *speakes like* Q_2. *speaketh* Q_3.
48—51 In Q_3 the lines end *Ireland...right ...fight.*

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and *France*, and Lord of Ireland, and whosoeuer gainsaies king *Edwards* right: by this *I* challenge him to single fight, long liue *Edward* the fourth.

All. Long liue *Edward* the fourth.

Edw. We thanke you all. Lord Maire leade on the waie.
*For this night weele harbour here in *Yorke*,
And then as earlie as the morning sunne,
Liftes vp his beames aboue this horison
Weele march to London, to meete with *VVarwike*:
And pull false *Henry* from the Regall throne.

Exeunt Omnes.

Enter *VVarwike* and *Clarence*, with the Crowne, and then king *Henry*, and *Oxford*, and *Summerset*, and the yong Earle of *Richmond*. [Sc. VI.]

King. Thus from the prison to this princelie seat,
By Gods great mercies am *I* brought
Againe, *Clarence* and *VVarwike* doe you
Keepe the crowne, and gouerne and protect
My realme in peace, and I will spend the
Remnant of my daies, to sinnes rebuke
And my Creators praise.

VVar. What answeres *Clarence* to his soueraignes will?

Cla. *Clarence* agrees to what king *Henry* likes.

King. My Lord of *Summerset*, what prettie
Boie is that you seeme to be so carefull of?

Sum. And it please your grace, it is yong *Henry*,
Earle of *Richmond*.

King. *Henry* of *Richmond*, Come hither pretie Ladde.
If heauenlie powers doe aime aright
To my diuining thoughts, thou pretie boy,
Shalt proue this Countries blisse,
Thy head is made to weare a princelie crowne,
Thy lookes are all repleat with Maiestie,
Make much of him my Lords,

54 *weele*] Q_1Q_2. *wee 'l* Q_3.
57 *Weele*] Q_1Q_2. *Wee 'l* Q_3.
58 Exeunt Omnes.] Q_1Q_3. om. Q_2.
and Oxford, and Summerset] Q_1Q_2. Oxford, Somerset Q_3.
2—7 *By...praise*] In Q_2Q_3 the lines end *againe ... crowne ... peace ... dayes ... prayse.*
10, 11 *My...of?*] In Q_2 the lines end *that ...of?* In Q_3 they end *boy...of?*
10 *Summerset*] Q_1. *Sommerset* Q_2. *Somerset* Q_3, and passim.
12 *And it*] Q_1Q_2. *If it* Q_3.
20—22 *Make...by me*] As two lines in Q_3, the first ending *is he.*

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*For this is he shall helpe you more,
Then you are hurt by me.
Enter one with a letter to *Warwike*. [Sc. VIII.]
War. What Counsell Lords, *Edward* from *Belgia*,
With hastie Germaines and blunt *Hollanders*,
Is past in safetie through the narrow seas, (London,
And with his troopes doe march amaine towardes
And manie giddie people follow him.
Oxf. Tis best to looke to this betimes,
For if this fire doe kindle any further,
It will be hard for vs to quench it out.
War. In *Warwike*shire *I* haue true harted friends,
Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in warre,
Them will *I* muster vp, and thou sonne *Clarence* shalt
In *Essex*, *Suffolke*, *Norfolke*, and in *Kent*,
Stir vp the knights and gentlemen to come with thee.
And thou brother *Montague*, in *Leister* shire,
Buckingham and *Northampton*shire shalt finde,
Men well inclinde to doe what thou commands,
And thou braue *Oxford* wondrous well belou'd,
Shalt in thy countries muster vp thy friends.
My soueraigne with his louing Citizens,
Shall rest in London till we come to him.
Faire Lords take leaue and stand not to replie,
Farewell my soueraigne.
King. Farewel my *Hector*, my *Troyes* true hope.
War. Farewell sweet Lords, lets meet at Couentrie.
All. Agreed. *Exeunt Omnes.*
Enter *Edward* and his traine.
Edw. Sease on the shamefast *Henry*,
And once againe conuaie him to the Tower,
*Awaie with him, I will not heare him speake.
And now towards Couentrie let vs bend our course
To meet with *Warwike* and his confederates.
Exeunt Omnes.
Enter *Warwike* on the walles. [ACT V. SC. I.]
War. Where is the post that came from valiant *Oxford*?
How farre hence is thy Lord my honest fellow?
Oxf post. By this at *Daintrie* marching hitherward.
War. Where is our brother *Montague*?

27 *giddie*] Q_1Q_3. *giddy headed* Q_2.
33, 34 *shalt...Kent*] One line in Q_2.
38 *commands*] Q_1Q_3. *commaunds* Q_2.
1 *shamefast*] Q_1Q_2. *shamefac'st* Q_3.
4 *let vs*] Q_1Q_3. *lets* Q_2.

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Where is the post that came from *Montague*?
Post. I left him at *Donsmore* with his troopes.
War. Say *Summerfield* where is my louing son?
And by thy gesse, how farre is *Clarence* hence?
Sommer. At *Southham* my Lord I left him with
His force, and doe expect him two houres hence.
War. Then Oxford is at hand, I heare his drum.
Enter *Edward* and his power.
Glo. See brother, where the surly *Warwike* mans the wal.
War. O vnbid spight, is spotfull *Edward* come!
Where slept our scouts, or how are they seduste,
That we could haue no newes of their repaire?
Edw. Now *Warwike* wilt thou be sorrie for thy faults,
And call *Edward* king and he will pardon thee.
War. Naie rather wilt thou draw thy forces backe?
Confesse who set thee vp and puld thee downe?
Call *Warwike* patron and be penitent,
And thou shalt still remaine the Duke of *Yorke*.
Glo. I had thought at least he would haue said the king.
Or did he make the iest against his will.
War. Twas *Warwike* gaue the kingdome to thy brother.
Edw. Why then tis mine, if but by *Warwikes* gift.
* *War.* I but thou art no *Atlas* for so great a waight,
And weakling, *Warwike* takes his gift againe,
Henry is my king, *Warwike* his subiect.
Edw. I prethe gallant *Warwike* tell me this,
What is the bodie when the head is off?
Glo. Alasse that *Warwike* had no more foresight,
But whilst he sought to steale the single ten,
The king was finelie fingerd from the decke?
You left poore *Henry* in the Bishops pallace,
And ten to one you'le meet him in the Tower.
Edw. Tis euen so, and yet you are olde *Warwike* still.
War. O cheerefull colours, see where Oxford comes.
Enter *Oxford* with drum and souldiers & al crie,
Oxf. Oxford, Oxford, for *Lancaster*. *Exit.*

9, 10 *At...force*] One line in Q_3.
13 *come!*] *come?* Q_2Q_3.
14 *seduste*] Q_1. *seduc'd* Q_2Q_3.
20 *penitent,*] Q_1Q_2. *penitent?* Q_3.
23 *will.*] Q_1Q_3. *will?* Q_2.
24 *Twas*] Q_1Q_2. *'Twas* Q_3.
31 *foresight*] Q_1Q_2 (Devonshire) Q_3. *foesight* Q_3 (Malone 36).
32 *whilst*] Q_1Q_3. *while* Q_2.
33 *decke?*] Q_1. *decke:* Q_2. *decke.* Q_3.
35 *you'le*] Q_1. *youle* Q_2. *you 'l* Q_3.
37, 38 Enter.....*Lancaster*] As stage direction in Q_2: Enter Oxford with drum and souldiers, and all crie Oxford, Oxford, for Lancaster.
37 & al crie] om. Q_3.
38, 43, 47 Exit] Q_1Q_3. Exeunt. Q_2.

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Edw. The Gates are open, see they enter in,
Lets follow them and bid them battaile in the streetes.
Glo. No, so some other might set vpon our backes,
Weele staie till all be entered, and then follow them.
Enter *Summerset* with drum and souldiers.
Sum. *Summerset, Summerset*, for *Lancaster*. *Exit.*
Glo. Two of thy name both Dukes of Summerset,
Haue solde their liues vnto the house of *Yorke*,
And thou shalt be the third and my sword hold.
Enter *Montague* with drum and souldiers.
Mont. *Montague, Montague*, for Lancaster. *Exit.*
Edw. Traitorous *Montague*, thou and thy brother
Shall deerelie abie this rebellious act.
Enter *Clarence* with drum and souldiers.
War. And loe where *George* of *Clarence* sweepes
Along, of power enough to bid his brother battell.
Cla. Clarence, Clarence, for *Lancaster*.
**Edw.* Et tu Brute, wilt thou stab *Cæsar* too?
A parlie sirra to *George* of Clarence.
Sound a Parlie, and *Richard* and *Clarence* whispers togither, and then Clarence takes his red Rose out of his hat, and throwes it at *Warwike*.
War. Com Clarence come, thou wilt if *Warwike* call.
Cla. Father of *Warwike*, know you what this meanes?
I throw mine infamie at thee,
I will not ruinate my fathers house,
Who gaue his bloud to lime the stones togither,
And set vp *Lancaster*. Thinkest thou
That *Clarence* is so harsh vnnaturall,
To lift his sword against his brothers life,
And so proud harted *Warwike* I defie thee,
And to my brothers turne my blushing cheekes?
Pardon me *Edward*, for *I* haue done amisse,
And *Richard* doe not frowne vpon me,
For henceforth I will proue no more vnconstant.
Edw. Welcome *Clarence*, and ten times more welcome,
Then if thou neuer hadst deserud our hate.
Glo. Welcome good *Clarence*, this is brotherlie.
War. Oh passing traytor, periurd and vniust.

39 *see they*] Q_1. *see, they* Q_2Q_3.
42 *Weele*] Q_1. *Wee 'l* Q_2Q_3.
46 *and*] Q_1Q_3. *if* Q_2.
49 *abie*] Q_1Q_3. *abide* Q_2.
50, 51 *And...Along*] One line in Q_2.
52 *Lancaster.*] Q_1Q_3. *Lancaster.* Exeunt. Q_2.
53 Edw. *Et*] Q_1Q_3. *Et* Q_2.
64 *cheekes?*] Q_1. *cheekes:* Q_2. *cheekes,* Q_3.
69 *deserud*] Q_1. *deserued* Q_2. *deseru'd* Q_3.

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Edw. Now *Warwike*, wilt thou leaue
The towne and fight? or shall we beate the
Stones about thine eares?
War. Why *I* am not coopt vppe heere for defence.
I will awaie to Barnet presently,
And bid thee battaile Edward if thou darest.
Edw. Yes *Warwike* he dares, and leades the waie,
Lords to the field, saint *George* and victorie.
Exeunt Omnes.
*Alarmes, and then enter *Warwike* wounded. [Sc. II.]
War. Ah, who is nie? Come to me friend or foe,
And tell me who is victor *Yorke* or *Warwike*?
Why aske I that? my mangled bodie shewes,
That I must yeeld my bodie to the earth.
And by my fall the conquest to my foes,
Thus yeelds the Cedar to the axes edge,
Whose armes gaue shelter to the princelie Eagle,
Vnder whose shade the ramping Lion slept,
Whose top branch ouerpeerd *Ioues* spreading tree.
The wrinkles in my browes now fild with bloud
Were likened oft to kinglie sepulchers.
For who liu'd king, but *I* could dig his graue?
And who durst smile, when *Warwike* bent his brow?
Lo now my glorie smeerd in dust and bloud,
My parkes my walkes, my mannors that *I* had,
Euen now forsake me, and of all my lands,
Is nothing left me but my bodies length.
Enter *Oxford* and *Summerset.*
Oxf. Ah *Warwike*, *Warwike*, cheere vp thy selfe and liue,
For yet thears hope enough to win the daie.
Our warlike *Queene* with troopes is come from *France*,
And at *South-hampton* landed all hir traine,
And mightst thou liue, then would we neuer flie.
War. Whie then I would not flie, nor haue I now,
But *Hercules* himselfe must yeeld to ods,
For manie wounds receiu'd, and manie moe repaid,
Hath robd my strong knit sinews of their strength,
And spite of spites needes must I yeeld to death.
Som. Thy brother *Montague* hath breathd his last,

72—74 *Now.....eares?*] As two lines in Q_2, ending *fight?...eares?*
77 *darest*] Q_1Q_2. *dar'st* Q_3.
8 *ramping*] Q_1Q_2. *rampant* Q_3.
15 See note (1).
19 *thears*] Q_1. *theres* Q_2. *there's* Q_3.
21 *hir*] Q_1. *her* Q_2Q_3.
22 *mightst*] Q_1Q_2. *mightest* Q_3.
25 *moe*] Q_1Q_2. *more* Q_3.

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And at the pangs of death I heard him crie
*And saie, commend me to my valiant brother,
And more he would haue spoke and more he said,
Which sounded like a clamor in a vault,
That could not be distinguisht for the sound,
And so the valiant *Montague* gaue vp the ghost.
War. What is pompe, rule, raigne, but earth and dust?
And liue we how we can, yet die we must. .
Sweet rest his soule, flie Lords and saue your selues,
For *Warwike* bids you all farewell to meet in Heauen.
He dies.
Oxf Come noble *Summerset*, lets take our horse,
And cause retrait be sounded through the campe,
That all our friends that yet remaine aliue,
Maie be awarn'd and saue themselues by flight.
That done, with them weele post vnto the *Quesne*,
And once more trie our fortune in the field *Ex. ambo.*
Enter *Edward*, *Clarence*, *Gloster*, with souldiers. [Sc. III.]
Edw. Thus still our fortune giues vs victorie,
And girts our temples with triumphant ioies.
The bigboond traytor *Warwike* hath breathde his last,
And heauen this daie hath smilde vpon vs all,
But in this cleere and brightsome daie,
I see a blacke suspitious cloud appeare
That will encounter with our glorious sunne
Before he gaine his easefull westerne beames,
I mean those powers which the *Queen* hath got in *Frãce*
Are landed, and meane once more to menace vs.
Glo. *Oxford* and *Summerset* are fled to hir,
And tis likelie if she haue time to breath,
Her faction will be full as strong as ours.
Edw. We are aduertisde by our louing friends,
*That they doe hold their course towards *Tewxburie*.
Thither will we, for willingnes rids waie,
And in euerie countie as we passe along

31 *spoke*] Q_1Q_3. *saide* Q_2.
32 *clamor*] Q_1. *clamour* Q_2Q_3.
39 *lets*] Q_1Q_3. *let's* Q_2.
40 *retrait*] Q_1. *retraite* Q_2. *retreate* Q_3.
42 *awarn'd*] Q_1Q_2. *forewarn'd* Q_3.
themselues] Q_1Q_3. *them selues* Q_2.
44 Ex. ambo.] Q_1Q_3. Exit ambo. Q_2.
46 *girts*] Q_1Q_3. *girt* Q_2.
47 *bigboond traytor*] Q_1. *bigboond* Q_2. *big-bon'd traitor* Q_3.
48 *smilde*] Q_1Q_3 (Devonshire). *smlde* Q_2 (Malone 36). *smil'd* Q_3.
53 *powers*] Q_1Q_3. *pow'rs* Q_2.
Frãce] Q_1. *Fraunce* Q_2. *France* Q_3.
55 *to hir*] Q_1. *to her* Q_2Q_3.
56 *tis*] Q_1Q_3. *'tis* Q_2.
61 *countie*] Q_1Q_3. *country* Q_2.

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Our strengthes shall be augmented.
Come lets goe, for if we slacke this faire
Bright Summers daie, sharpe winters
Showers will marre our hope for haie. Ex. *Omnes.*

Enter the *Queene*, *Prince Edward Oxford* and *Summerset*, with drum and souldiers.

Quee. Welcome to *England* my louing friends of *Frãce*, [Sc. IV.]
And welcome *Summerset*, and *Oxford* too.
Once more haue we spread our sailes abroad,
And though our tackling be almost consumde,
And *Warwike* as our maine mast ouerthrowne,
Yet warlike Lords raise you that sturdie post,
That beares the sailes to bring vs vnto rest,
And *Ned* and *I* as willing Pilots should
For once with carefull mindes guide on the sterne,
To beare vs through that dangerous gulfe
That heretofore hath swallowed vp our friends.
Prince. And if there be, as God forbid there should,
Amongst vs a timorous or fearefull man,
Let him depart before the battels ioine,
Least he in time of need intise another,
And so withdraw the souldiers harts from vs.
I will not stand aloofe and bid you fight,
But with my sword presse in the thickest thronges,
And single *Edward* from his strongest guard,
And hand to hand enforce him for to yeeld,
Or leaue my bodie as witnesse of my thoughts.
Oxf. Women and children of so high resolue,
*And Warriors faint, why twere perpetuall
Shame? Oh braue yong Prince, thy
Noble grandfather doth liue againe in thee,
Long maiest thou liue to beare his image,
And to renew his glories.
Sum. And he that turnes and flies when such do fight,
Let him to bed, and like the Owle by daie

62—65 *Our...haie*] As three lines in Q_2, ending *goe...daie...haie*. In Q_3 the lines end *augmented...day...haie*.
63 *faire*] om. Q_3.
65 Ex. Omnes.] Q_1. Exeunt omnes. Q_2Q_3.
1 *Frãce*] Q_1. *France* Q_2Q_3.
5 *maine mast*] Q_1. *maine-Mast* Q_2. *maine Mast* Q_3.
14 *battels*] Q_1. *Battaile* Q_2. *battailes* Q_3.
15 *intise*] Q_1Q_2. *entice* Q_3.
18 *presse*] Q_1Q_2. *prease* Q_3.
23—27 *And.....glories*] As four lines in Q_2, ending *shame:...Grandfather...thou liue...glories*. As five in Q_3, ending *shame...grandfather ... thee ... image ... glories*.
24 *Shame!*] Q_1. *shame:* Q_2. *shame.* Q_3.

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Be hist, and wondered at if he arise.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My Lords, Duke *Edward* with a mighty power,
Is marching hitherwards to fight with you.
Oxf. I thought it was his pollicie, to take vs vnprouided,
But here will we stand and fight it to the death.

Enter king *Edward*, *Cla.* *Glo.* *Hast.* and Souldiers.

Edw. See brothers, yonder stands the thornie wood,
Which by Gods assistance and your prowesse,
Shall with our swords yer night be cleane cut downe.
Queen. Lords, Knights & gentlemen, what *I* should say,
My teares gainesaie, for as you see, *I* drinke
The water of mine eies. Then no more
But this. *Henry* your king is prisoner
In the tower, his land and all our friends
Are quite distrest, and yonder standes
The Wolfe that makes all this,
Then on Gods name Lords togither cry saint *George*.
All. Saint *George* for *Lancaster*.

Alarmes to the battell, *Yorke* flies, then the chambers be discharged. Then enter the king, *Cla* & *Glo.* & the rest, & make a great shout and crie, for *Yorke*, for *Yorke*, and then the *Queene* is taken, & the prince, & *Oxf.* & *Sum.* and then sound and enter all againe. [Sc. v.]

Edw. Lo here a period of tumultuous broiles,
Awaie with Oxford to *Hames* castell straight,
For *Summerset* off with his guiltie head.
Awaie I will not heare them speake.
Oxf. For my part Ile not trouble thee with words.

Exit Oxford.

Sum. Nor *I*, but stoope with patience to my death.

Exit Sum.

Edw. Now *Edward* what satisfaction canst thou make,
For stirring vp my subiects to rebellion?

30 *wondered*] Q_1Q_3. *wondred* Q_2.
34 king Edward] Q_1Q_3. K. Edward Q_2.
Cla. Glo. Hast.] Q_1Q_2. Clarence, Gloster, Hastings, Q_3.
37 *yer*] Q_1. *ere* Q_2Q_3.
40—44 *The water...all this*] Four lines in Q_2Q_3, ending *but this...Tower...distrest ...all this*.
41 *your*] Q_1Q_3. *our* Q_2.
46 Cla & Glo.] Q_1Q_2. Clarence, Gloster, Q_3.
& make] Q_1. and make Q_2. making Q_3.
the Queene...Sum.] Q_1. the Queene is taken, the Prince, Oxford, and Sum. Q_2. the Queene, Prince, Oxford, and Somerset are taken, Q_3.
51 Exit Oxford.] Q_1Q_2. Exit Oxf. Q_3.
52 Exit Sum.] Q_1Q_3. Exit Sommerset. Q_2.

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Prin. Speake like a subiect proud ambitious Yorke,
Suppose that I am now my fathers mouth,
Resigne thy chaire, and where *I* stand kneele thou,
Whilst *I* propose the selfesame words to thee,
Which traytor thou woudst haue me answere to.
Queen. Oh that thy father had bin so resolu'd:
Glo. That you might still haue kept your
Peticote, and nere haue stolne the
Breech from *Lancaster*.
Prince. Let *Aesop* fable in a winters night,
His currish Riddles sorts not with this place.
Glo. By heauen brat *I*'le plague you for that word.
Queen. I, thou wast borne to be a plague to men.
Glo. For Gods sake take awaie this captiue scold.
Prin Nay take away this skolding Crooktbacke rather.
Edw. Peace wilfull boy, or *I* will tame your tongue.
Cla. Vntuterd lad thou art too malepert.
Prin. *I* know my dutie, you are all vndutifull.
Lasciuious *Edward*, and thou periurd *George*,
And thou mishapen Dicke, I tell you all,
I am your better, traytors as you be.
**Edw.* Take that, the litnes of this railer heere.
Queen. Oh kill me too.
Glo. Marrie and shall. (much alreadie.
Edw. Hold *Richard* hold, for we haue doone too
Glo. Why should she liue to fill the world with words?
Edw. What doth she swound? make meanes for
Her recouerie?
Glo. *Clarence*, excuse me to the king my brother,
I must to London on a serious matter,
Ere you come there, you shall heare more newes.
Cla. About what, prethe tell me?
Glo. The Tower man, the Tower, Ile root them out
Exit Gloster.

58 *Whilst*] Q_1Q_2. *Whilest* Q_3.
59 *woudst*] Q_1. *wouldst* Q_2Q_3.
60 *bin*] Q_1Q_2. *bene* Q_3.
61—63 *That.....Lancaster*] Two lines in Q_2Q_3, the first ending *petticoate*.
69 *Crooktbacke*] Q_1Q_2. *Crookebacke* Q_3.
71 *Vntuterd*] Q_1. *Vntutered* Q_2. *Vntutor'd* Q_3.
too malepert] Q_1. *to malapert* Q_3. *too malapart* Q_3.
76 *the litnes*] Q_1. *the lightnes* Q_2. *thou likenesse* Q_3.
heere.] Q_1Q_2. *here.* Stabs him. Q_3.
79 *too much*] Q_1Q_2. *to much* Q_3.
81 *What...recouerie?*] Two lines in Q_3, the first ending *swound?*
recouerie?] Q_1. *recouerie.* Q_2. *recouery.* Q_3.

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Queen. Ah *Ned*, speake to thy mother boy? ah
Thou canst not speake.
Traytors, Tyrants, bloudie Homicides,
They that stabd *Cæsar* shed no bloud at all,
For he was a man, this in respect a childe,
And men nere spend their furie on a child,
Whats worse then tyrant that *I* maie name,
You haue no children Deuils, if you had,
*T*he thought of them would then haue stopt your rage,
But if you euer hope to haue a sonne,
Looke in his youth to haue him so cut off,
As Traitors you haue doone this sweet young prince.
Edw. Awaie, and beare her hence.
Queen. Naie nere beare me hence, dispatch
Me heere, heere sheath thy sword,
*I*le pardon thee my death. Wilt thou not?
Then *Clarence*, doe thou doe it?
Cla. By Heauen I would not doe thee so much ease.
**Queen.* Good *Clarence* doe, sweet Clarence kill me too.
Cla. Didst thou not heare me sweare *I* would not do it?
Queen. I, but thou vsest to forsweare thy selfe,
Twas sinne before, but now tis charitie.
Whears the Diuels butcher, hardfauored *Richard*,
Richard where art thou? He is not heere,
Murder is his almes deed, petitioners
For bloud he nere put backe.
Edw. Awaie I saie, and take her hence perforce.
Queen. So come to you and yours, as to this prince. *Ex.*
Edw. *Clarence*, whithers *Gloster* gone?
Cla Marrie my Lord to London, and as I gesse, to
Make a bloudie supper in the Tower.
Edw. He is sudden if a thing come in his head.
Well, discharge the common souldiers with paie
And thankes, and now let vs towards London,

87, 88 *Ah...speake*] In Q_2Q_3 the first line ends at *boy*.
87 *boy?*] Q_1. *boy*, Q_2. *boy:* Q_3.
93 *Whats*] Q_1Q_2. *What 's* Q_3.
maie name,] Q_1. *may name?* Q_2. *may not name?* Q_3.
100—102 *Naie...not?*] In Q_2 the lines end at *me here...death...not?*
108 *it?*] Q_1. *it.* Q_2Q_3.
109 *Whears*] Q_1. *Wheres* Q_2. *Where 's* Q_3.
butcher,] Q_1Q_3. *butcher?* Q_2.
110—112 *He...backe*] Two lines in Q_2, the first ending *deed*.
112 *he*] Q_1Q_2. *hee 'l* Q_3.
114 Ex.] Q_1. Exit. Q_2Q_3.
115 *whithers*] Q_1Q_2. *whether is* Q_3.
116 *and as I*] Q_1Q_3. *as I* Q_2.
116, 117 *to Make...Tower*] One line in Q_2 Q_3.
120 *let vs*] Q_1Q_2. *lets* Q_3.
towards] *toward* Q_3.

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To see our gentle *Qusene* how shee doth fare,
For by this I hope shee hath a sonne for vs.
Exeunt Omnes.

Enter *Gloster* to king *Henry* in the Tower. [Sc. VI.]

Glo. Good day my Lord. What at your booke so hard?
Hen. I my good Lord. Lord *I* should saie rather,
Tis sinne to flatter, good was little better,
Good *Gloster*, and good Diuell, were all alike,
What scene of Death hath *Rosius* now to act?
Glo. Suspition alwaies haunts a guiltie mind.
Hen. The birde once limde doth feare the fatall bush,
And I the haplesse maile to one poore birde,
Haue now the fatall obiect in mine eie,
Where my poore young was limde, was caught & kild.
Glo. Why, what a foole was that of Creete?
*That taught his sonne the office
Of a birde, and yet for all that the poore
Fowle was drownde.
Hen. *I Dedalus*, my poore sonne *Icarus*,
Thy father *Minos* that denide our course,
Thy brother *Edward*, the sunne that searde his wings,
And thou the enuious gulfe that swallowed him.
Oh better can my brest abide thy daggers point,
Then can mine eares that tragike historie.
Glo. Why dost thou thinke *I* am an executioner?
Hen. A persecutor *I* am sure thou art,
And if murdering innocents be executions,
Then I know thou art an executioner.
Glo. Thy sonne I kild for his presumption.
Hen. Hadst thou bin kild when first thou didst presume,
Thou hadst not liude to kill a sonne of mine,
And thus *I* prophesie of thee.
That manie a Widdow for her husbands death,
And many an infants water standing eie,
Widowes for their husbands, children for their fathers,
Shall curse the time that euer thou wert borne.
The owle shrikt at thy birth, an euill signe,
The night Crow cride, aboding lucklesse tune,
Dogs howld and hideous tempests shooke down trees,

121 *doth*] Q_1Q_2. *poth* Q_3.
12—14 *That.....drownde*] Two lines in Q_2Q_3, the first ending *birde*.
14 *drownde*] Q_1. *drowne* Q_2. *drownd* Q_3.
18 *enuious*] Q_1Q_2. *enuiest* Q_3.
34 *night Crow*] Q_1Q_3. *night-Crow* Q_2.
35 *tempests*] Q_1Q_3. *tempestes* Q_2.

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The Rauen rookt her on the Chimnies top,
And chattering Pies in dismall discord sung,
Thy mother felt more then a mothers paine,
And yet brought forth lesse then a mothers hope,
To wit: an vndigest created lumpe,
Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree,
Teeth hadst thou in thy head when thou wast borne,
*To signifie thou camst to bite the world,
And if the rest be true that I haue heard,
Thou camst into the world He stabs him.
Glo. Die prophet in thy speech, *I* le heare
No more, for this amongst the rest, was I ordainde.
Hen. *I* and for much more slaughter after this.
O God forgiue my sinnes, and pardon thee. He dies.
Glo. What? will the aspiring bloud of *Lancaster*
Sinke into the ground, *I* had thought it would haue mounted,
See how my sword weepes for the poore kings death.
Now maie such purple teares be alwaies shed,
For such as seeke the downefall of our house.
If anie sparke of life remaine in thee,
Stab him againe.
Downe, downe to hell, and saie I sent thee thither.
I that haue neither pittie, loue nor feare.
Indeed twas true that *Henry* told me of,
For *I* haue often heard my mother saie,
That I came into the world with my legs forward,
And had I not reason thinke you to make hast,
And seeke their ruines that vsurpt our rights?
The women wept and the midwife cride,
O *Iesus* blesse vs, he is borne with teeth.
And so I was indeed, which plainelie signifide,
That *I* should snarle and bite, and plaie the dogge.
Then since Heauen hath made my bodie so,
Let hell make crookt my mind to answere it.
I had no father, I am like no father,
I haue no brothers, *I* am like no brothers,
And this word *Loue* which graybeards tearme diuine,

45 He stabs him.] Q_1Q_3. Stabs him. Q_2.
46, 47 *Die...more*] One line in Q_2Q_3.
51 *ground,*] Q_1. *ground?* Q_2Q_3.
53 *be alwaies*] *alwayes be* Q_2.
55 *If...thee*] Omitted in Q_2.
60 *That*] Q_1Q_3. om. Q_2.
63 *wept...cride*] Q_1Q_3. *weeping...crying* Q_2.
70 *haue no brothers*] Q_1Q_3. *haue no brother* Q_2.

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*Be resident in men like one another,
And not in me, I am my selfe alone.
Clarence beware, thou keptst me from the light,
But I will sort a pitchie daie for thee.
For I will buz abroad such prophesies,
As *Edward* shall be fearefull of his life,
And then to purge his feare, Ile be thy death.
Henry and his sonne are gone, thou *Clarence* next,
And by one and one I will dispatch the rest,
Counting my selfe but bad, till *I* be best.
*I*le drag thy bodie in another roome,
And triumph *Henry* in thy daie of doome.

Exit.

Enter king *Edward*, *Queene Elizabeth*, and a Nurse with the young prince, and *Clarence*, and *Hastings*, and others.

Edw. Once more we sit in Englands royall throne, [Sc. VII.]
Repurchasde with the bloud of enemies,
What valiant foemen like to *Autumnes* corne,
Haue we mow'd downe in tops of all their pride?
Three Dukes of *Summerset*, threefold renowmd
For hardie and vndoubted champions.
Two *Cliffords*, as the father and the sonne,
And two *Northumberlands*, two brauer men
Nere spurd their coursers at the trumpets sound.
With them the two rough Beares, *Warwike* and *Montague*,
That in their chaines fettered the kinglie Lion,
And made the Forrest tremble when they roard,
*Thus haue we swept suspition from our seat,
And made our footstoole of securitie.
Come hither *Besse*, and let me kisse my boie,
Young *Ned*, for thee, thine Vncles and my selfe,
Haue in our armors watcht the Winters night,
Marcht all a foote in summers skalding heat,
That thou mightst repossesse the crowne in peace,
And of our labours thou shalt reape the gaine.

76 After this line Q_3 inserts *Vnder pretence of outward seeming ill.*
79, 80 See note (II).
Clarence] Q_1Q_2. Clarence, Gloster Q_3.
1 *royall*] om. Q_3.
3 *Autumnes*] *Autumes* Q_2.
5 *renowmd*] Q_1Q_2. *renownd* Q_3.
18 *a foote*] Q_1Q_2. *afoot* Q_3.

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Glo. *I*le blast his haruest and your head were laid,
For yet I am not lookt on in the world.
*T*his shoulder was ordaind so thicke to heaue,
And heaue it shall some waight or breake my backe,
Worke thou the waie, and thou shalt execute.
Edward. *Clarence* and *Gloster*, loue my louelie Queene,
And kisse your princely nephew brothers both.
Cla. The dutie that *I* owe vnto your, Maiestie,
I seale vpon the rosiate lips of this sweet babe.
Queen. Thankes noble *Clarence* worthie brother thankes.
Gloster. And that I loue the fruit from whence thou
Sprangst, witnesse the louing kisse I giue the child.
To saie the truth so *Iudas* kist his maister,
And so he cride all haile, and meant all harme.
Edward. Nowe am *I* seated as my soule delights,
Hauing my countries peace, and brothers loues.
Cla. What will your grace haue done with *Margaret*,
Ranard her father to the king of *France*,
Hath pawnd the *Cyssels* and *Ierusalem*,
And hither haue they sent it for her ransome.
**Edw.* Awaie with her, and wafte hir hence to *France*,
And now what rests but that we spend the time,
With stately Triumphs and mirthfull comicke shewes,
Such as befits the pleasures of the Court.
Sound drums and *T*rumpets, farewell to sower annoy,
For heere *I* hope begins our lasting ioie.

Exeunt Omnes.

FINIS.

21 *and*] Q_1Q_2. *if* Q_3.
26 *Clarence...Queene*] Q_1Q_2. *Brothers of Clarence and of Gloster, Pray loue... Queene* Q_3, reading as two lines.
27 *brothers*] Q_1Q_2. om. Q_3.
28 *your, Maiestie*] Q_1. *your Maiestie* Q_2. *your Maiesty* Q_3.
31, 32 *And...Sprangst*] One line in Q_2Q_3.
36 *Hauing...loues*] Omitted in Q_3.
37 *Margaret,*] Q_1. *Margaret?* Q_2Q_3.
38 *Ranard*] Q_1Q_2. *Reynard* Q_3.
39 *Cyssels*] Q_1Q_2. *Cicels* Q_3.
40 *her*] Q_1Q_2. *a* Q_3.

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NOTES TO THE TRUE TRAGEDIE OF RICHARD DUKE OF YORKE.

Note I.

v. 2. 15. Mr Halliwell quotes '*and* walkes' as the reading of the edition of 1619. Capell's copy has '*my* walkes.' In Steevens's reprint the reading 'and walkes' occurs, and Mr Knight has followed him. See note IV to 'The First part of the Contention,' &c.

Note II.

v. 6. 79, 80. Instead of these lines Q_3 has

'King *Henry*, and the Prince his sonne are gone,
And *Clarence* thou art next must follow them,
So by one and one dispatching all the rest, &c.'

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AN

EXCELLENT

CONCEITED TRAGEDIE

OF

ROMEO AND IULIET.

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The Prologue.

TVVO houshold Frends alike in dignitie,
(In faire Verona, *where we lay our Scene)*
From ciuill broyles broke into enmitie,
VVhose ciuill warre makes ciuill hands vncleane.
From forth the fatall loynes of these two foes,
A paire of starre-crost Louers tooke their life:
VVhose misaduentures, piteous ouerthrowes,
(Through the continuing of their Fathers strife,
And death-markt passage of their Parents rage)
Is now the two howres traffique of our Stage.
The which if you with patient eares attend,
VVhat here we want wee'l studie to amend.

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The most excellent Tragedie of
Romeo and Iuliet.

Enter 2. *Seruing-men of the* Capolets.

G *Regorie*, of my word Ile carrie no coales. [Act I. Sc. I.]
2 No, for if you doo, you should be a Collier.
1 If I be in choler, Ile draw.
2 Euer while you liue, drawe your necke out of the the collar.
1 I strike quickly being moou'd.
2 I, but you are not quickly moou'd to strike.
1 A Dog of the house of the *Mountagues* moues me.
2 To mooue is to stirre, and to bee valiant is to stand to it: therefore (of my word) if thou be mooud thou't runne away.
1 There's not a man of them I meete, but Ile take the wall of.
2 That shewes thee a weakling, for the weakest goes to the wall.
1 Thats true, therefore Ile thrust the men from the wall, and thrust the maids to the walls: nay, thou shalt see I am a tall peece of flesh.
2 Tis well thou art not fish, for if thou wert thou wouldst be but poore Iohn.
1 Ile play the tyrant, Ile first begin with the maids, & off with their heads.
2 The heads of the maids?
*1 I the heades of their Maides, or the Maidenheades, take it in what sence thou wilt.
2 Nay let them take it in sence that feele it, but heere comes two of the *Mountagues*.

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Enter two Seruingmen of the Mountagues.

1 Nay feare not me I warrant thee.

2 I feare them no more than thee, but draw.

1 Nay let vs haue the law on our side, let them begin first. Ile tell thee what Ile doo, as I goe by ile bite my thumbe, which is disgrace enough if they suffer it.

2 Content, goe thou by and bite thy thumbe, and ile come after and frowne.

1 *Moun:* Doo you bite your thumbe at vs?

1 I bite my thumbe.

2 *Moun:* I but i'st at vs?

1 I bite my thumbe, is the law on our side?

2 No.

1 I bite my thumbe.

1 *Moun:* I but i'st at vs? *Enter Benuolio.*

2 Say I, here comes my Masters kinsman.

They draw, to them enters Tybalt, *they fight, to them the Prince, old* Mountague, *and his wife, old* Capulet *and his wife, and other Citizens and part them.*

Prince: Rebellious subiects enemies to peace,
On paine of torture, from those bloody handes
Throw your mistempered weapons to the ground.
Three Ciuell brawles bred of an airie word,
By the old *Capulet* and *Mountague*,
Haue thrice disturbd the quiet of our streets.
If euer you disturbe our streets againe,
*Your liues shall pay the ransome of your fault:
For this time euery man depart in peace.
Come *Capulet* come you along with me,
And *Mountague*, come you this after noone,
To know our farther pleasure in this case,
To old free Towne our common iudgement place,
Once more on paine of death each man depart.

Exeunt.

M: wife. Who set this auncient quarrel first abroach?
Speake Nephew, were you by when it began?

Benuo: Here were the seruants of your aduersaries,
And yours close fighting ere I did approch.

VVife: Ah where is *Romeo*, saw you him to day?
Right glad I am he was not at this fray.

Ben: Madame, an houre before the worshipt sunne
Peept through the golden window of the East,
A troubled thought drew me from companie:

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Where vnderneath the groue *Sicamoure*,
That Westward rooteth from the Citties side,
So early walking might I see your sonne.
I drew towards him, but he was ware of me,
And drew into the thicket of the wood:
I noting his affections by mine owne,
That most are busied when th'are most alone,
Pursued my honor, not pursuing his.
Moun: Black and portentious must this honor proue,
Vnlesse good counsaile doo the cause remooue.
Ben: Why tell me Vncle do you know the cause?
Enter Romeo.
Moun: I neyther know it nor can learne of him.
Ben: See where he is, but stand you both aside,
Ile know his grieuance, or be much denied.
**Mount:* I would thou wert so happie by thy stay
To heare true shrift. Come Madame lets away.
Benuo: Good morrow Cosen.
Romeo: Is the day so young?
Ben: But new stroke nine.
Romeo: Ay me, sad hopes seeme long.
Was that my Father that went hence so fast?
Ben: It was, what sorrow lengthens *Romeos* houres?
Rom: Not hauing that, which hauing makes them
Ben: In loue. (short.
Ro: Out.
Ben: Of loue.
Ro: Out of her fauor where I am in loue.
Ben: Alas that loue so gentle in her view,
Should be so tyrranous and rough in proofe.
Ro: Alas that loue whose view is muffled still,
Should without lawes giue path-waies to our will:
Where shall we dine? Gods me, what fray was here?
Yet tell me not for I haue heard it all,
Heres much to doe with hate, but more with loue.
Why then, O brawling loue, O louing hate,
O anie thing, of nothing first create!
O heauie lightnes serious vanitie!
Mishapen *Caos* of best seeming thinges,
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sicke health,
Still waking sleepe, that is not what it is:
This loue feele I, which feele no loue in this.
Doest thou not laugh?
Ben: No Cose I rather weepe.
Rom: Good hart at what?

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Ben: At thy good hearts oppression.
Ro: Why such is loues transgression,
*Griefes of mine owne lie heauie at my hart,
Which thou wouldst propagate to haue them prest
With more of thine, this griefe that thou hast showne,
Doth ad more griefe to too much of mine owne:
Loue is a smoke raisde with the fume of sighes
Being purgde, a fire sparkling in louers eyes:
Being vext, a sea raging with a louers teares.
What is it else? A madnes most discreet,
A choking gall, and a preseruing sweet. Farewell Cose.
Ben: Nay Ile goe along.
And if you hinder me you doo me wrong.
Ro: Tut I haue lost my selfe I am not here,
This is not *Romeo*, hee's some other where.
Ben: Tell me in sadnes whome she is you loue?
Ro: What shall I grone and tell thee?
Ben: Why no, but sadly tell me who.
Ro: Bid a sickman in sadnes make his will.
Ah word ill vrgde to one that is so ill.
In sadnes Cosen I doo loue a woman.
Ben: I aimde so right, when as you said you lou'd.
Ro: A right good mark-man, and shee's faire I loue.
Ben: A right faire marke faire Cose is soonest hit.
Ro: But in that hit you misse, shee'le not be hit
With *Cupids* arrow, she hath *Dianaes* wit,
And in strong proofe of chastitie well arm'd:
Gainst *Cupids* childish bow she liues vnharm'd,
Shee'le not abide the siedge of louing tearmes,
Nor ope her lap to Saint seducing gold,
Ah she is rich in beautie, only poore,
That when she dies with beautie dies her store. *Exeu.*

Enter Conntie Paris, *old* Capulet.

Of honorable reckoning are they both, [Sc. II.]
*And pittie tis they liue at ods so long:
But leauing that, what say you to my sute?
Capu: What should I say more than I said before,
My daughter is a stranger in the world,
Shee hath not yet attainde to fourteene yeares:
Let two more sommers wither in their pride,
Before she can be thought fit for a Bride.
Paris: Younger than she are happie mothers made.
Cap: But too soone marde are these so early maried:
But wooe her gentle *Paris*, get her heart,
My word to her consent is but a part.

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This night I hold an old accustom'd Feast,
Whereto I haue inuited many a guest,
Such as I loue: yet you among the store,
One more most welcome makes the number more.
At my poore house you shall behold this night,
Earth treadding stars, that make darke heauen light:
Such comfort as doo lusty youngmen feele,
When well apparaild Aprill on the heele
Of lumping winter treads, euen such delights
Amongst fresh female buds shall you this night
Inherit at my house, heare all, all see,
And like her most, whose merite most shalbe.
Such amongst view of many myne beeing one,
May stand in number though in reckoning none.

Enter Seruingman.

Where are you sirra, goe trudge about
Through faire *Verona* streets, and seeke them out:
Whose names are written here and to them say,
My house and welcome at their pleasure stay.

Exeunt.

Ser: Seeke them out whose names are written here, *and yet I knowe not who are written here: I must to the learned to learne of them, that's as much to say, as the Taylor must meddle with his Laste, the Shoomaker with his needle, the Painter with his nets, and the Fisher with his Pensill, I must to the learned.

Enter Benuolio and Romeo.

Ben: Tut man one fire burnes out anothers burning,
One paine is lessned with anothers anguish:
Turne backward, and be holp with backward turning,
One desperate griefe cures with anothers languish.
Take thou some new infection to thy eye,
And the ranke poyson of the old will die.

Romeo: Your Planton leafe is excellent for that.

Ben: For what?

Romeo: For your broken shin.

Ben: Why *Romeo* art thou mad?

Rom: Not mad, but bound more than a mad man is.
Shut vp in prison, kept without my foode,
Whipt and tormented, and Godden good fellow.

Ser: Godgigoden, I pray sir can you read,

Rom: I mine owne fortune in my miserie.

Ser: Perhaps you haue learned it without booke: but I pray can you read any thing you see?

Rom: I if I know the letters and the language.

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Seru: Yee say honestly, rest you merrie.

Rom: Stay fellow I can read.

He reads the Letter.

SEigneur Martino *and his wife and daughters, Countie* Anselme *and his beauteous sisters, the Ladie widdow of* Vtruuio, *Seigneur* Placentio, *and his louelie Neeces,* Mercutio *and his brother* Valentine, *mine vncle* Capulet *his wife and daughters, my faire Neece* Rosaline *and* **Liuia, Seigneur* Valentio *and his Cosen* Tibalt, Lucio *and the liuelie* Hellena.

A faire assembly, whether should they come?

Ser: Vp.

Ro*:* Whether to supper?

Ser: To our house.

Ro*:* Whose house?

Ser: My Masters.

Ro*:* Indeed I should haue askt thee that before.

Ser: Now il'e tel you without asking. My Master is the great rich *Capulet*, and if you be not of the house of *Mountagues*, I pray come and crush a cup of wine. Rest you merrie.

Ben: At this same auncient feast of *Capulets*,
Sups the faire *Rosaline* whom thou so loues:
With all the admired beauties of *Verona*,
Goe thither and with vnattainted eye,
Compare her face with some that I shall shew,
And I will make thee thinke thy swan a crow.

Ro: When the deuout religion of mine eye
Maintaines such falshood, then turne teares to fire,
And these who often drownde could neuer die,
Transparent Heretiques be burnt for liers.
One fairer than my loue, the all seeing sonne
Nere saw her match, since first the world begun.

Ben: Tut you saw her faire none els being by,
Her selfe poysd with her selfe in either eye:
But in that Cristall scales let there be waide,
Your Ladyes loue, against some other maide
That I will shew you shining at this feast,
And she shall scant shew well that now seemes best.

Rom: Ile goe along no such sight to be showne,
*But to reioyce in splendor of mine owne.

Enter Capulets wife and Nurce. [Sc. III.]

VWife: Nurce wher's my daughter call her forth to mee.

Nurce: *Now by my maiden head at twelue yeare old I*

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bad her come, what Lamb, what Ladie bird, God forbid. VVher's this girle? what Iuliet. *Enter Iuliet.*

Iuliet: How now who cals?

Nurce: *Your Mother.*

Iul: Madame I am here, what is your will?

VV: This is the matter. Nurse giue leaue a while, we must talke in secret. Nurce come back again I haue remembred me, thou'se heare our counsaile. Thou knowest my daughters of a prettie age.

Nurce: *Faith I can tell her age vnto a houre.*

VVife: Shee's not fourteene.

Nurce: *Ile lay fourteene of my teeth, and yet to my teene be it spoken, I haue but foure, shee's not fourteene. How long is it now to* Lammas-tide?

VVife: A fortnight and odde dayes.

Nurce: *Euen or odde, of all dayes in the yeare come* Lammas *Eue at night shall she be fourteene.* Susan *and she God rest all Christian soules were of an age. VVell* Susan *is with God, she was too good for me: But as I said on* Lammas *Eue at night shall she be fourteene, that shall shee marie I remember it well. 'Tis since the Earth-quake nowe eleauen yeares, and she was weand I neuer shall forget it, of all the daies of the yeare vpon that day: for I had then laid wormewood to my dug, sitting in the sun vnder the Doue-house wall. My Lord and you were then at* Mantua, *nay I do beare a braine: But as I said, when it did tast the wormwood on the nipple of my dug, & felt it bitter, pretty foole *to see it teachie and fall out with Dugge. Shake quoth the Doue-house twas no need I trow to bid me trudge, and since that time it is a leauen yeare: for then could* Iuliet *standes high lone, nay by the Roode, shee could haue wadled vp and downe, for euen the day before shee brake her brow, and then my husband God be with his soule, hee was a merrie man: Dost thou fall forward* Iuliet? *thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit: wilt thou not* Iuliet? *and by my holidam, the pretty foole left crying and said I. To see how a ieast shall come about, I warrant you if I should liue a hundred yeare, I neuer should forget it, wilt thou not* Iuliet? *and by my troth she stinted and cried I.*

Iuliet: And stint thou too, I prethee Nurce say I.

Nurce: *VVell goe thy waies, God marke thee for his grace, thou wert the prettiest Babe that euer I nurst, might I but liue to see thee married once, I haue my wish.*

VVife: And that same marriage Nurce, is the Theame

I meant to talke of. Tell me *Iuliet*, howe stand you affected to be married?

Iul: It is an honor that I dreame not off.

Nurce: *An honor! were not I thy onely Nurce, I would say thou hadst suckt wisedome from thy Teat.*

VVife: Well girle, the Noble Countie *Paris* seekes thee for his Wife.

Nurce: *A man young Ladie, Ladie such a man as all the world, why he is a man of waxe.*

VVife: *Veronaes* Summer hath not such a flower.

Nurce: *Nay he is a flower, in faith a very flower.*

VVife: Well *Iuliet*, how like you of *Paris* loue.

Iuliet: Ile looke to like, if looking liking moue,
But no more deepe will I engage mine eye,
Then your consent giues strength to make it flie.

Enter Clowne.

*Clowne: *Maddam you are cald for, supper is readie, the Nurce curst in the Pantrie, all thinges in extreamitie, make hast for I must be gone to waite.*

Enter Maskers with Romeo *and a Page.*

Ro: What shall this speech bee spoke for our excuse? [Sc. IV.]
Or shall we on without Apologie.

Benuoleo: The date is out of such prolixitie,
Weele haue no *Cupid* hudwinckt with a Scarfe,
Bearing a *Tartars* painted bow of lath,
Scaring the Ladies like a crow-keeper:
Nor no withoutbooke Prologue faintly spoke
After the Prompter, for our entrance.
But let them measure vs by what they will,
Weele measure them a measure and be gone.

Rom: A torch for me I am not for this aumbling,
Beeing but heauie I will beare the light.

Mer: Beleeue me *Romeo* I must haue you daunce.

Rom: Not I beleeue me you haue dancing shooes
With nimble soles, I haue a soule of lead
So stakes me to the ground I cannot stirre.

Mer: Giue me a case to put my visage in,
A visor for a visor, what care I
What curious eye doth coate deformitie.

Rom: Giue me a Torch, let wantons light of hart
Tickle the senceles rushes with their heeles.
For I am prouerbd with a Grandsire phrase,
Ile be a candleholder and looke on,
The game was nere so faire and I am done.

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Mer: Tut dun's the mouse the Cunstables old word,
If thou beest Dun, weele draw thee from the mire
Of this surreuerence loue wherein thou stickst.
Leaue this talke, we burne day light here.
Rom: Nay thats not so. *Mer*: I meane sir in delay,
We burne our lights by night, like Lampes by day,
Take our good meaning for our iudgement sits
Three times a day, ere once in her right wits.
Rom: So we meane well by going to this maske:
But tis no wit to goe.
Mer: Why *Romeo* may one aske?
Rom: I dreamt a dreame to night.
Mer: And so did I. *Rom*: Why what was yours?
Mer: That dreamers often lie. (true.
Rom: In bed a sleepe while they doe dreame things
Mer: Ah then I see Queene Mab hath bin with you.
Ben: Queene Mab whats she?
She is the Fairies Midwife and doth come
In shape no bigger than an Aggat stone
On the forefinger of a Burgomaster,
Drawne with a teeme of little Atomi,
A thwart mens noses when they lie a sleepe.
Her waggon spokes are made of spinners webs,
The couer, of the winges of Grashoppers,
The traces are the Moone-shine watrie beames,
The collers crickets bones, the lash of filmes,
Her waggoner is a small gray coated flie,
Not halfe so big as is a little worme,
Pickt from the lasie finger of a maide,
And in this sort she gallops vp and downe
Through Louers braines, and then they dream of loue:
O're Courtiers knees: who strait on cursies dreame
O're Ladies lips who dreame on kisses strait:
Which oft the angrie Mab with blisters plagues,
Because their breathes with sweet meats tainted are:
Sometimes she gallops ore a Lawers lap,
*And then dreames he of smelling out a sute,
And sometime comes she with a tithe pigs taile,
Tickling a Parsons nose that lies a sleepe,
And then dreames he of another benefice:
Sometime she gallops ore a souldiers nose,
And then dreames he of cutting forraine throats,
Of breaches ambuscados, countermines,
Of healthes fiue fadome deepe, and then anon
Drums in his eare: at which he startes and wakes,

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And sweares a Praier or two and sleepes againe.
This is that Mab that makes maids lie on their backes,
And proues them women of good cariage. (the night,
This is the verie Mab that plats the manes of Horses in
And plats the Elfelocks in foule sluttish haire,
Which once vntangled much misfortune breedes.
Rom: Peace, peace, thou talkst of nothing.
Mer: True I talke of dreames,
Which are the Children of an idle braine,
Begot of nothing but vaine fantasie,
Which is as thinne a substance as the aire,
And more inconstant than the winde,
Which wooes euen now the frosē bowels of the north,
And being angred puffes away in haste,
Turning his face to the dew-dropping south. (selues.
Ben: Come, come, this winde both blow vs from our
Supper is done and we shall come too late.
Ro: I feare too earlie, for my minde misgiues
Some consequence is hanging in the stars,
Which bitterly begins his fearefull date
With this nights reuels, and expiers the terme
Of a dispised life, closde in this breast,
By some vntimelie forfet of vile death:
*But he that hath the steerage of my course
Directs my saile, on lustie Gentlemen.

Enter old Capulet *with the Ladies.* [Sc. v.]

Capu: Welcome Gentlemen, welcome Gentlemen,
Ladies that haue their toes vnplagud with Corns
Will haue about with you, ah ha my Mistresses,
Which of you all will now refuse to dance?
Shee that makes daintie, shee Ile sweare hath Corns.
Am I come neere you now, welcome Gentlemen, wel-
More lights you knaues, & turn these tables vp, (come,
And quench the fire the roome is growne too hote.
Ah sirra, this vnlookt for sport comes well,
Nay sit, nay sit, good Cosen *Capulet:*
For you and I are past our standing dayes,
How long is it since you and I were in a Maske?
Cos: By Ladie sir tis thirtie yeares at least.
Cap: Tis not so much, tis not so much.
Tis since the mariage of *Lucentio,*
Come *Pentecost* as quicklie as it will,
Some fiue and twentie yeares, and then we maskt.
Cos: Tis more, tis more, his sonne is elder far.
Cap: Will you tell me that it cannot be so,

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His sonne was but a Ward three yeares agoe,
Good youths I faith. Oh youth's a iolly thing.
Rom: What Ladie is that that doth inrich the hand
Of yonder Knight? O shee doth teach the torches to burne bright!
It seemes she hangs vpon the cheeke of night,
Like a rich iewell in an *Aethiops* eare,
Beautie too rich for vse, for earth too deare:
So shines a snow-white Swan trouping with Crowes,
As this faire Ladie ouer her fellowes showes.
*The measure done, ile watch her place of stand,
And touching hers, make happie my rude hand.
Did my heart loue till now? Forsweare it sight,
I neuer saw true beautie till this night.
Tib: This by his voice should be a *Mountague*,
Fetch me my rapier boy. What dares the slaue
Come hither couer'd with an Anticke face,
To scorne and ieere at our solemnitie?
Now by the stocke and honor of my kin,
To strike him dead I hold it for no sin.
Ca: Why how now Cosen, wherfore storme you so.
Ti: Vncle this is a *Mountague* our foe,
A villaine that is hether come in spight,
To mocke at our solemnitie this night.
Ca: Young *Romeo*, is it not?
Ti: It is that villaine *Romeo*.
Ca: Let him alone, he beares him like a portly gentleman,
And to speake truth, *Verona* brags of him,
As of a vertuous and well gouern'd youth:
I would not for the wealth of all this towne,
Here in my house doo him disparagement:
Therefore be quiet take no note of him,
Beare a faire presence, and put off these frownes,
An ill beseeming semblance for a feast.
Ti: It fits when such a villaine is a guest,
Ile not indure him.
Ca: He shalbe indured, goe to I say, he shall,
Am I the Master of the house or you?
You'le not indure him? God shall mend my soule
You'le make a mutenie amongst my guests,
You'le set Cocke a hoope, you'le be the man.
Ti: Vncle tis a shame.
**Ca*: Goe too, you are a saucie knaue.
This tricke will scath you one day I know what.
Well said my hartes. Be quiet:

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More light Ye knaue, or I will make you quiet. (ting,
Tibalt: Patience perforce with wilfull choller mee-
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greetings:
I will withdraw, but this intrusion shall
Now seeming sweet, conuert to bitter gall.
Rom: If I prophane with my vnworthie hand,
This holie shrine, the gentle sinne is this:
My lips two blushing Pilgrims ready stand,
To smooth the rough touch with a gentle kisse.
Iuli: Good Pilgrime you doe wrong your hand too
Which mannerly deuotion shewes in this: (much,
For Saints haue hands which holy Palmers touch,
And Palme to Palme is holy Palmers kisse.
Rom: Haue not Saints lips, and holy Palmers too?
Iuli: Yes Pilgrime lips that they must vse in praier.
Ro: Why then faire saint, let lips do what hands doo,
They pray, yeeld thou, least faith turne to dispaire.
Iu: Saints doe not mooue though: grant nor praier forsake.
Ro: Then mooue not till my praiers effect I take.
Thus from my lips, by yours my sin is purgde.
Iu: Then haue my lips the sin that they haue tooke.
Ro: Sinne from my lips, O trespasse sweetly vrgde!
Giue me my sinne againe.
Iu: You kisse by the booke.
Nurse: *Madame your mother calles.*
Rom: What is her mother?
Nurse: *Marrie Batcheler her mother is the Ladie of the house, and a good Lady, and a wise, and a vertuous. I nurst *her daughter that you talkt withall, I tell you, he that can lay hold of her shall haue the chinkes.*
Rom: Is she a *Mountague*? Oh deare account,
My life is my foes thrall.
Ca: Nay gentlemen prepare not to be gone,
We haue a trifling foolish banquet towards.
They whisper in his eare.
I pray you let me intreat you. Is it so?
Well then *I* thanke you honest Gentlemen,
I promise you but for your company,
I would haue bin a bed an houre agoe:
Light to my chamber hoe.
Exeunt.
Iul: Nurse, what is yonder Gentleman?
Nur: *The sonne and heire of old* Tiberio.
Iul: Whats he that now is going out of dore?

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Nur: *That as I thinke is yong* Petruchio. (dance?
Iul: Whats he that followes there that would not
Nur: *I know not.*
Iul: Goe learne his name, if he be maried,
My graue is like to be my wedding bed.
Nur: *His uame is* Romeo *und a* Mountague, *the onely sonne of your great enemie.*
Iul: My onely Loue sprung from my onely hate,
Too early seene vnknowne and knowne too late:
Prodigious birth of loue is this to me,
That I should loue a loathed enemie.
Nurse: *VVhats this? whats that?*
Iul: Nothing Nurse but a rime I learnt euen now of oue I dancst with.
Nurse: *Come your mother staies for you, Ile goe a long with you.* *Exeunt.*

**Enter Romeo alone.* [ACT II. SC. I.]

Ro: Shall I goe forward and my heart is here?
Turne backe dull earth and finde thy Center out.
Enter Benuolio Mercutio.
Ben: *Romeo*, my cosen *Romeo.*
Mer: Doest thou heare he is wise,
Vpon my life he hath stolne him home to bed.
Ben: He came this way, and leapt this Orchard wall.
Call good *Mercutio.*
Mer: Call, nay Ile coniure too.
Romeo, madman, humors, passion, liuer, appeare thou in likenes of a sigh: speak but one rime & I am satisfied, cry but ay me. Pronounce but Loue and Doue, speake to my gossip *Venus* one faire word, one nickname for her purblinde sonne and heire young *Abraham*: *Cupid* hee that shot so trim when young King *Cophetua* loued the begger wench. Hee heares me not. I coniure thee by *Rosalindes* bright eye, high forehead, and scarlet lip, her prettie foote, straight leg, and quiuering thigh, and the demaines that there adiacent lie, that in thy likenesse thou appeare to vs.
Ben: If he doe heare thee thou wilt anger him.
Mer: Tut this cannot anger him, marrie if one shuld raise a spirit in his Mistris circle of some strange fashion, making it there to stand till she had laid it, and coniurde it downe, that were some spite. My inuocation is faire and honest, and in his Mistris name I coniure onely but to raise vp him.

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Ben: Well he hath hid himselfe amongst those trees,
To be consorted wlth the humerous night,
Blinde in his loue, and best befits the darke.
**Mer:* If loue be blind, loue will not hit the marke,
Now will he sit vnder a Medler tree,
And wish his Mistris were that kinde of fruite,
As maides call Medlers when they laugh alone.
Ah *Romeo* that she were, ah that she were
An open *Et cætera*, thou a poprin Peare.
Romeo God night, il'e to my trundle bed:
This field bed is too cold for mee.
Come lets away, for tis but vaine,
To seeke him here that meanes not to be found.
Ro: He iests at scars that neuer felt a wound: [Sc. II.]
But soft, what light forth yonder window breakes?
It is the East, and *Iuliet* is the Sunne,
Arise faire S nne, and kill the enuious Moone
That is alreadie sicke, and pale with griefe:
That thou her maid, art far more faire than she.
Be not her maide since she is enuious,
Her vestall liuerie is but pale and greene,
And none but fooles doe weare it, cast it off.
She speakes, but she sayes nothing. What of that?
Her eye discourseth, I will answere it.
I am too bold, tis not to me she speakes,
Two of the fairest starres in all the skies,
Hauing some busines, doe entreat her eyes
To twinckle in their spheares till they returne.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head,
The brightnes of her cheekes would shame those stars:
As day-light doth a Lampe, her eyes in heauen,
Would through the airie region streame so bright,
That birdes would sing, and thinke it were not night.
Oh now she leanes her cheekes vpon her hand,
I would I were the gloue to that same hand,
*That I might kisse that cheeke.
Iul: Ay me.
Rom: She speakes, Oh speake againe bright Angell:
For thou art as glorious to this night beeing ouer my (head,
As is a winged messenger of heauen
Vnto the white vpturned woondring eyes,
Of mortals that fall backe to gaze on him,
When he bestrides the lasie pacing cloudes,
And sailes vpon the bosome of the aire.
Iul: Ah *Romeo*, *Romeo*, wherefore art thou *Romeo*?

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Denie thy Father, and refuse thy name,
Or if thou wilt not be but sworne my loue,
And il'e no longer be a *Capulet.*
Rom: Shall I heare more, or shall I speake to this?
Iul: Tis but thy name that is mine enemie.
Whats *Mountague?* It is nor hand nor foote,
Nor arme, nor face, nor any other part.
Whats in a name? That which we call a Rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet:
So *Romeo* would, were he not *Romeo* cald,
Retaine the diuine perfection he owes:
Without that title *Romeo* part thy name,
And for that name which is no part of thee,
Take all I haue.
Rom: I take thee at thy word,
Call me but loue, and il'e be new Baptisde,
Henceforth I neuer will be *Romeo.*
Iu: What man art thou, that thus beskrind in night,
Doest stumble on my counsaile?
Ro: By a name I know not how to tell thee.
My name deare Saint is hatefull to my selfe,
Because it is an enemie to thee.
*Had I it written I would teare the word.
Iul: My eares haue not yet drunk a hundred words
Of that tongues vtterance, yet I know the sound:
Art thou not *Romeo* and a *Mountague?*
Ro: Neyther faire Saint, if eyther thee displease.
Iu: How camst thou hether, tell me and wherfore?
The Orchard walles are high and hard to clime,
And the place death considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen finde thee here.
Ro: By loues light winges did I oreperch these wals,
For stonie limits cannot hold loue out,
And what loue can doo, that dares loue attempt,
Therefore thy kinsmen are no let to me.
Iul: If they doe finde thee they will murder thee.
Ro: Alas there lies more perrill in thine eyes,
Then twentie of their swords, looke thou but sweete,
And I am proofe against their enmitie. (here.
Iul: I would not for the world they shuld find thee
Ro: I haue nights cloak to hide thee from their sight,
And but thou loue me let them finde me here:
For life were better ended by their hate,
Than death proroged wanting of thy loue.
Iu: By whose directions foundst thou out this place.

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Ro: By loue, who first did prompt me to enquire,
I he gaue me counsaile and I lent him eyes.
I am no Pilot: yet wert thou as farre
As that vast shore, washt with the furthest sea,
I would aduenture for such Marchandise.
Iul: Thou knowst the maske of night is on my face,
Els would a Maiden blush bepaint my cheeks:
For that which thou haste heard me speake to night,
Faine would I dwell on forme, faine faine denie,
*What I haue spoke: but farewell complements.
Doest thou loue me? Nay I know thou wilt say I,
And I will take thy word: but if thou swearst,
Thou maiest proue false:
At Louers periuries they say Ioue smiles.
Ah gentle *Romeo*, if thou loue pronounce it faithfully:
Or if thou thinke I am too easely wonne,
Il'e frowne and say thee nay and be peruerse,
So thou wilt wooe: but els not for the world,
In truth faire *Mountague*, I am too fond,
And therefore thou maiest thinke my hauiour light:
But trust me gentleman Ile proue more true,
Than they that haue more cunning to be strange.
I should haue bin strange I must confesse,
But that thou ouer-heardst ere I was ware
My true loues Passion: therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yeelding to light loue,
Which the darke night hath so discouered.
Ro: By yonder blessed Moone I sweare,
That tips with siluer all these fruit trees tops.
Iul: O sweare not by the Moone the vnconstant
That monthlie changeth in her circled orbe, (Moone,
Least that thy loue proue likewise variable.
Ro: Now by
Iul: Nay doo not sweare at all,
Or if thou sweare, sweare by thy glorious selfe,
Which art the God of my Idolatrie,
And il'e beleeue thee.
Ro: If my true harts loue
Iul: Sweare not at al, though I doo ioy in
I haue small ioy in this contract to night, (thee,
It is too rash, too sodaine, too vnaduisde,
*Too like the lightning that doth cease to bee
Ere one can say it lightens. I heare some comming,
Deare loue adew, sweet *Mountague* be true,
Stay but a little and il'e come againe.

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Ro: O blessed blessed night, I feare being night,
All this is but a dreame I heare and see,
Too flattering true to be substantiall.
Iul: Three wordes good *Romeo* and good night in-
If that thy bent of loue be honourable? (deed.
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to morrow
By one that il'e procure to come to thee:
Where and what time thou wilt performe that right,
And al my fortunes at thy foote il'e lay,
And follow thee my Lord through out the world.
Ro: Loue goes toward loue like schoole boyes from
their bookes,
But loue from loue, to schoole with heauie lookes.
Iul: *Romeo*, *Romeo*, O for a falkners voice,
To lure this Tassell gentle backe againe:
Bondage is hoarse and may not crie aloud,
Els would I teare the Caue where Eccho lies
And make her airie voice as hoarse as mine,
With repetition of my *Romeos* name.
Romeo?
Ro: It is my soule that calles vpon my name,
How siluer sweet sound louers tongues in night.
Iul: Romeo?
Ro: Madame.
Iul: At what a clocke to morrow shall I send?
Ro: At the houre of nine.
Iul: I will not faile, tis twentie yeares till then.
Romeo I haue forgot why I did call thee backe.
**Rom:* Let me stay here till you remember it.
Iul: I shall forget to haue thee still staie here,
Remembring how I loue thy companie.
Rom: And il'e stay still to haue thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.
Iu: Tis almost morning I would haue thee gone,
But yet no further then a wantons bird,
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a pore prisoner in his twisted giues,
And with a silke thred puls it backe againe,
Too louing iealous of his libertie.
Ro: Would I were thy bird.
Iul: Sweet so would I,
Yet I should kill thee with much cherrishing thee.
Good night, good night, parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say good night till it be morrow. (breast,
Rom: Sleepe dwell vpon thine eyes, peace on thy

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I would that I were sleep and peace of sweet to rest.
Now will I to my Ghostly fathers Cell,
His help to craue, and my good hap to tell.
Enter Frier Francis. (night, [SC. III.]
Frier: The gray ey'd morne smiles on the frowning
Checkring the Easterne clouds with streakes of light,
And flecked darkenes like a drunkard reeles,
From forth daies path, and *Titans* fierie wheeles:
Now ere the Sunne aduance his burning eye,
The world to cheare, and nights darke dew to drie.
We must vp fill this oasier Cage of ours,
With balefull weeds, and precious iucyed flowers.
Oh mickle is the powerfull grace that lies
In hearbes, plants, stones, and their true qualities:
For nought so vile, that vile on earth doth liue,
*But to the earth some speciall good doth giue:
Nor nought so good, but straind from that faire vse,
Reuolts to vice and stumbles on abuse:
Vertue it selfe turnes vice being misapplied,
And vice sometimes by action dignified.
Within the infant rinde of this small flower,
Poyson hath residence, and medecine power:
For this being smelt too, with that part cheares ech hart,
Being tasted slaies all sences with the hart.
Two such opposed foes incampe them still,
In man as well as herbes, grace and rude will,
And where the worser is predominant,
Full soone the canker death eats vp that plant.
Rom: Good morrow to my Ghostly Confessor.
Fri: *Benedicite*, what earlie tongue so soone saluteth
Yong sonne it argues a distempered head, (me?
So soone to bid good morrow to my bed.
Care keepes his watch in euerie old mans eye,
And where care lodgeth, sleep can neuer lie:
But where vnbrused youth with vnstuft braines
Doth couch his limmes, there golden sleepe remaines:
Therefore thy earlines doth me assure,
Thou art vprows'd by some distemperature.
Or if not so, then here I hit it righ
Our *Romeo* hath not bin a bed to night.
Ro: The last was true, the sweeter rest was mine.
Fr: God pardon sin, wert thou with *Rosaline?*
Ro: With *Rosaline* my Ghostly father no,
I haue forgot that name, and that names woe. (then?
Fri: Thats my good sonne: but where hast thou bin

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Ro: I tell thee ere thou aske it me againe,
I haue bin feasting with mine enemie:
*Where on the sodaine one hath wounded mee
Thats by me wounded, both our remedies
With in thy help and holy phisicke lies,
I beare no hatred blessed man: for loe
My intercession likewise steades my foe.
Frier: Be plaine my sonne and homely in thy drift,
Ridling confession findes but ridling shrift.
Rom: Then plainely know my harts deare loue is set
On the faire daughter of rich *Capulet*:
As mine on hers, so hers likewise on mine,
And all combind, saue what thou must combine
By holy marriage: where, and when, and how,
We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vowes,
Il'e tell thee as I passe: But this I pray,
That thou consent to marrie vs to day.
Fri: Holy *S. Francis*, what a change is here?
Is *Rosaline* whome thou didst loue so deare
So soone forsooke, lo yong mens loue then lies
Not truelie in their harts, but in their eyes.
Iesu Maria, what a deale of brine
Hath washt thy sallow cheekes for *Rosaline*?
How much salt water cast away in waste,
To season loue, that of loue doth not taste.
The sunne not yet thy sighes from heauen cleares,
Thy old grones ring yet in my ancient eares,
And loe vpon thy cheeke the staine doth sit,
Of an old teare that is not washt off yet.
If euer thou wert thus, and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes were all for *Rosaline*,
And art thou changde, pronounce this sentence then
Women may fal, when ther's no strength in men.
Rom: Thou chidst me oft for louing *Rosaline*.
**Fr:* For doating, not for louing, pupill mine.
Rom: And badst me burie loue.
Fr: Not in a graue,
To lay one in another out to haue.
Rom: I pree thee chide not, she whom I loue now
Doth grace for grace, and loue for loue allow:
The other did not so.
Fr: Oh she knew well
Thy loue did read by rote, and could not spell.
But come yong Wauerer, come goe with me,
In one respect Ile thy assistant bee:

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For this alliaunce may so happie proue,
To turne your Housholds rancour to pure loue. *Exeunt.*

Enter Mercutio, Benuolio. [Sc. IV.]

Mer: Why whats become of *Romeo?* came he not home to night?

Ben: Not to his Fathers, I spake with his man.

Mer: Ah that same pale hard hearted wench, that *Ro-*
Torments him so, that he will sure run mad. (*saline*

Mer: *Tybalt* the Kinsman of olde *Capolet*
Hath sent a Letter to his Fathers House:
Some Challenge on my life.

Ben: *Romeo* will answere it.

Mer: I, anie man that can write may answere a letter.

Ben: Nay, he will answere the letters master if hee bee challenged.

Mer: Who, *Romeo?* why he is alreadie dead: stabd with a white wenches blacke eye, shot thorough the eare with a loue song, the verie pinne of his heart cleft with the blinde bow-boyes but-shaft. And is he a man to encounter *Tybalt?*

Ben: Why what is *Tybalt?*

Mer: More than the prince of cattes I can tell you. Oh he is the couragious captaine of complements. Catso, he *fightes as you sing pricke-song, keepes time dystance and proportion, rests me his minum rest one two and the thirde in your bosome, the very butcher of a silken button, a Duellist a Duellist, a gentleman of the very first house of the first and second cause, ah the immortall Passado, the Punto reuerso, the Hay.

Ben: The what?

Me: The Poxe of such limping antique affecting fantasticoes these new tuners of accents. By Iesu a very good blade, a very tall man, a very good whoore. Why graund-sir is not this a miserable case that we should be stil afflicted with these strange flies: these fashionmongers, these pardonmees, that stand so much on the new forme, that they cannot sitte at ease on the old bench. Oh their bones, theyr bones.

Ben. Heere comes *Romeo.*

Mer: Without his Roe, like a dryed Hering. O flesh flesh how art thou fishified. Sirra now he is for the numbers that Petrarch flowdin: *Laura* to his Lady was but a kitchin drudg, yet she had a better loue to berime her: Dido a dow-

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dy Cleopatra a Gypsie, *Hero* and *Hellen* hildings and harletries: *Thisbie* a gray eye or so, but not to the purpose. Signior *Romeo* bon iour, there is a French curtesie to your French slop: yee gaue vs the counterfeit fairely yesternight.

Rom: What counterfeit I pray you?

Me: The slip the slip, can you not conceiue?

Rom: I cry you mercy my busines was great, and in such a case as mine, a man may straine curtesie.

Mer: Oh thats as much to say as such a case as yours wil constraine a man to bow in the hams.

Rom: A most curteous exposition.

Me: Why I am the very pinke of curtesie.

Rom: Pinke for flower?

Mer: Right.

Rom: Then is my Pumpe well flour'd:

Mer: Well said, follow me nowe that iest till thou hast *worne out thy Pumpe, that when the single sole of it is worn the iest may remaine after the wearing solie singuler.

Rom: O single soald iest solie singuler for the singlenes.

Me. Come betweene vs good *Benuolio*, for my wits faile.

Rom: Swits and spurres, swits & spurres, or Ile cry a match.

Mer: Nay if thy wits runne the wildgoose chase, I haue done: for I am sure thou hast more of the goose in one of thy wits, than I haue in al my fiue: Was I with you there for the goose?

Rom: Thou wert neuer with me for any thing, when thou wert not with me for the goose.

Me: Ile bite thee by the eare for that iest.

Rom: Nay good goose bite not.

Mer: Why thy wit is a bitter sweeting, a most sharp sauce

Rom: And was it not well seru'd in to a sweet goose?

Mer: Oh heere is a witte of Cheuerell that stretcheth from an ynch narrow to an ell broad.

Rom: I stretcht it out for the word broad, which added to the goose, proues thee faire and wide a broad goose.

Mer: Why is not this better now than groning for loue? why now art thou sociable, now art thou thy selfe, nowe art thou what thou art, as wel by arte as nature. This driueling loue is like a great naturall, that runs vp and downe to hide his bable in a hole.

Ben: Stop there.

Me: Why thou wouldst haue me stopp my tale against the haire.

Ben: Thou wouldst haue made thy tale too long?

Mer: Tut man thou art deceiued, I meant to make it

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In halfe an houre she promist to returne.
Perhaps she cannot finde him. Thats not so.
Oh she is lazie, Loues heralds should be thoughts,
And runne more swift, than hastie powder fierd,
Doth hurrie from the fearfull Cannons mouth.

Enter Nurse.

Oh now she comes. Tell me gentle Nurse,
What sayes my Loue?

Nur: Oh I am wearie, let mee rest a while. Lord how my bones ake. Oh wheres my man? Giue me some aqua vitæ.

Iul: I would thou hadst my bones, and I thy newes.

Nur: Fie, what a iaunt haue I had: and my backe a tother side. Lord, Lord, what a case am I in.

Jul: But tell me sweet Nurse, what sayes *Romeo*?

Nur: *Romeo*, nay, alas you cannot chuse a man. Hees no bodie, he is not the Flower of curtesie, he is not a proper man: and for a hand, and a foote, and a baudie, wel go thy way wench, thou hast it ifaith. Lord, Lord, how my head beates?

Iul: What of all this? tell me what sayes he to our mariage?

Nur: Marry he sayes like an honest Gentleman, and a kinde, and I warrant a vertuous: wheres your Mother?

Iul: Lord, Lord, how odly thou repliest? He saies like a *kinde Gentleman, and an honest, and a vertuous; wheres your mother?

Nur: Marry come vp, cannot you stay a while? is this the poultesse for mine aking boanes? next arrant youl haue done, euen doot your selfe.

Iul: Nay stay sweet Nurse, I doo intreate thee now,
What sayes my Loue, my Lord, my *Romeo*?

Nur: Goe, hye you straight to Friar *Laurence* Cell,
And frame a scuse that you must goe to shrift:
There stayes a Bridegroome to make you a Bride.
Now comes the wanton blood vp in your cheekes,
I must prouide a ladder made of cordes,
With which your Lord must clime a birdes nest soone.
I must take paines to further your delight,
But you must beare the burden soone at night.
Doth this newes please you now?

Iul: How doth her latter words reuiue my hart.
Thankes gentle Nurse, dispatch thy busines,
And Ile not faile to meete my *Romeo*. *Exeunt.*

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Enter Romeo, *Frier.* [Sc. VI.]

Rom: Now Father *Laurence*, in thy holy grant
Consists the good of me and I*uliet*.
Fr: Without more words I will doo all I may,
To make you happie if in me it lye.
Rom: This morning here she pointed we should meet,
And consumate those neuer parting bands,
Witnes of our harts loue by ioyning hands,
And come she will.
Fr: I gesse she will indeed,
Youths loue is quicke, swifter than swiftest speed.
Enter I*uliet somewhat fast, and embraceth* Romeo.
See where she comes.
So light of foote nere hurts the troden flower:
Of loue and ioy, see see the soueraigne power.
I*ul*: Romeo.
**Rom:* My *Iuliet* welcome. As doo waking eyes
(Cloasd in Nights mysts) attend the frolicke Day,
So *Romeo* hath expected *Iuliet*,
And thou art come.
Jul: I am (if I be Day)
Come to my Sunne: shine foorth, and make me faire.
Rom: All beauteous fairnes dwelleth in thine eyes.
Iul: *Romeo* from thine all brightnes doth arise.
Fr: Come wantons, come, the stealing houres do passe
Defer imbracements till some fitrer time,
Part for a while, you shall not be alone,
Till holy Church haue ioynd ye both in one.
Rom: Lead holy Father, all delay seemes long.
Iul: Make hast, make hast, this lingring doth vs wrong.
Fr: O, soft and faire makes sweetest worke they say.
Hast is a common hindrer in crosse way. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Benuolio, Mercutio. [Act III. Sc. I.]

Ben: I pree thee good *Mercutio* lets retire,
The day is hot, the *Capels* are abroad.
Mer: Thou art like one of those, that when hee comes into the confines of a tauerne, claps me his rapier on the boord, and sayes, God send me no need of thee: and by the operation of the next cup of wine, he drawes it on the drawer, when indeed there is no need.
Ben: Am I like such a one?
Mer: Go too, thou art as hot a Iacke being mooude,

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and as soone mooude to be moodie, and as soone moodie to be mooud.

Ben: And what too?

Mer: Nay, and there were two such, wee should haue none shortly. Didst not thou fall out with a man for cracking of nuts, hauing no other reason, but because thou hadst hasill eyes? what eye but such an eye would haue pickt out such a quarrell? With another for coughing, because hee *wakd thy dogge that laye a sleepe in the Sunne? With a Taylor for wearing his new dublet before Easter: and with another for tying his new shoes with olde ribands. And yet thou wilt forbid me of quarrelling.

Ben: By my head heere comes a *Capolet.*

Enter Tybalt.

Mer: By my heele I care not.

Tyb: Gentlemen a word with one of you.

Mer: But one word with one of vs? You had best couple it with somewhat, and make it a word and a blow.

Tyb: I am apt enough to that if I haue occasion.

Mer: Could you not take occasion?

Tyb: *Mercutio* thou consorts with *Romeo*?

Mer: Consort. Zwounes consort? the slaue wil make fidlers of vs. If you doe sirra, look for nothing but discord: For heeres my fiddle-sticke.

Enter Romeo.

Tyb: Well peace be with you, heere comes my man.

Mer: But Ile be hanged if he weare your lyuery: Mary go before into the field, and he may be your follower, so in that sence your worship may call him man.

Tyb: *Romeo* the hate I beare to thee can affoord no better words then these, thou art a villaine.

Rom: *Tybalt* the loue I beare to thee, doth excuse the appertaining rage to such a word: villaine am I none, therfore I well perceiue thou knowst me not.

Tyb: Bace boy this cannot serue thy turne, and therefore drawe.

Ro: I doe protest I neuer iniured thee, but loue thee better than thou canst deuise, till thou shalt know the reason of my loue.

Mer: O dishonorable vile submission. *Allastockado* caries it away. You Ratcatcher, come backe, come backe.

Tyb: What wouldest with me?

**Mer:* Nothing King of Cates, but borrow one of your

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nine liues, therefore come drawe your rapier out of your scabard, least mine be about your eares ere you be a ware.

Rom: Stay *Tibalt*, hould *Mercutio: Benuolio* beate downe their weapons.

Tibalt vnder Romeos arme thrusts Mercutio, in and flyes.

Mer: Is he gone, hath hee nothing? A poxe on your houses.

Rom: What art thou hurt man, the wound is not deepe.

Mer: Noe not so deepe as a Well, nor so wide as a barne doore, but it will serue I warrant. What meant you to come betweene vs? I was hurt vnder your arme.

Rom: I did all for the best.

Mer: A poxe of your houses, I am fairely drest. Sirra goe fetch me a Surgeon.

Boy: I goe my Lord.

Mer: I am pepperd for this world, I am sped yfaith, he hath made wormes meate of me, & ye aske for me to morrow you shall finde me a graue-man. A poxe of your houses, I shall be fairely mounted vpon foure mens shoulders: For your house of the *Mountegues* and the *Capolets*: and then some peasantly rogue, some Sexton, some base slaue shall write my Epitapth, that *Tybalt* came and broke the Princes Lawes, and *Mercutio* was slaine for the first and second cause. Wher's the Surgeon?

Boy: Hee's come sir.

Mer: Now heele keepe a mumbling in my guts on the other side, come *Benuolio*, lend me thy hand: a poxe of your houses. *Exeunt.*

Rom: This Gentleman the Princes neere Alie.
My very frend hath tane this mortall wound
In my behalfe, my reputation staind
With *Tibalts* slaunder, *Tybalt* that an houre
Hath beene my kinsman. Ah *Iuliet*
*Thy beautie makes me thus effeminate,
And in my temper softens valors steele.

Enter Benuolio.

Ben: Ah *Romeo Romeo* braue *Mercutio* is dead,
That gallant spirit hath a spir'd the cloudes,
Which too vntimely scornd the lowly earth.

Rom: This daies black fate, on more daies doth depend
This but begins what other dayes must end.

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Enter Tibalt.

Ben: Heere comes the furious *Tibalt* backe againe.
Rom: A liue in tryumph and *Mercutio* slaine?
Away to heauen respectiue lenity:
And fier eyed fury be my conduct now.
Now *Tibalt* take the villaine backe againe,
Which late thou gau'st me: for *Mercutios* soule,
Is but a little way aboue the cloudes,
And staies for thine to beare him company.
Or thou, or I, or both shall follow him.

Fight, Tibalt falles.

Ben: *Romeo* away, thou seest that *Tibalt's* slaine,
The Citizens approach, away, begone
Thou wilt be taken.
Rom: Ah I am fortunes slaue.

Exeunt.

Enter Citizens.

Watch. Wher's he that slue *Mercutio*, *Tybalt* that villaine?
Ben: There is that *Tybalt.*
*Vp sirra goe with vs[1].

Enter Prince, Capolets wife.

Pry: Where be the the vile beginners of this fray?
Ben: Ah Noble Prince I can discouer all
The most vnlucky mannage of this brawle.
Heere lyes the man slaine by yong *Romeo*,
That slew thy kinsman braue *Mercutio*,
M : *Tibalt*, *Tybalt*, O my brothers child,
Vnhappie sight? Ah the blood is spilt
Of my deare kinsman, Prince as thou art true:
For blood of ours, shed bloud of *Mountagew.*
Pry: Speake *Benuolio* who began this fray?
Ben: *Tibalt* heere slaine whom *Romeos* hand did slay.
Romeo who spake him fayre bid him bethinke
How nice the quarrell was.

[1] *Watch:* is omitted in the text, but '*Watch*: Vp' is the catchword of the previous page.

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But *Tibalt* still persisting in his wrong,
The stout *Mercutio* drewe to calme the storme,
Which *Romeo* seeing cal'd stay Gentlemen,
And on me cry'd, who drew to part their strife,
And with his agill arme yong *Romeo*,
As fast as tung crydepeace, sought peace to make.
While they were enterchanging thrusts and blows,
Vnder yong *Romeos* laboring arme to part,
The furious *Tybalt* cast an enuious thrust,
That rid the life of stout *Mercutio*.
With that he fled, but presently return'd,
And with his rapier braued *Romeo*:
That had but newly entertain'd reuenge.
And ere I could draw forth my rapyer
To part their furie, downe did *Tybalt* fall,
And this way *Romeo* fled.
Mo: He is a *Mountagew* and speakes partiall,
Some twentie of them fought in this blacke strife:
And all those twenty could but kill one life.
*I doo intreate sweete Prince thoult iustice giue,
Romeo slew *Tybalt*, *Romeo* may not liue.
Prin: And for that offence
Immediately we doo exile him hence.
I haue an interest in your hates proceeding,
My blood for your rude braules doth lye a bleeding.
But Ile amerce you with so large a fine,
That you shall all repent the losse of mine.
I will be deafe to pleading and excuses,
Nor teares nor prayers shall purchase for abuses.
Pittie shall dwell and gouerne with vs still:
Mercie to all but murdrers, pardoning none that kill.
Exeunt omnes.

Enter Iuliet. [Sc. II.]

Iul: Gallop apace you fierie footed steedes
To *Phœbus* mansion, such a Waggoner
As *Phaeton*, would quickly bring you thether,
And send in cloudie night immediately.

Enter Nurse wringing her hands, with the ladder of cordes in her lap.

But how now Nurse: O Lord, why lookst thou sad?
What hast thou there, the cordes?
Nur: I, I, the cordes: alacke we are vndone,

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We are vndone, Ladie we are vndone.
Iul: What diuell art thou that torments me thus?
Nurs: Alack the day, hees dead, hees dead, hees dead.
Jul: This torture should be roard in dismall hell.
Can heauens be so enuious?
Nur: *Romeo* can if heauens cannot.
I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes.
God saue the sample, on his manly breast:
A bloodie coarse, a piteous bloodie coarse,
All pale as ashes, I swounded at the sight.
**Iul:* Ah *Romeo*, *Romeo*, what disaster hap
Hath seuerd thee from thy true *Juliet*?
Ah why should Heauen so much conspire with Woe,
Or Fate enuie our happie Marriage,
So soone to sunder vs by timelesse Death?
Nur: O *Tybalt*, *Tybalt*, the best frend I had,
O honest *Tybalt*, curteous Gentleman.
Iul: What storme is this that blowes so contrarie,
Is *Tybalt* dead, and *Romeo* murdered:
My deare loude cousen, and my dearest Lord.
Then let the trumpet sound a generall doome,
These two being dead, then liuing is there none.
Nur: *Tybalt* is dead, and *Romeo* banished,
Romeo that murdred him is banished.
Iul: Ah heauens, did *Romeos* hand shed *Tybalts* blood?
Nur: It did, it did, alacke the day it did.
Iul: O serpents hate, hid with a flowring face:
O painted sepulcher, including filth.
Was neuer booke containing so foule matter,
So fairly bound. Ah, what meant *Romeo*?
Nur: There is no truth, no faith, no honestie in men:
All false, all faithles, periurde, all forsworne.
Shame come to *Romeo*.
I*ul:* A blister on that tung, he was not borne to shame:
Vpon his face Shame is ashamde to sit.
But wherefore villaine didst thou kill my Cousen?
That villaine Cousen would haue kild my husband.
All this is comfort. But there yet remains
VVorse than his death, which faine I would forget:
But ah, it presseth to my memorie,
Romeo is banished. Ah that word Banished
Is worse than death. R*omeo* is banished,
Is Father, Mother, *Tybalt*, I*uliet*,
All killd, all slaine, all dead, all banished.
Where are my Father and my Mother Nurse?

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Nur: VVeeping and wayling ouer *Tybalts* coarse.
*VVill you goe to them?
Iul: I, I, when theirs are spent,
Mine shall he shed for *Romeos* banishment.
Nur: Ladie, your *Romeo* will be here to night,
Ile to him, he is hid at *Laurence* Cell.
Iul: Doo so, and beare this Ring to my true Knight,
And bid him come to take his last farewell. *Exeunt.*

Enter Frier. [Sc. III.]

Fr: *Romeo* come forth, come forth thou fearfull man,
Affliction is enamourd on thy parts,
And thou art wedded to Calamitie.

Enter Romeo.

Rom: Father what newes, what is the Princes doome,
VVhat Sorrow craues acquaintance at our hands,
VVhich yet we know not.
Fr: Too familiar
Is my yong sonne with such sowre companie:
I bring thee tidings of the Princes doome.
Rom: VVhat lesse than doomes day is the Princes doome?
Fr: A gentler iudgement vanisht from his lips,
Not bodies death, but bodies banishment.
Rom: Ha, Banished? be mercifull, say death:
For Exile hath more terror in his lookes,
Than death it selfe, doo not say Banishment.
Fr: Hence from *Verona* art thou banished:
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.
Rom: There is no world without *Verona* walls,
But purgatorie, torture, hell it selfe.
Hence banished, is banisht from the world:
And world exilde is death. Calling death banishment,
Thou cutst my head off with a golden axe,
And smilest vpon the stroke that murders me.
Fr: Oh monstrous sinne, O rude vnthankfulnes:
Thy fault our law calls death, but the milde Prince
(Taking thy part) hath rushd aside the law,
*And turnd that blacke word death to banishment:
This is meere mercie, and thou seest it not.
Rom: Tis torture and not mercie, heauen is heere
Where *Iuliet* liues: and euerie cat and dog,
And little mouse, euerie vnworthie thing
Liue here in heauen, and may looke on her,
But *Romeo* may not. More validitie,
More honourable state, more courtship liues

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In carrion flyes, than *Romeo*: they may seaze
On the white wonder of faire *Iuliets* skinne,
And steale immortall kisses from her lips;
But *Romeo* may not, he is banished.
Flies may doo this, but I from this must flye.
Oh Father hadst thou no strong poyson mixt,
No sharpe ground knife, no present meane of death,
Though nere so meane, but banishment
To torture me withall: ah, banished.
O Frier, the damned vse that word in hell:
Howling attends it. How hadst thou the heart,
Being a Diuine, a ghostly Confessor,
A sinne absoluer, and my frend profest,
To mangle me with that word, Banishment?

Fr: Thou fond mad man, heare me but speake a word.

Rom: O, thou wilt talke againe of Banishment.

Fr: Ile giue thee armour to beare off this word,
Aduersities sweete milke, philosophie,
To comfort thee though thou be banished.

Rom: Yet Banished? hang vp philosophie,
Vnlesse philosophie can make a *Juliet*,
Displant a Towne, reuerse a Princes doome,
It helpes not, it prevailes not, talke no more.

Fr: O, now I see that madmen haue no eares.

Rom: How should they, when that wise men haue no eyes.

Fr: Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

Rom: Thou canst not speak of what thou dost not feele.
*Wert thou as young as I, *Iuliet* thy Loue,
An houre but married, *Tybalt* murdred.
Doting like me, and like me banished,
Then mightst thou speake, then mightst thou teare thy hayre.
And fall vpon the ground as I doe now,
Taking the measure of an vnmade graue.

Nurse knockes.

Fr: *Romeo* arise, stand vp thou wilt be taken,
I heare one knocke, arise and get thee gone.

Nu: Hoe Fryer.

Fr: Gods will what wilfulnes is this?

Shee knockes againe.

Nur: Hoe Fryer open the doore,

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Fr: By and by I come. Who is there?
Nur: One from Lady *Iuliet*.
Fr: Then come neare.
Nur: Oh holy Fryer, tell mee oh holy Fryer,
Where is my Ladies Lord?Wher's *Romeo*?
Fr: There on the ground, with his owne teares made drunke.
Nur: Oh he is euen in my Mistresse case.
Iust in her case.Oh wofull simpathy,
Pitteous predicament, euen so lyes shee,
Weeping and blubbring, blubbring and weeping:
Stand vp, stand vp, stand and you be a man.
For *Iuliets* sake, for her sake rise and stand,
Why should you fall into so deep an *O*.

He rises.

Romeo: Nurse.
Nur: Ah sir, ah sir.Wel death's the end of all.
**Rom*: Spakest thou of *Iuliet*,how is it with her?
Doth she not thinke me an olde murderer,
Now I haue stainde the childhood of her ioy,
With bloud remou'd but little from her owne?
Where is she? and how doth she? And what sayes
My conceal'd Lady to our canceld loue?
Nur: Oh she saith nothing, but weepes and pules,
And now fals on her bed, now on the ground,
And *Tybalt* cryes, and then on *Romeo* calles.
Rom: As if that name shot from the deadly leuel of a gun
Did murder her,as that names cursed hand
Murderd her kinsman.Ah tell me holy Fryer
In what vile part of this Anatomy
Doth my name lye? Tell me that I may sacke
The hatefull mansion?

He offers to stab himselfe, and Nurse snatches the dagger away.

Nur: Ah?
Fr: Hold, stay thy hand: art thou a man? thy forme
Cryes out thou art,but thy wilde actes denote
The vnreasonable furyes of a beast.
Vnseemely woman in a seeming man,
Or ill beseeming beast in seeming both,
Thou hast amaz'd me.By my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better temperd,
Hast thou slaine *Tybalt*? wilt thou slay thy selfe?

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And slay thy Lady too, that liues in thee?
Rouse vp thy spirits, thy Lady *Iuliet* liues,
For whose sweet sake thou wert but lately dead:
There art thou happy. *Tybalt* would kill thee,
But thou slouest *Tybalt*, there art thou happy too.
A packe of blessings lights vpon thy backe,
Happines Courts thee in his best array:
But like a misbehaude and sullen wench
Thou frownst vpon thy Fate that smilles on thee.
*Take heede, take heede, for such dye miserable.
Goe get thee to thy loue as was decreed:
Ascend her Chamber Window, hence and comfort her,
But looke thou stay not till the watch be set:
For then thou canst not passe to *Mantua*.
Nurse prouide all things in a readines,
Comfort thy Mistresse, haste the house to bed,
Which heauy sorrow makes them apt vnto.
Nur: Good Lord what a thing learning is.
I could haue stayde heere all this night
To heare good counsell. Well Sir,
Ile tell my Lady that you will come.
Rom: Doe so and bidde my sweet prepare to childe,
Farwell good Nurse.

Nurse offers to goe in and turnes againe.

Nur: Heere is a Ring Sir, that she bad me giue you,
Rom: How well my comfort is reuiud by this.

Exit Nurse.

Fr: Soiorne in *Mantua*, Ile finde out your man,
And he shall signifie from time to time:
Euery good hap that doth befall thee heere.
Farwell.
Rom: But that a ioy, past ioy cryes out on me,
It were a griefe so breefe to part with thee.

Enter olde Capolet and his Wife, with County Paris. [Sc. IV.]

Cap: Thinges haue fallen out Sir so vnluckily,
That we haue had no time to moue my daughter.
*Looke yee Sir, she lou'd her kinsman dearely,
And so did I. Well, we were borne to dye,

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Wife wher's your daughter, is she in her chamber?
I thinke she meanes not to come downe to night.
Par: These times of woe affoord no time to wooe,
Maddam farwell, commend me to your daughter.

Paris offers to goe in, and Capolet calles him againe.

Cap: Sir *Paris*? Ile make a desperate tender of my child.
I thinke she will be rulde in all respectes by mee:
But soft what day is this?
Par: Munday my Lord.
Cap: Oh then Wensday is too soone,
On Thursday let it be: you shall be maried.
Wee'le make no great a doe, a frend or two, or so:
For looke ye Sir, *Tybalt* being slaine so lately,
It will be thought we held him carelesly e:
If we should reuell much, therefore we will haue
Some halfe a dozen frends and make no more adoe.
But what say you to Thursday.
Par: My Lorde I wish that Thursday were to morrow.
Cap: Wife goe you to your daughter, ere you goe to bed.
Acquaint her with the County *Paris* loue,
Fare well my Lord till Thursday next.
Wife gette you to your daughter. Light to my Chamber.
Afore me it is so very very late,
That we may call it earely by and by.

Exeunt.

**Enter Romeo and Iuliet at the window.* [Sc. v.]

Iul: Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet nere day,
It was the Nightingale and not the Larke
That pierst the fearfull hollow of thine eare:
Nightly she sings on yon Pomegranate tree,
Beleeue me loue, it was the Nightingale.
Rom: It was the Larke, the Herald of the Morne,
And not the Nightingale. See Loue what enuious strakes
Doo lace the seuering clowdes in yonder East.
Nights candles are burnt out, and iocond Day
Stands tiptoes on the mystie mountaine tops.
I must be gone and liue, or stay and dye.
Iul: Yon light is not day light, I know it I:
It is some Meteor that the Sunne exhales,

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To be this night to thee a Torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to *Mantua.*
Then stay awhile, thou shalt not goe soone.
Rom: Let me stay here, let me be tane, and dye:
If thou wilt haue it so, I am content.
Ile say yon gray is not the Mornings Eye,
It is the pale reflex of *Cynthias* brow.
Ile say it is the Nightingale that beates
The vaultie heauen so high aboue our heads,
And not the Larke the Messenger of Morne.
Come death and welcome, *Iuliet* wils it so.
What sayes my Loue? lets talke, tis not yet day.
Jul: It is, it is, be gone, flye hence away.
It is the Larke that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh Discords and vnpleasing Sharpes.
Some say, the Larke makes sweete Diuision:
*This doth not so: for this diuideth vs.
Some say the Larke and loathed Toad change eyes,
I would that now they had changd voyces too:
Since arme from arme her voyce doth vs affray,
Hunting thee hence with Huntsvp to the day.
So now be gone, more light and light it growes.
Rom: More light and light, more darke and darke our woes.
Farewell my Loue, one kisse and Ile descend.

He goeth downe.

Jul: Art thou gone so, my Lord, my Loue, my Frend?
I must heare from thee euerie day in the hower:
For in an hower there are manie minutes,
Minutes are dayes, so will I number them:
Oh, by this count I shall be much in yeares,
Ere I see thee againe.
Rom: Farewell, I will omit no opportunitie
That may conueigh my greetings loue to thee.
Iul: Oh, thinkst thou we shall euer meete againe.
Rom: No doubt, no doubt, and all this woe shall serue
For sweete discourses in the time to come.
Jul: Oh God, I haue an ill diuining soule.
Me thinkes I see thee now thou art below
Like one dead in the bottome of a Tombe:
Either mine ey-sight failes, or thou lookst pale.
Rom: And trust me Loue, in my eye so doo you,
Drie sorrow drinkes our blood: adieu, adieu. *Exit.*

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Enter Nurse hastely.

Nur: Madame beware, take heed the day is broke,
Your Mother's comming to your Chamber, make all sure.
She goeth downe from the window.

**Enter Iuliets Mother, Nurse.*

Moth: Where are you Daughter?
Nur: What Ladie, Lambe, what *Iuliet?*
Iul: How now, who calls?
Nur: It is your Mother.
Moth: Why how now *Juliet?*
Iul: Madam, I am not well.
Moth: What euermore weeping for your Cosens death:
I thinke thoult wash him from his graue with teares.
Iul: I cannot chuse, hauing so great a losse.
Moth: I cannot blame thee.
But it greeues thee more that Villaine liues.
Iul: What Villaine Madame?
Moth: That Villaine *Romeo.*
Iul: Villaine and he are manie miles a sunder.
Moth: Content thee Girle, if I could finde a man
I soone would send to *Mantua* where he is,
That should bestow on him so sure a draught,
As he should soone beare *Tybalt* companie.
Iul: Finde you the meanes, and Ile finde such a man:
For whilest he liues, my heart shall nere be light
Till I behold him, dead is my poore heart.
Thus for a Kinsman vext? (newes?
Moth: Well let that passe. I come to bring thee ioyfull
Iul: And ioy comes well in such a needfull time.
Moth: Well then, thou hast a carefull Father Girle,
And one who pittying thy needfull state,
Hath found thee out a happie day of ioy.
Iul: What day is that I pray you?
Moth: Marry my Childe,
*The gallant, yong and youthfull Gentleman,
The Countie *Paris* at Saint *Peters* Church,
Early next Thursday morning must prouide,
To make you there a glad and ioyfull Bride.
Iul: Now by Saint *Peters* Church and *Peter* too,
He shall not there make mee a ioyfull Bride.
Are these the newes you had to tell me of?

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Marrie here are newes indeed. Madame I will not marrie yet
And when I doo, it shalbe rather *Romeo* whom I hate,
Than Countie *Paris* that I cannot loue.

Enter olde Capolet.

Moth: Here comes your Father, you may tell him so.
Capo: Why how now, euermore showring?
In one little bodie thou resemblest a sea, a barke, a storme:
For this thy bodie which I tearme a barke,
Still floating in thy euerfalling teares,
And tost with sighes arising from thy hart:
Will without succour shipwracke presently.
But heare you Wife, what haue you sounded her, what saies she to it?
Moth: I haue, but she will none she thankes ye:
VVould God that she were married to her graue.
Capo: What will she not, doth she not thanke vs, doth she not wexe proud?
Iul: Not proud ye haue, but thankfull that ye haue:
Proud can I neuer be of that I hate,
But thankfull euen for hate that is ment loue.
Capo: Proud and I thanke you, and I thanke you not,
And yet not proud. VVhats here, chop logicke.
Proud me no prouds, nor thanke me no thankes,
But fettle your fine ioynts on Thursday next
To goe with *Paris* to Saint *Peters* Church,
Or I will drag you on a hurdle thether.
*Out you greene sicknes baggage, out you tallow face.
Iu: Good father heare me speake?

She kneeles downe.

Cap: I tell thee what, eyther resolue on thursday next
To goe with *Paris* to Saint Peters Church:
Or henceforth neuer looke me in the face.
Speake not, reply not, for my fingers ytch.
Why wife, we thought that we were scarcely blest
That God had sent vs but this onely chyld:
But now I see this one is one too much,
And that we haue a crosse in hauing her.
Nur: Mary God in heauen blesse her my Lord,
You are too blame to rate her so.
Cap. And why my Lady wisedome? hold your tung,
Good prudence smatter with your gossips, goe.

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Nur: Why my Lord I speake no treason.
Cap: Oh goddegodden.
Vtter your grauity ouer a gossips boule,
For heere we need it not.
Mo: My Lord ye are too hotte.
Cap: Gods blessed mother wife it mads me,
Day, night, early, late, at home, abroad,
Alone, in company, waking or sleeping,
Still my care hath beene to see her matcht.
And hauing now found out a Gentleman,
Of Princely parentage, youthfull, and nobly trainde.
Stuft as they say with honorable parts,
Proportioned as ones heart coulde wish a man:
And then to haue a wretched whyning foole,
A puling mammet in her fortunes tender,
To say I cannot loue, I am too young, I pray you pardon mee?
But if you cannot wedde Ile pardon you.
Graze where you will, you shall not house with me.
Looke to it, thinke ont, I doe not vse to iest.
*I tell yee what, Thursday is neere,
Lay hand on heart, aduise, bethinke your selfe,
If you be mine, Ile giue you to my frend:
If not, hang, drowne, starue, beg,
Dye in the streetes: for by my Soule
Ile neuer more acknowledge thee,
Nor what I haue shall euer doe thee good,
Thinke ont, looke toot, I doe not vse to iest. *Exit.*
Iul: Is there no pitty hanging in the cloudes,
That lookes into the bottom of my woes?
I doe beseech you Madame, cast me not away,
Defer this mariage for a day or two,
Or if you cannot, make my mariage bed
In that dimme monument where *Tybalt* lyes.
Moth: Nay be assured I will not speake a word.
Do what thou wilt for I haue done with thee. *Exit.*
Iul: Ah Nurse what comfort? what counsell canst thou giue me.
Nur: Now trust me Madame, I know not what to say:
Your *Romeo* he is banisht, and all the world to nothing
He neuer dares returne to challendge you.
Now I thinke good you marry with this County,
Oh he is a gallant Gentleman, *Romeo* is but a dishclout
In respect of him. I promise you
I thinke you happy in this second match.

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As for your husband he is dead:
Or twere as good he were, for you haue no vse of him.
Iul: Speakst thou this from thy heart?
Nur: I and from my soule, or els beshrew them both.
Iul: Amen.
Nur: What say you Madame?
Iul: Well, thou hast comforted me wondrous much,
I pray thee goe thy waies vnto my mother
Tell her I am gone hauing displeasde my Father,
To Fryer *Laurence* Cell to confesse me,
And to be absolu'd.
Nur: I will, and this is wisely done.
She lookes after Nurse.

Iul: Auncient damnation, O most cursed fiend.
Is it more sinne to wish me thus forsworne,
Or to dispraise him with the selfe same tongue
That thou hast praisde him with aboue compare
So many thousand times? Goe Counsellor,
Thou and my bosom henceforth shalbe twaine.
Ile to the Fryer to know his remedy,
If all faile els, I haue the power to dye.
Exit.

Enter Fryer and Paris. [ACT. IV. SC. I.]

Fr: On Thursday say ye: the time is very short,
Par: My Father *Capolet* will haue it so,
And I am nothing slacke to slow his hast.
Fr: You say you doe not know the Ladies minde?
Vneuen is the course, I like it not.
Par: Immoderately she weepes for *Tybalts* death,
And therefore haue I little talkt of loue.
For *Venus* smiles not in a house of teares,
Now Sir, her father thinkes it daungerous:
That she doth giue her sorrow so much sway.
And in his wisedome hasts our mariage,
To stop the inundation of her teares.
Which too much minded by her selfe alone
May be put from her by societie.
Now doe ye know the reason of this hast.
Fr: I would I knew not why it should be slowd.

Enter Paris.

Heere comes the Lady to my cell,

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Par: Welcome my loue, my Lady and my wife:
Iu: That may be sir, when I may be a wife,
Par: That may be, must be loue, on thursday next.
Iu: What must be shalbe.
Fr: Thats a certaine text.
Par: What come ye to confession to this Fryer.
Iu: To tell you that were to confesse to you.
Par: Do not deny to him that you loue me.
Iul: I will confesse to you that I loue him,
Par: So I am sure you will that you loue me.
Iu: And if I doe, it wilbe of more price,
Being spoke behinde your backe, than to your face.
Par: Poore soule thy face is much abus'd with teares.
Iu: The teares haue got small victory by that,
For it was bad enough before their spite.
Par: Thou wrongst it more than teares by that report.
Iu: That is no wrong sir, that is a truth:
And what I spake I spake it to my face.
Par: Thy face is mine and thou hast slaundred it.
Iu: It may be so, for it is not mine owne.
Are you at leasure holy Father now:
Or shall I come to you at euening Masse?
Fr: My leasure serues me pensiue daughter now.
My Lord we must entreate the time alone.
Par: God sheild I should disturbe deuotion,
Iuliet farwell, and keep this holy kisse.

Exit Paris.

Iu: Goe shut the doore and when thou hast done so,
Come weepe with me that I am past cure, past help,
Fr: Ah *Iuliet* I already know thy griefe,
I heare thou must and nothiug may proroge it,
*On Thursday next be married to the Countie.
Iul: Tell me not Frier that thou hearst of it,
Vnleese thou tell me how we may preuent it.
Giue me some sudden counsell: els behold
Twixt my extreames and me, this bloodie Knife
Shall play the Vmpeere, arbitrating that
Which the Commission of thy yeares and arte
Could to no issue of true honour bring.
Speake not, be briefe: for I desire to die,
If what thou speakst, speake not of remedie.
Fr: Stay *Iuliet*, I doo spie a kinde of hope,
VVhich craues as desperate an execution,
As that is desperate we would preuent.

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If rather than to marrie Countie *Paris*
Thou hast the strength or will to slay thy selfe,
Tis not vnlike that thou wilt vndertake
A thing like death to chyde away this shame,
That coapst with death it selfe to flye from blame.
And if thou doost, Ile giue thee remedie.
Iul: Oh bid me leape (rather than marrie *Paris*)
From off the battlements of yonder tower:
Or chaine me to some steepie mountaines top,
VVhere roaring Beares and sauage Lions are:
Or shut me nightly in a Charnell-house,
VVith reekie shankes, and yeolow chaples sculls:
Or lay me in tombe with one new dead:
Things that to heare them namde haue made me tremble;
And I will doo it without feare or doubt,
To keep my selfe a faithfull vnstaind VVife
To my deere Lord, my deerest *Romeo.*
Fr: Hold *Iuliet*, hie thee home, get thee to bed,
Let not thy Nurse lye with thee in thy Chamber:
And when thou art alone, take thou this Violl,
And this distilled Liquor drinke thou off:
VVhen presently through all thy veynes shall run
A dull and heauie slumber, which shall seaze
*Each vitall spirit: for no Pulse shall keepe
His naturall progresse, but surcease to beate:
No signe of breath shall testifie thou liust.
And in this borrowed likenes of shrunke death,
Thou shalt remaine full two and fortie houres.
And when thou art laid in thy Kindreds Vault,
Ile send in hast to *Mantua* to thy Lord,
And he shall come and take thee from thy graue.
Iul: Frier I goe, be sure thou send for my deare *Romeo.*
Exeunt.

Enter olde Capolet, his Wife, Nurse, and Seruingman. [SC. II.]

Capo: Where are you sirra?
Ser: Heere forsooth.
Capo: Goe, prouide me twentie cunning Cookes.
Ser: I warrant you Sir, let me alone for that, Ile knowe them by licking their fingers.
Capo: How canst thou know them so?
Ser: Ah Sir, tis an ill Cooke cannot licke his owne fingers.

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Capo: Well get you gone.

Exit Seruingman.

But wheres this Head-strong?
Moth: Shees gone (my Lord) to Frier *Laurence* Cell
To be confest.
Capo: Ah, he may hap to doo some good of her,
A headstrong selfewild harlotrie it is.

**Enter* Iuliet.

Moth: See here she commeth from Confession,
Capo: How now my Head-strong, where haue you bin gadding?
Iul: Where I haue learned to repent the sin
Of froward wilfull opposition
Gainst you and your behests, and am enioynd
By holy *Laurence* to fall prostrate here,
And craue remission of so foule a fact.

She kneeles downe.

Moth: Why thats well said.
Capo: Now before God this holy reuerent Frier
All our whole Citie is much bound vnto.
Goe tell the Countie presently of this,
For I will haue this knot knit vp to morrow.
Iul: Nurse, will you go with me to my Closet,
To sort such things as shall be requisite
Against to morrow.
Moth: I pree thee doo, good Nurse goe in with her,
Helpe her to sort Tyres, Rebatoes, Chaines,
And I will come vnto you presently,
Nur: Come sweet hart, shall we goe:
Iul: I pree thee let vs.

Exeunt Nurse and Iuliet.

Moth: Me thinks on Thursday would be time enough.
Capo: I say I will haue this dispatcht to morrow,
Goe one and certefie the Count thereof.
Moth: I pray my Lord, let it be Thursday.
Capo: I say to morrow while shees in the mood.
Moth: We shall be short in our prouision.

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**Capo:* Let me alone for that, goe get you in,
Now before God my heart is passing light,
To see her thus conformed to our will. *Exeunt.*

Enter Nurse, Iuliet. [Sc. III.]

Nur: Come, come, what need you anie thing else?
Iul: Nothing good Nurse, but leaue me to my selfe:
For I doo meane to lye alone to night.
Nur: Well theres a cleane smocke vnder your pillow,
and so good night. *Exit.*

Enter Mother.

Moth: What are you busie, doo you need my helpe?
Iul: No Madame, I desire to lye alone,
For I haue manie things to thinke vpon.
Moth: Well then good night, be stirring *Iuliet*,
The Countie will be earlie here to morrow. *Exit.*
Iul: Farewell, God knowes when wee shall meete a-
gaine.
Ah, I doo take a fearfull thing in hand.
What if this Potion should not worke at all,
Must I of force be married to the Countie?
This shall forbid it. Knife, lye thou there.
What if the Frier should giue me this drinke
To poyson mee, for feare I should disclose
Our former marriage? Ah, I wrong him much,
He is a holy and religious Man:
I will not entertaine so bad a thought.
What if I should be stifled in the Toomb?
*Awake an houre before the appointed time:
Ah then I feare I shall be lunaticke,
And playing with my dead forefathers bones,
Dash out my franticke braines. Me thinkes I see
My Cosin *Tybalt* weltring in his bloud,
Seeking for *Romeo*: stay *Tybalt* stay.
Romeo I come, this doe I drinke to thee.
She fals vpon her bed within the Curtaines.

Enter Nurse with hearbs, Mother. [Sc. IV.]

Moth: Thats well said Nurse, set all in redines,
The Countie will be heere immediatly.

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Enter Oldeman.

Cap: Make hast, make hast, for it is almost day,
The Curfewe bell hath rung, t'is foure a clocke,
Looke to your bakt meates good Angelica.
Nur: Goe get you to bed you cotqueane. I faith you will be sicke anone.
Cap: I warrant thee Nurse I haue ere now watcht all night, and haue taken no harme at all.
Moth: I you haue beene a mouse hunt in your time.

Enter Seruingman with Logs & Coales.

Cap: A Ielous hood, a Ielous hood: How now sirra? What haue you there?
Ser: Forsooth Logs.
Cap: Goe, goe choose dryer. Will will tell thee where thou shalt fetch them.
Ser: Nay I warrant let me alone, I haue a heade I troe to *choose a Log.

Exit.

Cap: Well goe thy way, thou shalt be logger head.
Come, come, make hast call vp your daughter,
The Countie will be heere with musicke straight.
Gods me hees come, Nurse call vp my daughter.
Nur: Goe, get you gone. What lambe, what Lady birde? fast I warrant. What *Iuliet*? well, let the County take you in your bed: yee sleepe for a weeke now, but the next night, the Countie *Paris* hath set vp his rest that you shal rest but little. What lambe I say, fast still: what Lady, Loue, whatbride, what *Iuliet*? Gods me how sound she sleeps? Nay then I see I must wake you indeed. Whats heere, laide on your bed, drest in your cloathes and down, ah me, alack the day, some Aqua vitæ hoe. [Sc. v.]

Enter Mother.

Moth: How now whats the matter?
Nur: Alack the day, shees dead, shees dead, shees dead.
Moth: Accurst, vnhappy, miserable time.

Enter Oldeman.

Cap: Come, come, make hast, wheres my daughter?
Moth: Ah shees dead, shees dead.

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Cap: Stay, let me see, all pale and wan.
Accursed time, vnfortunate olde man.

Enter Fryer and Paris.

Par: What is the bride ready to goe to Church?
Cap: Ready to goe, but neuer to returne.
O Sonne the night before thy wedding day,
Hath Death laine with thy bride, flower as she is,
Deflowerd by him, see, where she lyes,
*Death is my Sonne in Law, to him I giue all that I haue,
Par: Haue I thought long to see this mornings face,
And doth it now present such prodegies?
Accurst, vnhappy, miserable man,
Forlorne, forsaken, destitute I am:
Borne to the world to be a slaue in it.
Distrest, remediles, and vnfortunate.
O heauens, O nature, wherefore did you make me,
To liue so vile, so wretched as I shall.
Cap: O heere she lies that was our hope, our ioy,
And being dead, dead sorrow nips vs all.

All at once cry out and wring their hands.

All cry: And all our ioy, and all our hope is dead,
Dead, lost, vndone, absented, wholy fled.
Cap: Cruel, vniust, impartiall destinies,
Why to this day haue you preseru'd my life?
To see my hope, my stay, my ioy, my life,
Depriude of sence, of life, of all by death,
Cruell, vniust, impartiall destinies.
Cap: O sad fac'd sorrow map of misery,
Why this sad time haue I desird to see.
This day, this vniust, this impartiall day
Wherein I hop'd to see my comfort full,
To be depriude by suddaine destinie.
Moth: O woe, alacke, distrest, why should I liue?
To see this day, this miserable day.
Alacke the time that euer I was borne,
To be partaker of this destinie.
Alacke the day, alacke and welladay.
Fr: O peace for shame, if not for charity.
Your daughter liues in peace and happines,
And it is vaine to wish it otherwise.
*Come sticke your Rosemary in this dead coarse,

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And as the custome of our Country is,
In all her best and sumptuous ornaments,
Conuay her where her Ancestors lie tomb'd,
Cap: Let it be so, come wofull sorrow mates,
Let vs together taste this bitter fate.

They all but the Nurse goe foorth, casting Rosemary on her and shutting the Curtens.

Enter Musitions.

Nur: Put vp, put vp, this is a wofull case. *Exit.*
1. I by my troth Mistresse is it, it had need be mended.

Enter Seruingman.

Ser: Alack alack what shal I doe, come Fidlers play me some mery dumpe.
1. A sir, this is no time to play.
Ser: You will not then?
1. No marry will wee.
Ser: Then will I giue it you, and soundly to.
1. What will you giue vs?
Ser: The fidler, Ile re you, Ile fa you, Ile sol you.
1. If you re vs and fa vs, we will note you.
Ser: I will put vp my Iron dagger, and beate you with my wodden wit. Come on Simon found Pot, Ile pose you,
1. Lets heare.
Ser: When griping griefe the heart doth wound,
And dolefull dumps the minde oppresse:
Then musique with her siluer sound,
Why siluer sound? Why siluer sound?
1. I thinke because musicke hath a sweet sound.
Ser: Pretie, what say you Mathew minikine?
*2. I thinke because Musitions sound for siluer.
Ser: Prettie too: come, what say you?
3. I say nothing.
Ser: I thinke so, Ile speak for you because you are the Singer. I saye Siluer sound, because such Fellowes as you haue sildome Golde for sounding. Farewell Fidlers, farewell. *Exit.*
1. Farewell and be hangd: come lets goe. *Exeunt.*

Enter Romeo. [ACT V. SC. 1.]

Rom: If I may trust the flattering Eye of Sleepe,

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My Dreame presagde some good euent to come,
My bosome Lord sits chearfull in his throne,
And I am comforted with pleasing dreames.
Me thought I was this night alreadie dead:
(Strange dreames that giue a dead man leaue to thinke)
And that my Ladie *Iuliet* came to me,
And breathd such life with kisses in my lips,
That I reuiude and was an Emperour.

Enter Balthasar his man booted.

Newes from *Verona*. How now *Balthasar*,
How doth my Ladie? Is my Father well?
How fares my *Juliet?* that I aske againe:
If she be well, then nothing can be ill.
Balt: Then nothing can be ill, for she is well,
Her bodie sleepes in *Capels* Monument,
And her immortall parts with Angels dwell.
Pardon me Sir, that am the Messenger of such bad tidings.
Rom: Is it euen so? then I defie my Starres.
*Goe get me incke and paper, hyre post horse,
I will not stay in *Mantua* to night.
Balt: Pardon me Sir, I will not leaue you thus,
Your lookes are dangerous and full of feare:
I dare not, nor I will not leaue you yet.
Rom: Doo as I bid thee, get me incke and paper,
And hyre those horse: stay not I say.

Exit Balthasar.

Well *Iuliet*, I will lye with thee to night.
Lets see for meanes. As I doo remember
Here dwells a Pothecarie whom oft I noted
As I past by, whose needie shop is stufft
With beggerly accounts of emptie boxes:
And in the same an *Aligarta* hangs,
Olde endes of packthred, and cakes of Roses,
Are thinly strewed to make vp a show.
Him as I noted, thus with my selfe I thought:
And if a man should need a poyson now,
(Whose present sale is death in *Mantua*)
Here he might buy it. This thought of mine
Did but forerunne my need: and here about he dwels.
Being Holiday the Beggers shop is shut.
What ho Apothecarie, come forth I say.

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Enter Apothecarie.

Apo: VVho calls, what would you sir?
Rom: Heeres twentie duckates,
Giue me a dram of some such speeding geere,
As will dispatch the wearie takers life,
As suddenly as powder being fierd
From forth a Cannons mouth.
Apo: Such drugs I haue I must of force confesse,
But yet the law is death to those that sell them.
**Rom*: Art thou so bare and full of pouertie,
And doost thou feare to violate the Law?
The Law is not thy frend, nor the Lawes frend,
And therefore make no conscience of the law:
Vpon thy backe hangs ragged Miserie,
And starued Famine dwelleth in thy cheekes.
Apo: My pouertie but not my will consents.
Rom: I pay thy pouertie, but not thy will.
Apo: Hold take you this, and put it in anie liquid thing you will, and it will serue had you the liues of twenty men.
Rom: Hold, take this gold, worse poyson to mens soules
Than this which thou hast giuen me. Goe hye thee hence,
Goe buy the cloathes, and get thee into flesh.
Come cordiall and not poyson, goe with mee
To *Iuliets* Graue: for there must I vse thee. *Exeunt.*

Enter Frier Iohn. [Sc. II.]

John: VVhat Frier *Laurence*, Brother, ho?
Laur: This same should be the voyce of Frier *Iohn*.
What newes from *Mantua*, what will *Romeo* come?
Iohn: Going to seeke a barefoote Brother out,
One of our order to associate mee,
Here in this Cittie visiting the sick,
VVhereas the infectious pestilence remaind:
And being by the Searchers of the Towne
Found and examinde, we were both shut vp.
Laur: VVho bare my letters then to *Romeo*?
Iohn: I haue them still, and here they are.
Laur: Now by my holy Order,
The letters were not nice, but of great weight.
Goe get thee hence, and get me presently
*A spade and mattocke.
Iohn: Well I will presently go fetch thee them. *Exit.*

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Laur: Now must I to the Monument alone,
Least that the Ladie should before I come
Be wakde from sleepe. I will hye
To free her from that Tombe of miserie. *Exit.*

Enter Countie Paris and his Page with flowers and sweete water. [SC. III.]

Par: Put out the torch, and lye thee all along
Vnder this Ew-tree, keeping thine eare close to the hollow ground.
And if thou heare one tread within this Churchyard,
Staight giue me notice.
Boy: I will my Lord.

Paris strewes the Tomb with flowers.

Par: Sweete Flower, with flowers I strew thy Bridale bed:
Sweete Tombe that in thy circuite dost containe,
The perfect modell of eternitie:
Faire *Iuliet* that with Angells dost remaine,
Accept this latest fauour at my hands,
That liuing honourd thee, and being dead
With funerall praises doo adorne thy Tombe.
Boy whistles and calls. My Lord.

Enter Romeo and Balthasar, with a torch, a a mattocke, and a crow of yron.

**Par*: The boy giues warning, something doth approach.
What cursed foote wanders this was to night,
To stay my obsequies and true loues rites?
What with a torch, muffle me night a while.
Rom: Giue mee this mattocke, and this wrentching Iron.
And take these letters, early in the morning,
See thou deliuer them to my Lord and Father.
So get thee gone and trouble me no more.
Why I descend into this bed of death,
Is partly to behold my Ladies face,
But chiefly to take from her dead finger,
A precious ring which I must vse
In deare imployment: but if thou wilt stay,
Further to prie in what I vndertake,
By heauen Ile teare thee ioynt by ioynt,
And strewe thys hungry churchyard with thy lims.

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The time and my intents are sauage, wilde.
Balt: Well, Ile be gone and not trouble you.
Rom: So shalt thou win my fauour, take thou this,
Commend me to my Father, farwell good fellow.
Balt: Yet for all this will I not part from hence.

Romeo opens the tombe.

Rom: Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death,
Gorde with the dearest morsell of the earth.
Thus I enforce thy rotten iawes to ope.
Par: This is that banisht haughtie *Mountague*,
That murderd my loues cosen, I will apprehend him.
Stop thy vnhallowed toyle vile *Mountague*.
Can vengeance be pursued further then death?
I doe attach thee as a fellon heere.
The Law condemnes thee, therefore thou must dye,
Rom: I must indeed, and therefore came I hither,
Good youth be gone, tempt not a desperate man.
*Heape not another sinne vpon my head
By sheding of thy bloud, I doe protest
I loue thee better then I loue my selfe:
For I come hyther armde against my selfe,
Par: I doe defie thy coniurations:
And doe attach thee as a fellon heere.
Rom: What dost thou tempt me, then haue at thee boy.

They fight.

Boy: O Lord they fight, I will goe call the watch.
Par: Ah I am slaine, if thou be mercifull
Open the tombe, lay me with *Iuliet*.
Rom: Yfaith I will, let me peruse this face,
Mercutios kinsman, noble County *Paris*?
What said my man, when my betossed soule
Did not regard him as we past a long.
Did he not say *Paris* should haue maried
Iuliet? eyther he said so, or I dreamd it so.
But I will satisfie thy last request,
For thou hast prizd thy loue aboue thy life.
Death lye thou there, by a dead man interd,
How oft haue many at the houre of death
Beene blith and pleasant? which their keepers call
A lightning before death But how may I
Call this a lightning. Ah deare *Iuliet*,

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How well thy beauty doth become this graue?
O I beleeue that vnsubstanciall death,
Is amorous, and doth court my loue.
Therefore will I, O heere, O euer heere,
Set vp my euerlasting rest
With wormes, that are thy chambermayds.
Come desperate Pilot now at once runne on
The dashing rockes thy sea-sicke weary barge.
Heers to my loue. O true Apothecary:
Thy drugs are swift: thus with a kisse I dye. *Falls.*

**Enter Fryer with a Lanthorne.*

How oft to night haue these my aged feete
Stumbled at graues as I did passe along.
Whose there?
Man. A frend and one that knowes you well.
Fr: Who is it that consorts so late the dead,
What light is yon? if I be not deceiued,
Me thinkes it burnes in *Capels* monument?
Man It doth so holy Sir, and there is one
That loues you dearely.
Fr. Who is it?
Man: *Romeo.*
Fr: How long hath he beene there?
Man: Full halfe an houre and more.
Fr: Goe with me thether.
Man: I dare not sir, he knowes not I am heere:
On paine of death he chargde me to be gone,
And not for to disturbe him in his enterprize.
Fr: Then must I goe: my minde presageth ill.

Fryer stoops and lookes on the blood and weapons.

What bloud is this that staines the entrance
Of this marble stony monument?
What meanes these maisterles and goory weapons?
Ah me I doubt, whose heere? what *Romeo* dead?
Who and *Paris* too? what vnluckie houre
Is accessary to so foule a sinne?
Iuliet rises.
The Lady sturres.
*[2]Ah comfortable Fryer.

[2] Here again the stage direction is omitted, but 'Iul:' is the catchword of the previous page.

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I doe remember well where I should be,
And what we talkt of: but yet I cannot see
Him for whose sake I vndertooke this hazard.
Fr: Lady come foorth, I heare some noise at hand,
We shall be taken, *Paris* he is slaine,
And *Romeo* dead: and if we heere be tane
We shall be thought to be as accessarie.
I will prouide for you in some close Nunery.
Iul: Ah leaue me, leaue me, I will not from hence.
Fr: I heare some noise, I dare not stay, come, come.
Iul: Goe get thee gone.
Whats heere a cup closde in my louers hands?
Ah churle drinke all, and leaue no drop for me.

Enter watch.

Watch: This way, this way.
Iul: I, noise? then must I be resolute.
O happy dagger thou shalt end my feare,
Rest in my bosome, thus I come to thee.
She stabs herselfe and falles.

Enter watch.

Cap: Come looke about, what weapons haue we heere?
See frends where *Iuliet* two daies buried,
New bleeding wounded, search and see who's neare.
Attach and bring them to vs presently.
Enter one with the Fryer.
1. Captaine heers a Fryer with tooles about him,
Fitte to ope a tombe.
Cap: A great suspition, keep him safe.
**Enter one with Romets Man.*
1. Heeres *Romeos* Man.
Capt: Keepe him to be examinde.

Enter Prince with others.

Prin: What early mischiefe calls vs vp so soone.
Capt: O noble Prince, see here
Where *Juliet* that hath lyen intoombd two dayes,
Warme and fresh bleeding, *Romeo* and Countie *Paris*
Likewise newly slaine.
Prin: Search seeke about to finde the murderers.

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Enter olde Capolet and his Wife.

Capo: What rumor's this that is so early vp?
Moth: The people in the streetes crie *Romeo,*
And some on *Iuliet:* as if they alone
Had been the cause of such a mutinie.
Capo: See Wife, this dagger hath mistooke:
For (loe) the backe is emptie of yong *Mountague.*
And it is sheathed in our Daughters breast.

Enter olde Montague.

Prin: Come *Mountague,* for thou art early vp,
To see thy Sonne and Heire more early downe.
Mount: Dread Souereigne, my Wife is dead to night,
And yong *Benuolio* is deceased too:
What further mischiefe can there yet be found?
Prin: First come and see, then speake.
Mount: O thou vntaught, what manners is in this
To presse before thy Father to a graue.
Prin: Come seale your mouthes of outrage for a while,
And let vs seeke to finde the Authors out
Of such a hainous and seld seene mischaunce.
Bring forth the parties in suspition.
Fr: I am the greatest able to doo least.
Most worthie Prince, heare me but speake the truth.
*And Ile informe you how these things fell out.
Juliet here slaine was married to that *Romeo,*
Without her Fathers or her Mothers grant:
The Nurse was priuie to the marriage.
The balefull day of this vnhappie marriage,
VVas *Tybalts* doomesday: for which *Romeo*
VVas banished from hence to *Mantua.*
He gone, her Father sought by foule constraint
To marrie her to *Paris*: But her Soule
(Loathing a second Contract) did refuse
To giue consent; and therefore did she vrge me
Either to finde a meanes she might auoyd
VVhat so her Father sought to force her too:
Or els all desperately she threatned
Euen in my presence to dispatch her selfe.
Then did I giue her, (tutord by mine arte)
A potion that should make her seeme as dead:
And told her that I would with all post speed
Send hence to *Mantua* for her *Romeo,*

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That he might come and take her from the Toombe.
But he that had my Letters (Frier *John*)
Seeking a Brother to associate him,
VVhereas the sicke infection remaind,
VVas stayed by the Searchers of the Towne.
But *Romeo* vnderstanding by his man,
That *Iuliet* was deceasde, returnde in post
Vnto *Verona* for to see his loue.
VVhat after happened touching *Paris* death,
Or *Romeos* is to me vnknowne at all.
But when I came to take the Lady hence,
I found them dead, and she awakt from sleep:
VVhom faine I would haue taken from the tombe,
VVhich she refused seeing *Romeo* dead.
Anone I heard the watch and then I fled,
VVhat afterhappened I am ignorant of.
And if in this ought haue miscaried.
*By me, or by my meanes let my old life
Be sacrifiod some houre before his time.
To the most strickest rigor of the Law.
Pry: VVe still haue knowne thee for a holy man,
VVheres *Romeos* man, what can he say in this?
Balth: I brought my maister word that shee was dead,
And then he poasted straight from *Mantua*,
Vnto this Toombe. These Letters he deliuered me,
Charging me early giue them to his Father.
Prin: Lets see the Letters, I will read them ouer.
VVhere is the Counties Boy that calld the VVatch?
Boy: I brought my Master vnto *Juliets* graue,
But one approaching, straight I calld my Master.
At last they fought, I ran to call the VVatch.
And this is all that I can say or know.
Prin: These letters doe make good the Fryers wordes,
Come *Capolet*, and come olde *Mountagewe*.
VVhere are these enemies? see what hate hath done,
Cap: Come brother *Mountague* giue me thy hand,
There is my daughters dowry: for now no more
Can I bestowe on her, thats all I haue.
Moun: But I will giue them more, I will erect
Her statue of pure golde:
That while *Verona* by that name is knowne.
There shall no statue of such price be set,
As that of *Romeos* loued *Iuliet*.
Cap: As rich shall *Romeo* by his Lady lie,
Poore Sacrifices to our Enmitie.

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Prin: A gloomie peace this day doth with it bring.
Come, let vs hence,
To haue more talke of these sad things.
Some shall be pardoned and some punished:
For nere was heard a Storie of more woe,
Than this of *Iuliet* and her *Romeo*.

FINIS.

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THE

TRAGICALL HISTORIE

OF

HAMLET.

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The Tragicall Historie of

HAMLET

Prince of Denmarke.

Enter two Centinels. [Act I. Sc. I.]
[Sc. I.]

1. STand: who is that?
2. STis I.
1. O you come most carefully vpon your watch,
2. And if you meete *Marcellus* and *Horatio*,
The partners of my watch, bid them make haste.
1. I will: See who goes there.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Hor. Friends to this ground.
Mar. And leegemen to the Dane,
O farewell honest souldier, who hath releeued you?
1. *Barnardo* hath my place, giue you good night.
Mar. Holla, *Barnardo.*
2. Say, is *Horatio* there?
Hor. A peece of him.
2. Welcome *Horatio*, welcome good *Marcellus.*
Mar. What hath this thing appear'd againe to night.
2. I haue seene nothing.
Mar. *Horatio* sayes tis but our fantasie,
And wil not let beliefe take hold of him,
Touching this dreaded sight twice seene by vs,
*Therefore I haue intreated him a long with vs
To watch the minutes of this night,
That if againe this apparition come,
He may approoue our eyes,and speake to it.
Hor. Tut, t'will not appeare.
2. Sit downe I pray, and let vs once againe
Assaile your eares that are so fortified,
What we haue two nights seene.

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Hor. Wel,sit we downe,and let vs heare *Bernardo* speake of this. [Sc. I.]

2. Last night of al,when yonder starre that's west-ward from the pole,had made his course to
Illumine that part of heauen. Where now it burnes,
The bell then towling one.

Enter Ghost.

Mar. Breake off your talke, see where it comes againe.

2. In the same figure like the King that's dead,

Mar. Thou art a scholler, speake to it *Horatio.*

2. Lookes it not like the king?

Hor. Most like, it horrors mee with feare and wonder.

2. It would be spoke to.

Mar. Question it *Horatio.*

Hor. What art thou that thus vsurps the state,in
Which the Maiestie of buried *Denmarke* did sometimes
Walke? By heauen I charge thee speake.

Mar. It is offended. *exit Ghost.*

2. See, it stalkes away.

Hor. Stay, speake, speake, by heauen I charge thee speake.

Mar. Tis gone and makes no answer.

2. How now *Horatio*,you tremble and looke pale,
Is not this something more than fantasie?
What thinke you on't?

Hor. Afore my God, I might not this beleeue, without the sensible and true auouch of my owne eyes.

**Mar.* Is it not like the King?

Hor. As thou art to thy selfe,
Such was the very armor he had on,
When he the ambitious *Norway* combated.
So frownd he once,when in an angry parle
He smot the sleaded pollax on the yce,
Tis strange.

Mar. Thus twice before, and iump at this dead hower,
With Marshall stalke he passed through our watch.

Hor. In what particular to worke, I know not,
But in the thought and scope of my opinion,
This bodes some strange eruption to the state.

Mar. Good,now sit downe, and tell me he that knowes
Why this same strikt and most obseruant watch,
So nightly toyles the subiect of the land,
And why such dayly cost of brazen Cannon
And forraine marte, for implements of warre,

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Why such impresse of ship-writes, whose sore taske [Sc. I.]
Does not diuide the sunday from the weeke:
What might be toward that this sweaty march
Doth make the night ioynt labourer with the day,
Who is't that can informe me?
Hor. Mary that can I, at least the whisper goes so,
Our late King, who as you know was by Forten-
Brasse of *Norway*,
Thereto prickt on by a most emulous cause, dared to
The combate, in which our valiant *Hamlet*,
For so this side of our knowne world esteemed him,
Did slay this Fortenbrasse,
Who by a seale compact well ratified, by law
And heraldrie, did forfeit with his life all those
His lands which he stoode seazed of by the conqueror,
Against the which a moity competent,
Was gaged by our King:
Now sir, yong Fortenbrasse,
Of inapproued mettle hot and full,
*Hath in the skirts of *Norway* here and there,
Sharkt vp a sight of lawlesse Resolutes
For food and diet to some enterprise,
That hath a stomacke in't: and this (I take it) is the
Chiefe head and ground of this our watch.
Enter the Ghost.
But loe, behold, see where it comes againe,
Ile crosse it, though it blast me: stay illusion,
If there be any good thing to be done,
That may doe ease to thee, and grace to mee,
Speake to mee.
If thou art priuy to thy countries fate,
Which happly foreknowing may preuent, O speake to me,
Or if thou hast extorted in thy life,
Or hoorded treasure in the wombe of earth,
For which they say you Spirites oft walke in death, speake
to me, stay and speake, speake, stoppe it *Marcellus*.
2. Tis heere. *exit Ghost.*
Hor. Tis heere.
Marc. Tis gone, O we doe it wrong, being so maiesti-
call, to offer it the shew of violence,
For it is as the ayre invelmorable,
And our vaine blowes malitious mockery.
2. It was about to speake when the Cocke crew.
Hor. And then it faded like a guilty thing,
Vpon a fearefull summons: I haue heard

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The Cocke, that is the trumpet to the morning, [Sc. I.]
Doth with his earely and shrill crowing throate,
Awake the god of day, and at his sound,
Whether in earth or ayre, in sea or fire,
The strauagant and erring spirite hies
To his confines, and of the trueth heereof
This present obiect made probation.
Marc. It faded on the crowing of the Cocke,
Some say, that euer gainst that season comes,
Wherein our Sauiours birth is celebrated,
*The bird of dawning singeth all night long,
And then they say, no spirite dare walke abroade,
The nights are wholesome,then no planet frikes,
No Fairie takes, nor Witch hath powre to charme,
So gratious,and so hallowed is that time.
Hor. So haue I heard, and doe in parte beleeue it:
But see the Sunne in russet mantle clad,
Walkes ore the deaw of yon hie mountaine top,
Breake we our watch vp, and by my aduise,
Let vs impart what wee haue seene to night
Vnto yong *Hamlet:* for vpon my life
This Spirite dumbe to vs will speake to him:
Do you consent,wee shall acquaint him with it,
As needefull in our loue, fitting our duetie?
Marc. Lets doo't I pray, and I this morning know,
Where we shall finde him most conueniently.

Enter King, Queene, Hamlet, Leartes, Corambis, [Sc. II.]
and the two Ambassadors, with Attendants.

King Lordes,we here haue writ to *Fortenbrasse,*
Nephew to olde *Norway,* who impudent
And bed-rid, scarcely heares of this his
Nephews purpose: and Wee heere dispatch
Yong good *Cornelia,* and you *Voltemar*
For bearers of these greetings to olde
Norway, giuing to you no further personall power
To businesse with the King,
Then those related articles do shew:
Farewell,and let your haste commend your dutie.
Gent. In this and all things will wee shew our dutie.
King. Wee doubt nothing, hartily farewel:
And now *Leartes* what's the newes with you?

13. Leartes] Leartes, B. Mus. copy. *newes*] *news* B. Mus. copy,

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You said you had a sute what i'st *Leartes?* [Sc. II.]
Lea: My gratious Lord, your fauorable licence,
Now that the funerall rites are all performed,
*I may haue leaue to go againe to *France*,
For though the fauour of your grace might stay mee,
Yet something is there whispers in my hart,
Which makes my minde and spirits bend all for *France*.
King Haue you your fathers leaue, *Leartes?*
Cor. He hath, my lord, wrung from me a forced graunt,
And I beseech you grant your Highnesse leaue.
King With all our heart, *Leartes* fare thee well.
Lear. I in all loue and dutie take my leaue.
King. And now princely Sonne *Hamlet*, *Exit.*
What meanes these sad and melancholy moodes?
For your intent going to *Wittenberg*,
Wee hold it most vnmeet and vnconuenient,
Being the Ioy and halfe heart of your mother.
Therefore let mee intreat you stay in Court,
All *Denmarkes* hope our coosin and dearest Sonne.
Ham. My lord, ti's not the sable sute I weare:
No nor the teares that still stand in my eyes,
Nor the distracted hauiour in the visage,
Nor all together mixt with outward semblance,
Is equall to the sorrow of my heart,
Him haue I lost I must of force forgoe,
These but the ornaments and sutes of woe.
King This shewes a louing care in you, Sonne *Hamlet*,
But you must thinke your father lost a father,
That father dead, lost his, and so shalbe vntill the
Generall ending. Therefore cease laments,
It is a fault gainst heauen, fault gainst the dead,
A fault gainst nature, and in reasons
Common course most certaine,
None liues on earth, but hee is borne to die.
Que. Let not thy mother loose her praiers *Hamlet*,
Stay here with vs, go not to *Wittenberg*.
Ham. I shall in all my best obay you madam.
King Spoke like a kinde and a most louing Sonne,
And there's no health the King shall drinke to day,
*But the great Canon to the clowdes shall tell
The rowse the King shall drinke vnto Prince *Hamlet*.
Exeunt all but Hamlet.
Ham. O that this too much grieu'd and sallied flesh
Would melt to nothing, or that the vniuersall
Globe of heauen would turne al to a Chaos!

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O God within two moneths; no not two: maried, [Sc. II.]
Mine vncle: O let me not thinke of it,
My fathers brother: but no more like
My father, then I to *Hercules*.
Within two months, ere yet the salt of most
Vnrighteous teates had left their flushing
In her galled eyes: she married, O God, a beast
Deuoyd of reason would not haue made
Such speede: Frailtie, thy name is Woman,
Why she would hang on him, as if increase
Of appetite had growne by what it looked on.
O wicked wicked speede, to make such
Dexteritie to incestuous sheetes,
Ere yet the shooes were olde,
The which she followed my dead fathers corse
Like *Nyobe*, all teares: married, well it is not,
Nor it cannot come to good:
But breake my heart, for I must holde my tongue.

Enter Horatio *and* Marcellus.

Hor. Health to your Lordship.

Ham. I am very glad to see you, (Horatio) or I much forget my selfe.

Hor. The same my Lord,and your poor seruant euer.

Ham. O my good friend, I change that name with you: but what make you from *Wittenberg* Horatio? *Marcellus.*

Marc. My good Lord.

Ham. I am very glad to see you, good euen sirs: But what is your affaire in *Elsenoure*? Weele teach you to drinke deepe ere you depart.

**Hor.* A trowant disposition,my good Lord.

Ham. Nor shall you make mee truster Of your owne report against your selfe: Sir, I know you are no trowant: But what is your affaire in *Elsenoure*?

Hor. My good Lord, I came to see your fathers funerall.

Ham. O I pre thee do not mocke mee fellow studient, I thinke it was to see my mothers wedding.

Hor. Indeede my Lord, it followed hard vpon.

Ham. Thrift, thrift, Horatio, the funerall bak't meates Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables, Would I had met my deerest foe in heauen

58 *God*] *God*, B. Mus. copy. *maried*,] *married* B. Mus. copy.
moneths] *months* B. Mus. copy.

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Ere euer I had seene that day *Horatio*; [Sc. II.]
O my father, my father, me thinks I see my father,
Hor. Where my Lord?
Ham. Why, in my mindes eye H*oratio.*
Hor. I saw him once, he was a gallant King.
Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not looke vpon his like againe.
Hor. My Lord, I thinke I saw him yesternight,
Ham. Saw, who?
Hor. My Lord, the King your father.
Ham. Ha, ha, the King my father ke you.
Hor. Ceasen your admiration for a while
With an attentiue eare, till I may deliuer,
Vpon the witnesse of these Gentlemen
This wonder to you.
Ham. For Gods loue let me heare it.
Hor. Two nights together had these Gentlemen,
Marcellus and *Bernardo*, on their watch,
In the dead vast and middle of the night.
Beene thus incountered by a figure like your father,
Armed to poynt, exactly *Capapea*
Appeeres before them thrise, he walkes
Before their weake and feare oppressed eies.
Within his tronchions length,
*While they distilled almost to gelly.
With the act of feare stands dumbe,
And speake not to him: this to mee
In dreadfull secresie impart they did.
And I with them the third night kept the watch,
Where as they had deliuered forme of the thing.
Each part made true and good,
The Apparition comes: I knew your father,
These handes are not more like.
Ham. Tis very strange.
Hor. As I do liue,my honord lord, tis true,
And wee did thinke it right done,
In our dutie to let you know it.
Ham. Where was this?
Mar. My Lord,vpon the platforme where we watched.
Ham. Did you not speake to it?
Hor. My Lord we did, but answere made it none,
Yet once me thought it was about to speake,
And lifted vp his head to motion,
Like as he would speake, but euen then
The morning cocke crew lowd, and in all haste,

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It shruncke in haste away,and vanished [Sc. II.]
Our sight.
Ham. Indeed, indeed sirs, but this troubles me:
Hold you the watch to night?
All We do my Lord.
Ham. Armed say ye?
All Armed my good Lord.
Ham. From top to toe?
All. My good Lord, from head to foote.
Ham. Why then saw you not his face?
Hor. O yes my Lord, he wore his beuer vp.
Ham. How look't he, frowningly?
Hor. A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.
Ham. Pale, or red?
Hor. Nay, verie pal
**Ham.* And fixt his eies vpon you.
Hor. Most constantly.
Ham. I would I had beene there.
Hor. It would a much amazed you.
Ham. Yea very like,very like,staid it long?
Hor. While one with moderate pace
Might tell a hundred.
Mar. O longer, longer.
Ham. His beard was grisleld, no.
Hor. It was as I haue seene it in his life,
A sable siluer.
Ham. I wil watch to night, perchance t'wil walke againe.
Hor. I warrant it will.
Ham. If it assume my noble fathers person,
Ile speake to it, if hell it selfe should gape,
And bid me hold my peace, Gentlemen,
If you haue hither consealed this sight,
Let it be tenible in your silence still,
And whatsoeuer else shall chance to night,
Giue it an vnderstanding,but no tongue,
I will requit your loues,so fare you well,
Vpon the platforme, twixt eleuen and twelue,
Ile visit you.
All. Our duties to your honor. *exeunt.*
Ham. O your loues,your loues, as mine to you,
Farewell, my fathers spirit in Armes,
Well, all's not well. I doubt some foule play,
Would the night were come,
Till then,sit still my soule, foule deeds will rise
Though all the world orewhelme them to mens eies. *Exit.*

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Enter Leartes and *Ofelia.* [SCENE III.]

Leart. My necessaries are inbarkt, I must aboord,
But ere I part, marke what I say to thee:
I see Prince *Hamlet* makes a shew of loue
Beware *Ofelia*, do not trust his vowes,
Perhaps he loues you now, and now his tongue,
*Speakes from his heart, but yet take heed my sister,
The Chariest maide is prodigall enough,
If she vnmaske hir beautie to the Moone.
Vertue it selfe scapes not calumnious thoughts,
Belieu't *Ofelia*, therefore keepe a loofe
Lest that he trip thy honor and thy fame.

Ofel. Brother, to this I haue lent attentiue eare,
And doubt not but to keepe my honour firme,
But my deere brother, do not you
Like to a cunning Sophister,
Teach me the path and ready way to heauen,
While you forgetting what is said to me,
Your selfe, like to a carelesse libertine
Doth giue his heart, his appetite at ful,
And little recks how that his honour dies.

Lear. No, feare it not my deere *Ofelia*,
Here comes my father, occasion smiles vpon a second leaue.

Enter Corambis.

Cor. Yet here *Leartes*? aboord, aboord, for shame,
The winde sits in the shoulder of your saile,
And you are staid for, there my blessing with thee
And these few precepts in thy memory.
"Be thou familiar, but by no meanes vulgare;
"Those friends thou hast, and their adoptions tried,
"Graple them to thee with a hoope of steele,
"But do not dull the palme with entertaine,
"Of euery new vnfleg'd courage,
"Beware of entrance into a quarrell; but being in,
"Beare it that the opposed may beware of thee,
"Costly thy apparrell, as thy purse can buy.
"But not exprest in fashion,
"For the apparell oft proclaimes the man.
And they of *France* of the chiefe rancke and station
Are of a most select and generall chiefe in that:
"This aboue all, to thy owne selfe be true,
And it must follow as the night the day,
*Thou canst not then be false to any one,
Farewel, my blessing with thee.

Lear. I humbly take my leaue, farewell *Ofelia*,

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And remember well what I haue said to you. *exit.* [Sc. III.]
Ofel. It is already lock't within my hart,
And you your selfe shall keepe the key of it.
Cor. What i'st *Ofelia* he hath saide to you?
Ofel. Somthing touching the prince *Hamlet.*
Cor. Mary wel thought on, t'is giuen me to vnderstand,
That you haue bin too prodigall of your maiden presence
Vnto Prince Hamlet, if it be so,
As so tis giuen to mee, and that in waie of caution
I must tell you; you do not vnderstand your selfe
So well as befits my honor, and your credite.
Ofel. My lord, he hath made many tenders of his loue to me.
Cor. Tenders, I, I, tenders you may call them.
Ofel. And withall,such earnest vowes.
Cor. Springes to catch woodcocks,
What, do not I know when the blood doth burne,
How prodigall the tongue lends the heart vowes,
In briefe, be more scanter of your maiden presence,
Or tendring thus you'l tender mee a foole.
Ofel. I shall obay my lord in all I may.
Cor. *Ofelia*, receiue none of his letters,
"For louers lines are snares to intrap the heart;
"Refuse his tokens, both of them are keyes
To vnlocke Chastitie vnto Desire:
Come in *Ofelia*, such men often proue,
"Great in their wordes, but little in their loue.
Ofel. I will my lord. *exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet, Horatio,*and* Marcellus. [Sc. IV.]

Ham. The ayre bites shrewd; it is an eager and
An nipping winde, what houre i'st?
Hor. I think it lacks of twelue, *Sound Trumpets.*
Mar. No, t'is strucke.
**Hor.* Indeed I heard it not,what doth this mean my lord?
Ham. O the king doth wake to night, & takes his rowse,
Keepe wassel,and the swaggering vp-spring reeles,
And as he dreames, his draughts of renish downe,
The kettle, drumme, and trumpet, thus bray out,
The triumphes of his pledge.
Hor. Is it a custome here?
Ham. I mary i'st and though I am
Natiue here, and to the maner borne,
It is a custome, more honourd in the breach,
Then in the obseruance.

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Enter the Ghost. [Sc. IV.]

Hor. Looke my Lord, it comes.
Ham. Angels and Ministers of grace defend vs,
Be thou a spirite of health, or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee ayres from heanen, or blasts from hell:
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou commest in such questionable shape,
That I will speake to thee,
Ile call thee *Hamlet*, King, Father, Royall Dane,
O answere mee, let mee not burst in ignorance,
But say why thy canonizd bones hearsed in death
Haue burst their ceremonies:why thy Sepulcher,
In which wee saw thee quietly interr'd,
Hath burst his ponderous and marble Iawes,
To cast thee vp againe: what may this meane,
That thou, dead corse,againe in compleate steele,
Reuissets thus the glimses of the Moone,
Making night hideous, and we fooles of nature,
So horridely to shake our disposition,
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our soules?
Say,speake,wherefore,what may this meane?
Hor. It beckons you, as though it had something
To impart to you alone.
Mar. Looke with what courteous action
It waues you to a more remoued ground,
*But do not go with it.
Hor. No, by no meanes my Lord.
Ham. It will not speake, then will I follow it.
Hor. What if it tempt you toward the flood my Lord.
That beckles ore his bace,into the sea,
And there assume some other horrible shape,
Which might depriue your soueraigntie of reason,
And driue you into madnesse: thinke of it.
Ham. Still am I called, go on,ile follow thee.
Hor. My Lord,you shall not go.
Ham. Why what should be the feare?
I do not set my life at a pinnes fee,
And for my soule,what can it do to that?
Being a thing immortall, like it selfe,
Go on, ile follow thee.
Mar. My Lord be rulde, you shall not goe.
Ham. My fate cries out,and makes each pety Artiue
As hardy as the Nemeon Lyons nerue,
Still am I cald, vnhand me gentlemen;
By heauen ile make a ghost of him that lets me,

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Away I say, go on, ile follow thee. [Sc. IV.]

Hor. He waxeth desperate with imagination.

Mar. Something is rotten in the state of *Denmarke.*

Hor. Haue after; to what issue will this sort?

Mar. Lets follow, tis not fit thus to obey him. *exit.*

Enter Ghost and Hamlet. [ACT I. Sc. V.]

Ham. Ile go no farther,whither wilt thou leade me? 65

Ghost Marke me.

Ham. I will.

Ghost I am thy fathers spirit, doomd for a time
To walke the night, and all the day
Confinde in flaming fire, 70
Till the foule crimes done in my dayes of Nature
Arepurged and burnt away.

Ham. Alas poore Ghost.

Ghost Nay pitty me not, but to my vnfolding
*Lend thy listning eare, but that I am forbid 75
To tell the secrets of my prison house
I would a tale vnfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow vp thy soule, freeze thy yong blood,
Make thy two eyes like stars start from their spheres,
Thy knotted and combined locks to part, 80
And each particular haire to stand on end
Like quils vpon the fretfull Porpentine,
But this same blazon must not be,to eares of flesh and blood
Hamlet, if ever thou didst thy deere father loue.

Ham. O God. 85

Gho. Reuenge his foule, and most vnnaturall murder:

Ham. Murder.

Ghost Yea, murder in the highest degree,
As in the least tis bad,
But mine most foule,beastly,and vnnaturall. 90

Ham. Haste me to knowe it, that with wings as swift as meditation, or the thought of it,may sweepe to my reuenge.

Ghost O I finde thee apt, and duller shouldst thou be
Then the fat weede which rootes it selfe in ease
On *Lethe* wharffe: briefe let me be. 95
Tis given out, that sleeping in my orchard,
A Serpent stung me; so the whole eare of *Denmarke*
Is with a forged Prosses of my death rankely abusde:
But know thou noble Youth: he that did sting
Thy fathers heart, now weares his Crowne. 100

Ham. O my prophetike soule, my vncle! my vncle!

Ghost Yea he, that incestuous wretch, wonne to his will
O wicked will,and gifts! that haue the power (with gifts,

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So to seduce my most seeming vertuous Queene, [Sc. IV.]
But vertue, as it neuer will be moued,
Though Lewdnesse court it in a shape of heauen,
So Lust, though to a radiant angle linckt,
Would fate it selfe from a celestiall bedde,
And prey on garbage: but soft, me thinkes
I sent the mornings ayre, briefe let me be,
*Sleeping within my Orchard, my custome alwayes
In the after noone, vpon my secure houre
Thy vncle came, with iuyce of Hebona
In a viall, and through the porches of my eares
Did powre the leaprous distilment, whose effect
Hold such an enmitie with blood of man,
That swift as quicksilner, it posteth through
The naturall gates and allies of the body,
And turnes the thinne and wholesome blood,
Like eager dropings into milke.
And all my smoothe body, barked, and tetterd ouer.
Thus was I sleeping by a brothers hand
Of Crowne, of Queene, of life, of dignitie
At once depriued, no reckoning made of,
But sent vnto my graue,
With all my accompts and sinnes vpon my head,
O horrible, most horrible!
Ham. O God!
ghost If thou hast nature in thee, beare it not,
But howsoeuer, let not thy heart
Conspire against thy mother aught,
Leaue her to heauen,
And to the burthen that her conscience beares.
I must be gone, the Glo-worme shewes the Martin
To be neere, and gin's to pale his vneffectuall fire:
Hamlet adue, adue, adue: remember me. *Exit*
Ham. O all you hoste of heauen! O earth, what else?
And shall I couple hell; remember thee?
Yes thou poore Ghost; from the tables
Of my memorie, ile wipe away all sawes of Bookes,
All triuiall fond conceites
That euer youth, or else obseruance noted,
And thy remembrance, all alone shall sit.
Yes, yes, by heauen, a damnd pernitious villaine,
Murderons, bawdy, smiling damned villaine,
(My tables) meet it is I set it downe,
*That one may smile, and smile, and be a villayne;
At least I am sure, it may be so in *Denmarke.*

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So vncle, there you are, there you are. [Sc. IV.]
Now to the words; it is adue adue: remember me,
Soe t'is enough I haue sworne.
Hor. My lord,my lord. *Enter. Horatio,*
Mar. Lord Hamlet. *and Marcellus.*
Hor. Ill, lo,lo,ho,ho.
Mar. Ill,lo,lo,so, ho,so,come boy, come.
Hor. Heauens secure him.
Mar. How i'st my noble lord?
Hor. What news my lord?
Ham. O wonderfull, wonderful.
Hor. Good my lord tel it.
Ham. No not I, you'l reueale it.
Hor. Not I my Lord by heauen.
Mar. Nor I my Lord.
Ham. How say you then? would hart of man
Once thinke it? but you'l be secret.
Both. I by heauen,my lord.
Ham. There's neuer a villaine dwelling in all *Denmarke*,
But hee's an arrant knaue.
Hor. There need no Ghost come from the graue to tell
you this.
Ham. Right, you are in the right, and therefore
I holde it meet without more circumstance at all,
Wee shake hands and part;you as your busines
And desiers shall leade you: for looke you,
Euery man hath busines, and desires, such
As it is, and for my owne poore parte, ile go pray.
Hor. These are but wild and wherling words, my Lord.
Ham. I am sory they offend you; hartely,yes faith hartily.
Hor. Ther's no offence my Lord.
Ham. Yes by Saint *Patrike* but there is *Horatio*,
And much offence too, touching this vision,
It is an honest ghost, that let mee tell you,
*For your desires to know what is betweene vs,
Or'emaister it as you may:
And now kind frends, as yon are frends,
Schollers and gentlmen,
Grant mee one poore request.
Both. What i'st my Lord?
Ham. Neuer make known what you haue seene to night
Both. My lord,we will not.
Ham. Nay but sweare.
Hor. In faith my Lord not I.
Mar. Nor I my Lord in faith.

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Ham. Nay vpon my sword, indeed vpon my sword. [Sc. IV.]
Gho. Sweare. 195

The Gost vnder the stage.

Ham. Ha, ha, come you here, this fellow in the sellerige,
Here consent to sweare.
Hor. Propose the oth my Lord.
Ham. Neuer to speake what you haue seene to night,
Sweare by my sword. 200
Gost. Sweare.
Ham. *Hic & vbique*; nay then weele shift our ground:
Come hither Gentlemen, and lay your handes
Againe vpon this sword, neuer to speake
Of that which you haue seene, sweare by my sword. 205
Ghost Sweare.
Ham. Well said old Mole, can'st worke in the earth?
so fast, a worthy Pioner, once more remoue.
Hor. Day and night,but this is wondrous strange.
Ham. And therefore as a stranger giue it welcome, 210
There are more things in heauen and earth *Horatio*,
Then are Dream't of, in your philosophie,
But come here,as before you neuer shall
How strange or odde soere I beare my selfe,
As I perchance hereafter shall thinke meet, 215
To put an Anticke disposition on,
That you at such times seeing me, neuer shall
*With Armes, incombred thus,or this head shake,
Or by pronouncing some vndoubtfull phrase,
As well well, wee know, or wee could and if we would, 220
Or there be, and if they might, or such ambiguous:
Giuing out to note, that you know aught of mee,
This not to doe, so grace, and mercie
At your most need helpe you, sweare
Ghost. sweare. 225
Ham. Rest, rest,perturbed spirit: so gentlemen,
In all my loue I do commend mee to you,
And what so poore a man as *Hamlet* may,
To pleasure you, God willing shall not want,
Nay come lett's go together, 230
But stil your fingers on your lippes I pray,
The time is out of ioynt,O cursed spite,
That euer I was borne to set it right,
Nay come lett's go together. *Exeunt.*

Enter Corambis, and Montano. [ACT II. SCENE I.]
Cor. *Montano*, here, these letters to my sonne, [Sc. V.]
And this same mony with my blessing to him,

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And bid him ply his learning good *Montano*. [Sc. v.]
Mon. Iwill my lord.
Cor. You shall do very well *Montano*, to say thus,
I knew the gentleman, or know his father,
To inquire the manner of his life,
As thus; being amongst his acquaintance,
You may say, you saw him at such a time, marke you mee,
At game,or drincking, swearing, or drabbing,
You may go so farre.
Mon. My lord, that will impeach his reputation.
Cor. I faith not a whit, no not a whit,
Now happely hee closeth with you in the consequence,
As you may bridle it not disparage him a iote.
What was I a bout to say,
Mon. He closeth with him in the consequence.
Cor. I, you say right, he closeth with him thus,
*This will hee say, let mee see what hee will say,
Mary this,I saw him yesterday, or tother day,
Or then, or at such a time, a dicing,
Or at Tennis, I or drincking drunke, or entring
Of a howse of lightnes viz. brothell,
Thus sir do wee that know the world, being men of reach,
By indirections, finde directions forth,
And so shall you my sonne; you ha me, ha you not?
Mon. I haue my lord.
Cor. Wel, fare you well,commend mee to him.
Mon. I will my lord.
Cor. And bid him ply his musicke
Mon. My lord I wil. *exit.*
Enter, Ofelia.
Cor. Farewel,how now *Ofelia*,what's the news with you?
Ofe. O my deare father, such a change in nature,
So great an alteration in a Prince,
So pitifull to him, fearefull to mee,
A maidens eye ne're looked on.
Cor. Why what's the matter my *Ofelia*?
Of. O yong Prince *Hamlet*, the only floure of *Denmark*,
Hee is bereft of all the wealth he had,
The Iewell that ador'nd his feature most
Is filcht and stolne away, his wit's bereft him,
Hee found mee walking in the gallery all alone,
There comes hee to mee,with a distracted looke,
His garters lagging downe, his shooes vntide,
And fixt his eyes so stedfast on my face,
As if they had vow'd, this is their latest obiect.

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Small while he stoode, but gripes me by the wrist, [Sc. v.]
And there he holdes my pulse till with a sigh
He doth vnclaspe his holde, and parts away
Silent,as is the mid time of the night:
And as he went, his eie was still on mee,
For thus his head ouer his shoulder looked,
He seemed to finde the way without his eies:
*For out of doores he went without their helpe,
And so did leaue me.
Cor. Madde for thy loue,
What haue you giuen him any crosse wordes of late?
Ofelia I did repell his letters, deny his gifts,
As you did charge me.
Cor. Why that hath made him madde:
By heau'n t'is as proper for our age to cast
Beyond our selues, as t'is for the yonger sort
To leaue their wantonnesse. Well I am sory
That I was so rash: but what remedy?
Lets to the King, this madnesse may prooue,
Though wilde a while, yet more true to thy loue. *exeunt.*

Enter King and Queene, Rossencraft,and Gilderstone. [Act II. Sc. II.]

King Right noble friends, that our deere cosin Hamlet [Sc. VI.]
Hath lost the very heart of all his sence,
It is most right, and we most sory for him:
Therefore we doe desire, euen as you tender
Our care to him, and our great loue to you,
That you will labour but to wring from him
The cause and ground of his distemperancie.
Doe this, the king of *Denmarke* shal be thankefull.
Ros. My Lord, whatsoeuer lies within our power
Your maiestie may more commaund in wordes
Then vse perswasions to your liege men,bound
By loue, by duetie, and obedience.
Guil. What we may doe for both your Maiesties
To know the griefe troubles the Prince your sonne,
We will indeuour all the best we may,
So in all duetie doe we take our leaue.
King Thankes Guilderstone, and gentle Rossencraft,
Que. Thankes Rossencraft ,and gentle Gilderstone.

Enter Corambis and Ofelia.

Cor. My Lord, the Ambassadors are ioyfully
Return'd from *Norway.*
King Thou still hast beene the father of good news.
**Cor.* Haue I my Lord? I assure your grace,
I holde my duetie as I holde my life,

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Both to my God, and to my soueraigne King: [Sc. VI.]
And I beleeue, or else this braine of mine
Hunts not the traine of policie so well
As it had wont to doe, but I haue found
The very depth of Hamlets lunacie.
Queene God graunt he hath.
Enter the Ambassadors.
King Now *Voltemar*,what from our brother *Norway*?
Volt. Most faire returnes of greetings and desires,
Vpon our first he sent forth to suppresse
His nephews leuies, which to him appear'd
To be a preparation gainst the Polacke:
But better look't into, he truely found
It was against your Highnesse,whereat grieued,
That so his sickenesse,age,and impotence,
Was falsely borne in hand, sends out arrests
On *Fortenbrasse*, which he in briefe obays,
Receiues rebuke from *Norway*: and in fine,
Makes vow before his vncle, neuer more
To give the assay of Armes against your Maiestie,
Whereon olde *Norway* ouercome with ioy,
Giues him three thousand crownes in annuall fee,
And his Commission to employ those souldiers,
So leuied as before, against the Polacke,
With an intreaty heerein further shewne,
That it would please you to giue quiet passe
Through your dominions, for that enterprise
On such regardes of safety and allowances
As therein are set downe.
King It likes vs well, and at fit time and leasure
Weele reade and answere these his Articles,
Meane time we thanke you for your well
Tooke labour: go to your rest,at night weele feast togither:
Right welcome home. *exeunt Ambassadors.*
**Cor.* This busines is very well dispatched.
Now my Lord,touching the yong Prince Hamlet,
Certaine it is that hee is madde: mad let vs grant him then:
Now to know the cause of this effect,
Or else to say the cause of this defect,
For this effect defectiue comes by cause.
Queene Good my Lord be briefe.
Cor. Madam I will: my Lord, I haue a daughter,
Haue while shee's mine: for that we thinke
Is surest,we often loose:now to the Prince.
My Lord, but note this letter,

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The which my daughter in obedience [Sc. VI.]
Deliuer'd to my handes.
King Reade it my Lord.
Cor. Marke my Lord.
Doubt that in earth is fire,
Doubt that the starres doe moue,
Doubt trueth to be a liar,
But doe not doubt I loue.
To the beautifull *Ofelia:*
Thine euer the most vnhappy Prince *Hamlet.*
My Lord, what doe you thinke of me?
I, or what might you thinke when I sawe this?
King As of a true friend and a most louing subiect.
Cor. I would be glad to prooue so.
Now when I saw this letter,thus I bespake my maiden:
Lord *Hamlet* is a Prince out of your starre,
And one that is vnequall for your loue:
Therefore I did commaund her refuse his letters,
Deny his tokens,and to absent her selfe.
Shee as my childe obediently obey'd me.
Now since which time, seeing his loue thus cross'd,
Which I tooke to be idle, and but sport,
He straitway grew into a melancholy,
From that vnto a fast, then vnto distraction,
Then into a sadnesse, from that vnto a madnesse,
*And so by continuance,and weakenesse of the braine
Into this frensie, which now possesseth him:
And if this be not true, take this from this.
King Thinke you t'is so?
Cor. How? so my Lord, I would very faine know
That thing that I haue saide t'is so, positiuely,
And it hath fallen out otherwise.
Nay, if circumstances leade me on,
Ile finde it out,if it were hid
As deepe as the centre of the earth.
King. how should wee trie this same?
Cor. Mary my good lord thus,
The Princes walke is here in the galery,
There let *Ofelia*,walke vntill hee comes:
Your selfe and I will stand close in the study,
There shall you heare the effect of all his hart,
And if it proue any otherwise then loue,
Then let my censure faile an other time.
King. see where hee comes poring vppon a booke.

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Enter Hamlet. [Sc. VI.]

Cor. Madame, will it please your grace
To leaue vs here?
Que. With all my hart. *exit.*
Cor. And here *Ofelia*, reade you on this booke,
And walke aloofe, the King shal be vnseene.
Ham. To be,or not to be, I there's the point,
To Die, to sleepe,is that all? I all:
No,to sleepe,to dreame, I mary there it goes,
For in that dreame of death, when wee awake,
And borne before an euerlasting Iudge,
From whence no passenger euer retur'nd,
The vndiscouered country, at whose sight
The happy smile,and the accursed damn'd.
But for this,the ioyfull hope of this,
Whol'd beare the scornes and flattery of the world,
Scorned by the right rich,the rich cursed of the poore?
*The widow being oppressed,the orphan wrong'd,
The taste of hunger, or a tirants raigne,
And thousand more calamities besides,
To grunt and sweate vnder this weary life,
When that he may his full *Quietus* make,
With a bare bodkin, who would this indure,
But for a hope of something after death?
Which pusles the braine, and doth confound the sence,
Which makes vs rather beare those euilles we haue,
Than flie to others that we know not of.
I that,O this conscience makes cowardes of vs all,
Lady in thy orizons, be all my sinnes remembred.
Ofel. My Lord, I haue sought opportunitie,which now I haue,to redeliuer to your worthy handes, a small remembrance, such tokens which I haue receiued of you.
Ham. Are you faire?
Ofel. My Lord.
Ham. Are you honest?
Ofel. What meanes my Lord?
Ham. That if you be faire and honest,
Your beauty should admit no discourse to your honesty.
Ofel. My Lord, can beauty haue better priuiledge than with honesty?
Ham. Yea mary may it; for Beauty may transforme
Honesty, from what she was into a bawd:
Then Honesty can transforme Beauty:
This was sometimes a Paradox,
But now the time giues it scope.

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I neuer gaue you nothing. [Sc. VI.]
Ofel. My Lord, you know right well you did,
And with them such earnest vowes of loue,
As would haue moou'd the stoniest breast aliue,
But now too true I finde,
Rich giftes waxe poore when giuers grow vnkinde.
Ham. I neuer loued you.
Ofel. You made me beleeue you did.
**Ham.* O thou shouldst not a beleeued me!
Go to a Nunnery goe, why shouldst thou
Be a breeder of sinners? I am my selfe indifferent honest,
But I could accuse my selfe of such crimes
It had beene better my mother had ne're borne me,
O I am very prowde, ambitious,disdainefull,
With more sinnes at my becke, then I haue thoughts
To put them in,what should such fellowes as I
Do, crawling between heauen and earth?
To a Nunnery goe, we are arrant knaues all,
Beleeue none of vs, to a Nunnery goe.
Ofel. O heauens secure him!
Ham. Wher's thy father?
Ofel. At home my lord.
Ham. For Gods sake let the doores be shut on him,
He may play the foole no where but in his
Owne house:to a Nunnery goe.
Ofel. Help him good God.
Ham. If thou dost marry, Ile giue thee
This plague to thy dowry:
Be thou as chaste as yce, as pure as snowe,
Thou shalt not scape calumny,to a Nunnery goe.
Ofel. Alas, what change is this?
Ham. But if thou wilt needes marry,marry a foole,
For wisemen know well enough,
What monsters you make of them,to a Nunnery goe.
Ofel. Pray God restore him.
Ham. Nay, I haue heard of your paintings too,
God hath giuen you one face,
And you make your selues another,
You fig,and you amble, and you nickname Gods creatures,
Making your wantonnesse, your ignorance,
A pox, t'is scuruy, Ile no more of it,
It hath made me madde: Ile no more marriages,
All that are married but one,shall liue,
The rest shall keepe as they are, to a Nunnery goe,
*To a Nunnery goe. *exit.*

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Ofe. Great God of heauen,what a quicke change is this? [Sc. VI.]
The Courtier,Scholler,Souldier, all in him,
All dasht and splinterd thence, O woe is me,
To a seene what I haue seene,see what I see. *exit.*
King Loue? No,no,that's not the cause, *Enter King and* [Sc. VII.
Some deeper thing it is that troubles him. *Corambis.*
Cor. Wel,something it is:my Lord,content you a while, [ACT II. Sc. II.]
I will my selfe goe feele him:let me worke,
Ile try him euery way: see where he comes,
Send you those Gentlemen, let me alone
To finde the depth of this,away,be gone. *exit King.*
Now my good Lord,do you know me? *Enter Hamlet.*
Ham. Yea very well,y'are a fishmonger.
Cor. Not I my Lord.
Ham. Then sir, I would you were so honest a man,
For to be honest,as this age goes,
Is one man to be pickt out of tenne thousand.
Cor. What doe you reade my Lord?
Ham. Wordes,wordes.
Cor. What's the matter my Lord?
Ham. Betweene who?
Cor. I meane the matter you reade my Lord.
Ham. Mary most vile heresie:
For here the Satyricall Satyre writes,
That olde men haue hollow eyes,weake backes,
Grey beardes, pittifull weake hammes, gowty legges,
All which sir,I most potently beleeue not:
For sir, your selfe shalbe olde as I am,
If like a Crabbe, you could goe backeward.
Cor. How pregnant his replies are,and full of wit:
Yet at first he tooke me for a fishmonger:
All this comes by loue,the vemencie of loue,
And when I was yong, I was very idle,
And suffered much extasie in loue, very neere this:
Will you walke out of the aire my Lord?
**Ham.* Into my graue.
Cor. By the masse that's out of the aire indeed,
Very shrewd answers,
My lord I will take my leaue of you.
Enter Gilderstone, and Rossencraft.
Ham. You can take nothing from me sir,
I will more willingly part with all,
Olde doating foole.
Cor, You seeke Prince Hamlet,see,there he is. *exit.*
Gil. Health to your Lordship.

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Ham. What, Gilderstone,and Rossencraft, [Sc. VII.]
Welcome kinde Schoole-fellowes to *Elsanoure.*
Gil. We thanke your Grace,and would be very glad
You were as when we were at *Wittenberg.*
Ham. I thanke you, but is this visitation free of
Your selues, or were you not sent for?
Tell me true,come,I know the good King and Queene
Sent for you,there is a kinde of confession in your eye:
Come, I know you were sent for.
Gil. What say you?
Ham. Nay then I see how the winde sits,
Come,you were sent for.
Ross. My lord,we were, and willingly if we might,
Know the cause and ground of your discontent.
Ham. Why I want preferment.
Ross. I thinke not so my lord.
Ham. Yes faith,this great world you see contents me not,
No nor the spangled heauens,nor earth,nor sea,
No nor Man that is so glorious a creature,
Contents not me,no nor woman too,though you laugh.
Gil. My lord, we laugh not at that.
Ham. Why did you laugh then,
When I said,Man did not content mee?
Gil. My Lord,we laughed,when you said, Man did not
content you.
What entertainement the Players shall haue,
*We boorded them a the way: they are comming to you.
Ham. Players,what Players be they?
Ross. My Lord,the Tragedians of the Citty,
Those that you tooke delight to see so often. (stie?
Ham. How comes it that they trauell? Do they grow re-
Gil. No my Lord, their reputation holds as it was wont.
Ham. How then?
Gil. Yfaith my Lord, noueltie carries it away,
For the principall publike audience that
Came to them, are turned to priuate playes,
And to the humour of children.
Ham. I doe not greatly wonder of it,
For those that would make mops and moes
At my vncle, when my father liued,
Now giue a hundred,two hundred pounds
For his picture: but they shall be welcome,
He that playes the King shall haue tribute of me,
The ventrous Knight shall vse his foyle and target,
The louer shall sigh gratis,

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The clowne shall make them laugh (for't, [Sc. VII.]
That are tickled in the lungs, or the blanke verse shall halt
And the Lady shall haue leaue to speake her minde freely.
The Trumpets sound, Enter Corambis.
Do you see yonder great baby?
He is not yet out of his swadling clowts.
Gil. That may be, for they say an olde man
Is twice a childe. (Players,
Ham. Ile prophecie to you, hee comes to tell mee a the
You say true, a monday last, t'was so indeede.
Cor. My lord, I haue news to tell you.
Ham. My Lord, I haue newes to tell you:
When *Rossios* was an Actor in *Rome.*
Cor. The Actors are come hither,my lord.
Ham. Buz,buz.
Cor. The best Actors in Christendome,
Either for Comedy,Tragedy,Historie,Pastorall,
*Pastorall,Historicall,Historicall,Comicall,
Comicall historicall, Pastorall, Tragedy historicall:
Seneca cannot be too heauy, nor *Plato* too light:
For the law hath writ those are the onely men.
Ha. O *Iepha* Iudge of *Israel*/what a treasure hadst thou?
Cor. Why what a treasure had he my lord?
Ham. Why one faire daughter,and no more,
The which he loued passing well.
Cor. A,stil harping a my daughter!well my Lord,
If you call me *Iepha*, I hane a daughter that
I loue passing well.
Ham. Nay that followes not.
Cor. What followes then my Lord?
Ham. Why by lot, or God wot,or as it came to passe,
And so it was, the first verse of the godly Ballet
Wil tel you all:for look you where my abridgement comes:
Welcome maisters, welcome all, *Enter players.*
What my olde friend,thy face is vallanced
Since I saw thee last,com'st thou to beard me in *Denmarke?*
My yong lady and mistris, burlady but your (you were:
Ladiship is growne by the altitude of a chopine higher than
Pray God sir your voyce, like a peece of vncurrant
Golde, be not crack't in the ring: come on maisters,
Weele euen too't, like French Falconers,
Flie at any thing we see, come, a taste of your
Quallitie, a speech,a passionate speech.
Players What speech my good lord?
Ham. I heard thee speake a speech once,

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But it was neuer acted:or if it were, [Sc. VII.]
Neuer aboue twice, for as I remember,
It pleased not the vulgar,it was cauiary
To the million: but to me
And others, that receiued it in the like kinde,
Cried in the toppe of their iudgements,an excellent play,
Set downe with as great modestie as cunning:
One said there was no sallets in the lines to make thē sauory,
*But called it an honest methode,as wholesome as sweete.
Come, a speech in it I chiefly remember
Was *Æneas* tale to *Dido*,
And then especially where he talkes of Princes slaughter,
If it liue in thy memory beginne at this line,
Let me see.
The rugged *Pyrrus*, like th'arganian beast:
No t'is not so, it begins with *Pirrus:*
O I haue it.
The rugged *Pirrus*,he whose sable armes,
Blacke as his purpose did the night resemble,
When he lay couched in the ominous horse,
Hath now his blacke and grimme complexion smeered
With Heraldry more dismall, head to foote,
Now is he totall guise,horridely tricked
With blood of fathers,mothers,daughters,sonnes,
Back't and imparched in calagulate gore,
Rifted in earth and fire, olde grandsire *Pryam* seekes:
So goe on. (accent.
Cor. Afore God, my Lord, well spoke, and with good
Play. Anone he finds him striking too short at Greeks,
His antike sword rebellious to his Arme,
Lies where it falles, vnable to resist.
Pyrrus at *Pryam* driues, but all in rage,
Strikes wide, but with the whiffe and winde
Of his fell sword, th'unnerued father falles.
Cor. Enough my friend, t'is too long.
Ham. It shall to the Barbers with your beard:
A pox, hee's for a Iigge, or a tale of bawdry,
Or else he sleepes, come on to *Hecuba*,come.
Play. But who,O who had seene the mobled Queene?
Cor. Mobled Queene is good,faith very good.
Play. All in the alarum and feare of death rose vp,
And o're her weake and all ore-teeming loynes,a blancket
And a kercher on that head,where late the diademe stoode,
Who this had seene with tongue inuenom'd speech,
*Would treason haue pronounced,

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For if the gods themselues had seene her then, [Sc. VII.]
When she saw *Pirrus* with malitious strokes,
Mincing her husbandes limbs,
It would haue made milch the burning eyes of heauen,
And passion in the gods.
Cor. Looke my lord if he hath not changde his colour,
And hath teares in his eyes: no more good heart, no more.
Ham. T'is well, t'is very well, I pray my lord,
Will you see the Players well bestowed,
I tell you they are the Chronicles
And briefe abstracts of the time,
After your death I can tell you,
You were better haue a bad Epiteeth,
Then their ill report while you liue.
Cor. My lord, I will vse them according to their deserts.
Ham. O farre better man, vse euery man after his deserts,
Then who should scape whipping?
Vse them after your owne honor and dignitie,
The lesse they deserue, the greater credit's yours.
Cor. Welcome my good fellowes. *exit.*
Ham. Come hither maisters, can you not play the murder of *Gonsago?*
players Yes my Lord.
Ham. And could'st not thou for a neede study me
Some dozen or sixteene lines,
Which I would set downe and insert?
players Yes very easily my good Lord.
Ham. T'is well, I thanke you: follow that lord:
And doe you heare sirs? take heede you mocke him not.
Gentlemen, for your kindnes I thanke you,
And for a time I would desire you leaue me.
Gil. Our loue and duetie is at your commaund.
Exeunt all but Hamlet.
Ham. Why what a dunghill idiote slaue am I?
Why these Players here draw water from eyes:
*For Hecuba, why what is Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba?
What would he do and if he had my losse?
His father murdred, and a Crowne bereft him,
He would turne all his teares to droppes of blood,
Amaze the standers by with his laments,
Strike more then wonder in the iudiciall eares,
Confound the ignorant, and make mute the wise,
Indeede his passion would be generall.
Yet I like to an asse and Iohn a Dreames,
Hauing my father murdred by a villaine,

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Stand still,and let it passe, why sure I am a coward: [Sc. VII.]
Who pluckes me by the beard, or twites my nose,
Giue's me the lie i'th throate downe to the lungs,
Sure I should take it, or else I haue no gall,
Or by this I should a fatted all the region kites
With this slaues offell, this damned villaine,
Treacherous,bawdy,murderous villaine:
Why this is braue, that I the sonne of my deare father,
Should like a scalion, like a very drabbe
Thus raile in wordes. About my braine,
I haue heard that guilty creatures sitting at a play,
Hath,by the very cunning of the scene,confest a murder
Committed long before.
This spirit that I haue seene may be the Diuell,
And out of my weakenesse and my melancholy,
As he is very potent with such men,
Doth seeke to damne me, I will haue sounder proofes,
The play's the thing,
Wherein I'le catch the conscience of the King. *exit.*

Enter the King, Queene, and Lordes. [Act. III. Sc. I.]
[Sc. VIII.]

King Lordes, can you by no meanes finde
The cause of our sonne Hamlets lunacie?
You being so neere in loue, euen from his youth,
Me thinkes should gaine more than a stranger should.
**Gil.* My lord, we haue done all the best we could,
To wring from him the cause of all his griefe,
But still he puts vs off,and by no meanes
Would make an answere to that we exposde.
Ross. Yet was he something more inclin'd to mirth
Before we left him, and I take it,
He hath giuen order for a play to night,
At which he craues your highnesse company.
King With all our heart, it likes vs very well:
Gentlemen, seeke still to increase his mirth,
Spare for no cost, our coffers shall be open,
And we vnto your selues will still be thankefull.
Both In all wee can, be sure you shall commaund.
Queene Thankes gentlemen, and what the Queene of
May pleasure you, be sure you shall not want. (*Denmarke*
Gil. Weele once againe vnto the noble Prince.
King Thanks to you both: Gertred you'l see this play.
Queene My lord I will, and it ioyes me at the soule
He is inclin'd to any kinde of mirth.

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Cor. Madame, I pray be ruled by me: [Sc. VIII.]
And my good Soueraigne, giue me leaue to speake,
We cannot yet finde out the very ground
Of his distemperance, therefore
I holde it meete, if so it please you,
Else they shall not meete,and thus it is.
King What i'st *Corambis?* (done,
Cor. Mary my good lord this,soone when the sports are
Madam, send you in haste to speake with him,
And I my selfe will stand behind the Arras,
There question you the cause of all his griefe,
And then in loue and nature vnto you, hee'le tell you all:
My Lord,how thinke you on't?
King It likes vs well, Gerterd, what say you?
Queene With all my heart, soone will I send for him.
Cor. My selfe will be that happy messenger,
Who hopes his griefe will be reueal'd to her. *exeunt omnes*
**Enter Hamlet and the Players.* [ACT III. Sc. II.]
Ham. Pronounce me this speech trippingly a the tongue [Sc. IX.]
as I taught thee,
Mary and you mouth it, as a many of your players do
I'de rather heare a towne bull bellow,
Then such a fellow speake my lines.
Nor do not saw the aire thus with your hands,
But giue euery thing his action with temperance. (fellow,
O it offends mee to the soule, to heare a rebustious periwig
To teare a passion in totters, into very ragges,
To split the eares of the ignoraut,who for the (noises,
Most parte are capable of nothing but dumbe shewes and
I would haue such a fellow whipt,for o're doing, tarmagant
It out,Herodes Herod.
players My Lorde, wee haue indifferently reformed that
among vs.
Ham. The better, the better, mend it all together:
There be fellowes that I haue seene play,
And heard others commend them,and that highly too,
That hauing neither the gate of Christian,Pagan,
Nor Turke,haue so strutted and bellowed,
That you would a thought, some of Natures journeymen
Had made men,and not made them well,
They imitated humanitie,so abhominable:
Take heede,auoyde it.
players I warrant you my Lord.
Ham. And doe you heare? let not your Clowne speake
More then is set downe, there be of them I can tell you

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That will laugh themselues, to set on some [Sc. IX.]
Quantitie of barren spectators to laugh with them,
Albeit there is some necessary point in the Play
Then to be obserued:O t'is vile, and shewes
A pittifull ambition in the foole that vseth it.
And then you haue some agen, that keepes one sute
Of ieasts, as a man is knowne by one sute of
Apparell, and Gentlemen quotes his ieasts downe
*In their tables, before they come to the play,as thus:
Cannot you stay till I eate my porrige? and,you owe me
A quarters wages:and, my coate wants a cullison:
And,your beere is sowre:and,blabbering with his lips,
And thus keeping in his cinkapase of ieasts,
When, God knows,the warme Clowne cannot make a iest
Vnlesse by chance,as the blinde man catcheth a hare:
Maisters tell him of it.
players We will my Lord.
Ham. Well, goe make you ready. *exeunt players.*
Horatio. Heere my Lord.
Ham. *Horatio,* thou art euen as iust a man,
As e're my conuersation cop'd withall.
Hor. O my lord!
Ham. Nay why should I flatter thee?
Why should the poore be flattered?
What gaine should I receiue by flattering thee,
That nothing hath but thy good minde?
Let flattery sit on those time-pleasing tongs,
To glose with them that loues to heare their praise,
And not with such as thou *Horatio.*
There is a play to night, wherein one Sceane they haue
Comes very neere the murder of my father,
When thou shalt see that Act afoote,
Marke thou the King, doe but obserue his lookes,
For I mine eies will riuet to his face:
And if he doe not bleach, and change at that,
It is a damned ghost that we haue seene.
Horatio, haue a care, obserue him well.
Hor. My lord, mine eies shall still be on his face,
And not the smallest alteration
That shall appeare in him, but I shall note it.
Ham. Harke, they come.
Enter King, Queene, Corambis, and other Lords. (a play?
King How now son *Hamlet,*how fare you,shall we haue
Ham. Yfaith the Camelions dish, not capon cramm'd,
*feede a the ayre.

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I father: My lord, you playd in the Vniuersitie. [Sc. IX.]
Cor. That I did my L: and I was counted a good actor.
Ham. What did you enact there?
Cor. My lord, I did act *Iulius Cæsar*, I was killed
in the Capitoll, *Brutus* killed me.
Ham. It was a brute parte of him,
To kill so capitall a calfe.
Come, be these Players ready?
Queene Hamlet come sit downe by me.
Ham. No by my faith mother, heere's a mettle more at-
Lady will you giue me leaue,and so forth: (tractiue:
To lay my head in your lappe?
Ofel. No my lord. (trary matters?
Ham. Vpon your lap,what do you thinke I meant con-
Enter in a Dumbe Shew, the King and the Queene, he sits downe in an Arbor, she leaues him: Then enters Lucianus with poyson in a Viall, and powres it in his eares,and goes away: Then the Queene commeth and findes him dead: and goes away with the other.
Ofel. What meanes this my Lord? *Enter the Prologue.*
Ham. This is myching Mallico, that meanes my chiefe.
Ofel. What doth this meane my lord?
Ham. you shall heare anone, this fellow will tell you all.
Ofel. Will he tell vs what this shew meanes?
Ham. I, or any shew you'le shew him,
Be not afeard to shew, hee'le not be afeard to tell:
O these Players cannot keepe counsell, thei'le tell all.
Prol. For vs,and for our Tragedie,
Heere stowpiug to your clemencie,
We begge your hearing patiently.
Ham. I'st a prologue,or a poesie for a ring?
Ofel. T'is short my Lord.
Ham. As womens loue.
Enter the Duke and Dutchesse.
Duke Full fortie yeares are past, their date is gone,
*Since happy time ioyn'd both our hearts as one:
And now the blood that fill'd my youthfull veines,
Runnes weakely in their pipes, and all the straines
Of musicke, which whilome pleasde mine eare,
Is now a burthen that Age cannot beare:
And therefore sweete Nature must pay his due,
To heauen must I, and leaue the earth with you.
Dutchesse O say not so,lest that you kill my heart,
When death takes you, let life from me depart.
Duke Content thy selfe, when ended is my date,

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Thou maist(perchance)haue a more noble mate, [Sc. IX.]
More wise,more youthfull, and one.
Dutchesse O speake no more, for then I am accurst,
None weds the second, but she kils the first:
A second time I kill my Lord that's dead,
When second husband kisses me in bed.
Ham. O wormewood,wormewood!
Duke I doe beleeue you sweete,what now you speake,
But what we doe determine oft we breake,
For our demises stil are ouerthrowne,
Our thoughts are ours, their end's none of our owne:
So thinke you will no second husband wed,
But die thy thoughts, when thy first Lord is dead.
Dutchesse Both here and there pursue me lasting strife,
If once a widdow,euer I be wife.
Ham. If she should breake now.
Duke T'is deepely sworne,sweete leaue me here a while,
My spirites growe dull, and faine I would beguile the tedious time with sleepe.
Dutchesse Sleepe rocke thy braine,
And neuer come mischance betweene vs twaine. *exit Lady*
Ham. Madam, how do you like this play?
Queene The Lady protests too much.
Ham. O but shee'le keepe her word.
King. Haue you heard the argument, is there no offence in it?
**Ham.* No offence in the world,poyson iniest,poison in (iest.
King What do you call the name of the phy?
Ham. Mouse-trap:mary how trapically:this play is
The image of a murder done in *guyana*, *Albertus*
Was the Dukes name, his wife *Baptista*,
Father,it is a knauish peece a worke:but what
A that, it toucheth not vs, you and I that haue free
Soules,let the galld iade wince, this is one
Lucianus nephew to the King.
Ofel. Ya're as good as a *Chorus* my lord.
Ham. I could interpret the loue you beare, if I sawe the poopies dallying.
Ofel. Y'are very pleasant my lord.
Ham. Who I, your onlie jig-maker, why what shoulde a man do but be merry? for looke how cheerefully my mother lookes, my father died within these two houres.
Ofel. Nay, t'is twice two months,my Lord.
Ham. Two months,nay then let the diuell weare blacke,
For i'le haue a sute of Sables: Iesus, two months dead,

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And not forgotten yet? nay then there's some [Sc. IX.]
Likelyhood, a gentlemans death may outliue memorie,
But by my faith hee must build churches then,
Or els hee must follow the olde Epitithe,
With hoh, with ho, the hobi-horse is forgot.
Ofel. Your iests are keene my Lord.
Ham. It would cost you a groning to take them off.
Ofel. Still better and worse.
Ham. So you must take your husband, begin. Murdred
Begin, a poxe, leaue thy damnable faces and begin,
Come, the croking rauen doth bellow for reuenge.
Murd. Thoughts blacke, hands apt, drugs fit, and time
Confederate season, else no creature seeing: (agreeing.
Thou mixture rancke,of midnight weedes collected,
With *Hecates* bane thrise blasted, thrise infected,
Thy naturall magicke,and dire propertie,
One wholesome life vsurps immediately. *exit.*
**Ham.* Hepoysons him for his estate.
King Lights, I will to bed.
Cor. Theking rises,lights hoe.
Exeunt King and Lordes.
Ham. What,frighted with false fires?
Then let the stricken deere goe weepe,
The Hart vngalled play,
For some must laugh, while some must weepe,
Thus runnes the world away.
Hor. The king is mooued my lord.
Hor. I *Horatio*, i'le take the Ghosts word
For more then all the coyne in *Denmarke*.

Enter Rossencraft and Gilderstone.

Ross. Now my lord,how i'st with you?
Ham. And if the king like not the tragedy,
Why then belike he likes it not perdy.
Ross. We are very glad to see your grace so pleasant,
My good lord, let vs againe intreate (ture
To know of you the ground and cause of your distempera-
Gil. My lord, your mother craues to speake with you.
Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother.
Ross. But my good Lord,shall I intreate thus much?
Ham. I pray will you play vpon this pipe?
Ross. Alas my lord I cannot.
Ham. Pray will you.
Gil. I haue no skill my Lord.

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Ham. why looke, it is a thing of nothing, [Sc. IX.]
T'is but stopping of these holes,
And with a little breath from your lips,
It will giue most delicate musick.
Gil. But this cannot wee do my Lord.
Ham. Pray now, pray hartily, I beseech you.
Ros. My lord wee cannot. (me?
Ham. Why how vnworthy a thing would you make of
*You would seeme to know my stops, you would play vpon
You would search the very inward part of my hart, (mee,
And diue into the secreet of my soule.
Zownds do you thinke Iam easier to be pla'yd
On, then a pipe? call mee what Instrument
You will, though you can frett mee, yet you can not
Play vpon mee, besides,to be demanded by a spunge. [ACT IV. Sc. II.]
Ros. How a spunge my Lord?
Ham. I sir,a spunge, that sokes vp the kings
Countenance, fauours, and rewardes, that makes
His liberalitie your store house: but such as you,
Do the king,in the end, best seruise;
For hee doth keep you as an Ape doth nuttes,
In the corner of his Iaw, first mouthes you,
Then swallowes you: so when hee hath need
Of you, t'is but squeesing of you,
And spunge,you shall be dry againe, you shall.
Ros. Wel my Lord wee'le take our leaue.
Ham Farewell, farewell, God blesse you.
Exit Rossencraft, and Gilderstone.

Enter Corambis

Cor. My lord, the Queene would speake with you.
Ham. Do you see yonder clowd in the shape of a camell?
Cor. T'is like a camell in deed.
Ham. Now me thinkes it's like a weasel.
Cor. T'is back't like a weasell.
Ham. Or like a whale.
Cor. Very like a whale. *exit Coram.*
Ham. Why then tell my mother i'le come by and by.
Good night Horatio.
Hor. Good night vnto your Lordship. *exit Horatio.*
Ham. My mother she hath sent to speake with me:
O God, let ne're the heart of *Nero* enter
This soft bosome.
Let me be cruell, not vnnaturall.
*I will speake daggers, those sharpe wordes being spent,

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To doe her wrong my soule shall ne're consent. *exit.* [Sc. IX.]

Enter the King. [Act. III. Sc. III.]

King O that this wet that falles vpon my face [Sc. X.]
Would wash the crime cleere from my conscience!
When I looke vp to heauen, I see my trespasse,
The earth doth still crie out vpon my fact,
Pay me the murder of a brother and a king,
And the adulterous fault I haue committed:
O these are sinnes that are vnpardonable:
Why say thy sinnes were blacker then is ieat,
Yet may contrition make them as white as snowe:
I but still to perseuer in a sinne,
It is an act gainst the vniuersall power,
Most wretched man, stoope, bend thee to thy prayer,
Aske grace of heauen to keepe thee from despaire.

hee kneeles. enters Hamlet

Ham. I so, come forth and worke thy last,
And thus hee dies: and so am I reuenged:
No, not so: he tooke my father sleeping, his sins brim full,
And how his soule stoode to the state of heauen
Who knowes, saue the immortall powres,
And shall I kill him now,
When he is purging of his soule?
Making his way for heauen, this is a benefit,
And not a reuenge: no, get thee vp agen, (drunke,
When hee's at game swaring, taking his carowse, drinking
Or in the incestuous pleasure of his bed,
Or at some act that hath no relish
Of saluation in't, then trip him
That his heeles may kicke at heauen,
And fall as lowe as hel: my mother stayes,
This phisicke but prolongs thy weary dayes. *exit Ham.*

King My wordes fly vp, my sinnes remaine below.
*No King on earth is safe, if Gods his foe. *exit King.*

Enter Queene and Corambis. [Act III. Sc. IV.]

Cor. Madame, I heare yong Hamlet comming, [Sc. XI]
I'le shrowde my selfe behinde the Arras. *exit Cor.*

Queene Do so my Lord.

Ham. Mother, mother, O are you here?
How i'st with you mother?

Queene How i'st with you?

Ham, I'le tell you, but first weele make all safe.

Queene Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.

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Ham. Mother, you haue my father much offended. [Sc. XI.]
Queene How now boy?
Ham. How now mother! come here,sit downe, for you shall heare me speake.
Queene What wilt thou doe? thou wilt not murder me: Helpe hoe.
Cor. Helpe for the Queene.
Ham. I a Rat,dead for a Duckat.
Rash intruding foole,farewell,
I tooke thee for thy better.
Queene Hamlet,what hast thou done?
Ham. Not so much harme, good mother,
As to kill a king,and marry with his brother.
Queene How! kill a king!
Ham. I a King:nay sit you downe, and ere you part,
If you be made of penitrable stuffe,
I'le make your eyes looke downe into your heart,
And see how horride there and blacke it shews. (words?
Queene Hamlet, what mean'st thou by these killing
Ham. Why this I meane, see here, behold this picture,
It is the portraiture,of your deceased husband,
See here a face, to outface *Mars* himselfe,
An eye, at which his foes did tremble at,
A front wherin all vertues are set downe
For to adorne a king, and guild his crowne,
Whose heart went hand in hand euen with that vow,
*He made to you in marriage,and he is dead.
Murdred, damnably murdred, this was your husband,
Looke you now, here is your husband,
With a face like *Vulcan*.
A looke fit for a murder and a rape,
A dull dead hanging looke, and a hell-bred eie,
To affright children and amaze the world:
And this same haue you left to change with this.
What Diuell thus hath cosoned you at hob-man blinde?
A! haue you eyes and can you looke on him
That slew my father, and your deere husband,
To liue in the incestuous pleasure of his bed?
Queene O Hamlet, speake no more.
Ham. To leaue him that bare a Monarkes minde,
For a king of clowts, of very shreads.
Queene Sweete Hamlet cease.
Ham. Nay but still to persist and dwell in sinne,
To sweate vnder the yoke of infamie,
To make increase of shame, to seale damnation.

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Queene Hamlet, no more. [Sc. XI.]
Ham. Why appetite with you is in the waine,
Your blood runnes backeward now from whence it came,
Who'le chide hote blood within a Virgins heart,
When lust shall dwell within a matrons breast?
Queene Hamlet,thou cleaues my heart in twaine.
Ham. O throw away the worser part of it,and keepe the better.

Enter the ghost in his night goune.

Saue me,saue me,you gratious
Powers aboue,and houer ouer mee,
With your celestiall wings.
Doe you not come your tardy sonne to chide,
That I thus long haue let reuenge slippe by?
O do not glare with lookes so pittifull!
Lest that my heart of stone yeelde to compassion,
*And euery part that should assist reuenge,
Forgoe their proper powers, and fall to pitty.
Ghost Hamlet, I once againe appeare to thee,
To put thee in remembrance of my death:
Doe not neglect, nor long time put it off.
But I perceiue by thy distracted lookes,
Thy mother's fearefull, and she stands amazde:
Speake to her Hamlet, for her sex is weake,
Comfort thy mother, Hamlet, thinke on me.
Ham. How is't with you Lady?
Queene Nay, how is't with you
That thus you bend your eyes on vacancie,
And holde discourse with nothing but with ayre?
Ham. Why doe you nothing heare?
Queene Not I.
Ham. Nor doe you nothing see?
Queene No neither. (habite
Ham. No, why see the king my father, my father, in the
As he liued, looke you how pale he lookes,
See how he steales away out of the Portall,
Looke, there he goes. *exit ghost.*
Queene Alas, it is the weakenesse of thy braine,
Which makes thy tongue to blazon thy hearts griefe:
But as I haue a soule,I sweare by heauen,
I neuer knew of this most horride murder:
But Hamlet, this is onely fantasie,
And for my loue forget these idle fits.
Ham. Idle, no mother, my pulse doth beate like yours,

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It is not madnesse that possesseth Hamlet. [Sc. XI.]
O mother, if euer you did my deare father loue,
Forbeare the adulterous bed to night,
And win your selfe by little as you may,
In time it may be you wil lothe him quite:
And mother, but assist mee in reuenge,
And in his death your infamy shall die.
Queene *Hamlet*, I vow by that maiesty,
*That knowes our thoughts, and lookes into our hearts,
I will conceale,consent,and doe my best,
What stratagem soe're thou shalt deuise.
Ham. It is enough, mother good night:
Come sir, I'le prouide for you a graue,
Who was in life a foolish prating knaue.
Exit Hamlet with the dead body.

Enter the King and Lordes. [ACT IV. SC. I.]
King Now Gertred, what sayes our sonne,how doe you finde him?
Queene Alas my lord, as raging as the sea:
Whenas he came, I first bespake him faire,
But then he throwes and tosses me about,
As one forgetting that I was his mother:
At last I call'd for help: and as I cried,*Corambis*
Call'd, which Hamlet no sooner heard,but whips me
Out his rapier,and cries,a Rat,a Rat, and in his rage
The good olde man he killes.
King Why this his madnesse will vndoe our state.
Lordes goe to him, inquire the body out.
Gil. We will my Lord. *Exeunt Lordes.*
King Gertred, your sonne shall presently to England,
His shipping is already furnished,
And we haue sent by *Rossencraft* and *Gilderstone*,
Our letters to our deare brother of England,
For Hamlets welfare and his happinesse:
Happly the aire and climate of the Country
May please him better than his natiue home:
See where he comes.

Enter Hamlet and the Lordes. [ACT IV. SC. III.]
Gil. My lord, we can by no meanes
Know of him where the body is.
King Now sonne Hamlet, where is this dead body?
Ham. At supper, not where he is eating,but

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*Where he is eaten, a certaine company of politicke wormes are euen now at him. [Sc. XI.]
Father,your fatte King,and your leane Beggar
Are but variable seruices, two dishes to one messe:
Looke you, a man may fish with that worme
That hath eaten of a King,
And a Beggar eate that fish,
Which that worme hath caught.
King What of this?
Ham. Nothing father, but to tell you,how a King
May go a progresse through the guttes of a Beggar.
King But sonne *Hamlet*, where is this body?
Ham. In heau'n, if you chance to misse him there,
Father, you had best looke in the other partes below
For him, aud if you cannnot finde him there,
You may chance to nose him as you go vp the lobby.
King Make haste and finde him out.
Ham. Nay doe you heare? do not make too much haste,
I'le warrant you hee'le stay till you come.
King Well sonne *Hamlet*,we in care of you:but specially
in tender preseruation of your health,
The which we price euen as our proper selfe,
It is our minde you forthwith goe for *England*,
The winde sits faire, you shall aboorde to night,
Lord *Rossencraft* and *Gilderstone* shall goe along with you.
Ham. O with all my heart:farewel mother.
King Your louing father,*Hamlet*.
Ham. My mother I say:you married my mother,
My mother is your wife, man and wife is one flesh,
And so(my mother)farewel:for England hoe.
exeunt all but the king.
king Gertred, leaue me,
And take your leaue of *Hamlet*,
To England is he gone, ne're to returne:
Our Letters are vnto the King of England,
That on the sight of them,on his allegeance,
*He presently without demaunding why,
That *Hamlet* loose his head,for he must die,
There's more in him than shallow eyes can see:
He once being dead, why then our state is free. *exit.*

Enter Fortenbrasse, Drumme and Souldiers. [ACT IV. Sc. IV.] [Sc. XII.]

Fort. Captaine, from vs goe greete
The king of Denmarke:

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Tell him that *Fortenbrasse* nephew to old *Norway*, [Sc. xii.]
Craues a free passe and conduct ouer his land,
According to the Articles agreed on:
You know our Randevous, goe march away. *exeunt all.*

enter King and Queene. [Act iv. Sc. v.]
[Sc. xiii.]

King *Hamlet* is ship't for England,fare him well,
I hope to heare good newes from thence ere long,
If euery thing fall out to our content,
As I doe make no doubt but so it shall.
Queene God grant it may,heau'ns keep my *Hamlet* safe:
But this mischance of olde *Corambis* death,
Hath piersed so the yong *Ofeliaes* heart,
That she, poore maide, is quite bereft her wittes.
King Alas deere heart! And on the other side,
We vnderstand her brother's come from *France*,
And he hath halfe the heart of all our Land,
And hardly hee'le forget his fathers death,
Vnlesse by some meanes he be pacified.
Qu. O see where the yong *Ofelia* is!

Enter Ofelia playing on a Lute, and her haire downe singing.

Ofelia. How should I your true loue know
From another man?
By his cockle hatte, and his staffe,
*And his sandall shoone.
White his shrowde as mountaine snowe,
Larded with sweete flowers,
That bewept to the graue did not goe
With true louers showers:
He is dead and gone Lady,he is dead and gone,
At his head a grasse greene turffe,
At his heeles a stone.
king How i'st with you sweete *Ofelia*?
Ofelia Well God yeeld you,
It grieues me to see how they laid him in the cold ground,
I could not chuse but weepe:
And will he not come againe?
And will he not come againe?
No,no,hee's gone, and we cast away mone,
And he neuer will come againe.
His beard as white as snowe:
All flaxen was his pole,

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[Sc. XIII.]

He is dead, be is gone,
And we cast away moane:
God a mercy on his soule.
And of all christen soules I pray God.
God be with you Ladies,God be with you. *exit Ofelia.*
king A pretty wretch! this is a change indeede:
O Time, how swiftly runnes our ioyes away?
Content on earth was neuer certaine bred,
To day we langh and liue, to morrow dead.
How now, what noyse is that?
A noyse within. enter Leartes.
Lear. Stay there vntill I come,
O thou vilde king,giue me my father:
Speake, say, where's my father?
king Dead.
Lear. Who hath murdred him?speake, i'le not
Be juggled with, for he is murdred.
Queene True,but not by him.
**Lear.* By whome, by heau'n Ile be resolued.
king Let him goe *Gertred*,away, I feare him not,
There's such diuinitie doth wall a king,
That treason dares not looke on.
Let him goe *Gertred*, that your father is murdred,
T'is true, and we most sory for it,
Being the chiefest piller of our state:
Therefore will you like a most desperate gamster,
Swoop-stake-like, draw at friend, and foe,and all?
Lear. To his good friends thus wide I'le ope mine arms,
And locke them in my hart,but to his foes,
I will no reconcilement but by bloud.
king Why now you speake like a most louing sonne:
And that in soule we sorrow for for his death,
Your selfe ere long shall be a witnesse,
Meane while be patient, and content your selfe.
Enter Ofelia as before.
Lear. Who's this, *Ofelia*? O my deere sister!
I'st possible a yong maides life,
Should be as mortall as an olde mans sawe?
O heau'ns themselues! how now *Ofelia*?
Ofel. Wel God a mercy, I a bin gathering of floures:
Here,here is rew for you,
You may call it hearb a grace a Sundayes,
Heere's some for me too: you must weare your rew
With a difference, there's a dazie.
Here Loue, there's rosemary for you

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For remembrance: I pray Loue remember, [Sc. XIII.]
And there's pansey for thoughts.
Lear. A document in madnes, thoughts,remembrance:
O God, O God!
Ofelia There is fennell for you,I would a giu'n you
Some violets, but they all withered, when
My father died: alas, they say the owle was
A Bakers daughter, we see what we are,
But can not tell what we shall be.
*For bonny sweete Robin is all my joy.
Lear. Thoughts & afflictions,torments worse than hell.
Ofel. Nay Loue,I pray you make no words of this now:
I pray now, you shall sing a downe,
And you a downe a, t'is a the Kings daughter
And the false steward,and if any body
Aske you of any thing, say you this.
To morrow is saint Valentines day,
All in the morning betime,
And a maide at your window,
To be your Valentine:
The yong man rose, and dan'd his clothes,
And dupt the chamber doore,
Let in the maide, that out a maide
Neuer departed more.
Nay I pray marke now,
By gisse,and by saint Charitie,
Away,and fie for shame:
Yong men will doo't when they come too't:
By cocke they are too blame.
Quoth she, before you tumbled me,
You promised me to wed.
So would I a done,by yonder Sunne,
If thou hadst not come to my bed.
So God be with you all, God bwy Ladies.
God bwy you Loue. *exit Ofelia.*
Lear. Griefe vpon griefe, my father murdered,
My sister thus distracted:
Cursed be his soule that wrought this wicked act.
king Content you good Leartes for a time,
Although I know your griefe is as a floud,
Brimme full of sorrow, but forbeare a while,
And thinke already the reuenge is done
On him that makes you such a haplesse sonne.
Lear. You haue preuail'd my Lord, a while I'le striue,
To bury griefe within a tombe of wrath,

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*Which once vnhearsed, then the world shall heare [Sc. XIII.]
Leartes had a father he held deere.
king No more of that, ere many dayes be done,
You shall heare that you do not dreame vpon. *exeunt om.*
Enter Horatio and the Queene. [Sc. XIV.]
Hor. Madame, your sonne is safe arriv'de in *Denmarke*,
This letter I euen now receiv'd of him,
Whereas he writes how he escap't the danger,
And subtle treason that the king had plotted,
Being crossed by the contention of the windes,
He found the Packet sent to the king of *England*,
Wherein he saw himselfe betray'd to death,
As at his next conuersion with your grace,
He will relate the circumstance at full.
Queene Then I perceiue there's treason in his lookes
That seem'd to sugar o're his villanie:
But I will soothe and please him for a time,
For murderous mindes are alwayes jealous,
But know not you *Horatio* where he is?
Hor. Yes Madame,and he hath appoynted me
To meete him on the east side of the Cittie
To morrow morning.
Queene O faile not, good *Horatio*, and withall, com-
A mothers care to him, bid him a while (mend me
Be wary of his presence, lest that he
Faile in that he goes about.
Hor. Madam, neuer make doubt of that:
I thinke by this the news be come to court:
He is arriv'de, obserue the king,and you shall
Quickely finde,*Hamlet* being here,
Things fell not to his minde.
Queene But what became of *Gilderstone* and *Rossencraft?*
Hor. He being set ashore, they went for *England*,
And in the Packet there writ downe that doome
To be perform'd on them poynted for him:
And by great chance he had his fathers Seale,
*So all was done with discouerie.
Queene Thankes be to heauen for blessing of the prince,
Horatio once againe I take my leaue,
With thowsand mothers blessings to my soone.
Horat. Madam adue.
Enter King and Leartes. [ACT IV. Sc. VII.]
King. Hamlet from *England*/ is it possible? [Sc. XV.]
What chance is this? they are gone,and he come home.
Lear. O he is welcome, by my soule he is:

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At it my iocund heart doth leape for ioy, [Sc. xv.]
That I shall liue to tell him, thus he dies.
king Leartes, content your selfe,be rulde by me,
And you shall haue no let for your reuenge.
Lear. My will, not all the world.
King Nay but Leartes,marke the plot I haue layde,
I haue heard him often with a greedy wish,
Vpon some praise that he hath heard of you
Touching your weapon, which with all his heart,
He might be once tasked for to try your cunning.
Lea. And how for this?
King Mary Leartes thus: I'le lay a wager,
Shalbe on *Hamlets* side, and you shall giue the oddes,
The which will draw him with a more desire,
To try the maistry, that in twelue venies
You gaine not three of him: now this being granted,
When you are hot in midst of all your play,
Among the foyles shall a keene rapier lie,
Steeped in a mixture of deadly poyson,
That if it drawes but the least dramme of blood,
In any part of him,he cannot liue:
This being done will free you from suspition,
And not the deerest friend that *Hamlet* lov'de
Will euer haue Leartes in suspect.
Lear. My lord, I like it well:
But say lord *Hamlet* should refuse this match.
King I'le warrant you,wee'le put on you
*Such a report of singularitie,
Will bring him on,although against his will.
And lest that all should misse,
I'le haue a portion that shall ready stand,
In all his heate when that he calles for drinke,
Shall be his period and our happinesse.
Lear. T'is excellent, O would the time were come!
Here comes the Queene. *enter the Queene.*
king How now Gertred,why looke you heauily?
Queene O my Lord, the yong *Ofelia*
Hauing made a garland of sundry sortes of floures,
Sitting vpon a willow by a brooke,
The enuious sprig broke, into the brooke she fell,
And for a while her clothes spread wide abroade,
Bore the yong Lady vp: and there she sate smiling,
Euen Mermaide-like, twixt heauen and earth,
Chaunting olde sundry tunes vncapable
As it were of her distresse, but long it could not be,

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Till that her clothes, being heauy with their drinke, [Sc. xv.]
Dragg'd the sweete wretch to death.
Lear. So,she is drownde:
Too much of water hast thou *Ofelia*,
Therefore I will not drowne thee in my teares,
Reuenge it is must yeeld this heart releefe,
For woe begets woe,and griefe hangs on griefe. *exeunt.*
enter Clowne and an other. [ACT V. Sc. I.]
Clowne I say no, she ought not to be buried [Sc. xvi.]
In christian buriall.
2. Why sir?
Clowne Mary because shee's drownd.
2. But she did not drowne her selfe.
Clowne No, that's certaine,the water drown'd her.
2. Yea but it was against her will.
Clowne No, I deny that, for looke you sir, I stand here,
If the water come to me, I drowne not my selfe:
But if I goe to the water, and am there drown'd,
**Ergo* I am guiltie of my owne death:
Y'are gone, goe y'are gone sir.
2. I but see,she hath christian buriall,
Because she is a great woman.
Clowne Mary more's the pitty, that great folke
Should haue more authoritie to hang or drowne
Themselues, more than other people:
Goe fetch me a stope of drinke, but before thou
Goest, tell me one thing, who buildes strongest,
Of a Mason, a Shipwright, or a Carpenter?
2. Why a Mason, for he buildes all of stone,
And will indure long.
Clowne That's prety, too't agen, too't agen.
2. Why then a Carpenter, for he buildes the gallowes,
And that brings many a one to his long home.
Clowne Prety agen, the gallowes doth well,mary howe
dooes it well? the gallowes dooes well to them that doe ill,
goe get thee gone:
And if any one aske thee hereafter,say,
A Graue-maker, for the houses he buildes
Last till Doomes-day. Fetch me a stope of beere,goe.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Clowne A picke-axe and a spade,
A spade for and a winding sheete,
Most fit it is, for t'will be made, *he throwes up a shouel.*
For such a ghest most meete.

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Ham. Hath this fellow any feeling of himselfe, [Sc. xvi.]
That is thus merry in making a graue?
See how the slaue joles their heads against the earth.
Hor. My lord, Custome hath made it in him seeme no-
Clowne A pick-axe and a spade,a spade, (thing.
For and a winding sheete,
Most fit it is for to be made,
For such a ghest most meet.
Ham. Looke you, there's another *Horatio.*
*Why mai't not be the scull of some Lawyer?
Me thinkes he should indite that fellow
Of an action of Batterie, for knocking
Him about the pate with's shouel:now where is your
Quirkes and quillets now,your vouchers and
Double vouchers, your leases and free-holde,
And tenements? why that same boxe there will scarse
Holde the conueiance of his land,and must
The honor lie there? O pittifull transformance!
Iprethee tell me *Horatio,*
Is parchment made of sheep-skinnes?
Hor. I my Lorde,and of calues-skinnes too.
Ham. Ifaith they prooue themselues sheepe and calues
That deale with them,or put their trust in them.
There's another,why may not that be such a ones
Scull, that praised my Lord such a ones horse,
When he meant to beg him? *Horatio,* I prethee
Lets question yonder fellow.
Now my friend, whose graue is this?
Clowne Mine sir.
Ham. But who must lie in it? (sir.
Clowne If I should say, I should, I should lie in my throat
Ham. What man must be buried here?
Clowne No man sir.
Ham. What woman?
Clowne. No woman neither sir,but indeede
One that was a woman.
Ham. An excellent fellow by the Lord *Horatio,*
This seauen yeares haue I noted it: the toe of the pesant,
Comes so neere the heele of the courtier,
That hee gawles his kibe, I prethee tell mee one thing,
How long will a man lie in the ground before hee rots?
Clowne Ifaith sir, if hee be not rotten before
He be laide in, as we haue many pocky corses,
He will last you, eight yeares, a tanner
Will last you eight yeares full out, or nine.
Ham. And why a tanner?

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[Sc. XVI.]

Clowne Why his hide is so tanned with his trade,
That it will holde out water, that's a parlous
Deuourer of your dead body, a great soaker.
Looke you, heres a scull hath bin here this dosen yeare,
Let me see, I euer since our last king *Hamlet*
Slew *Fortenbrasse* in combat,yong *Hamlets* father,
Hee that's mad.

Ham. I mary, how came he madde?

Clowne Ifaith very strangely, by loosing of his wittes.

Ham. Vpon what ground?

Clowne A this ground, in *Denmarke.*

Ham. Where is he now?

Clowne Why now they sent him to *England.*

Ham. To *England!* wherefore?

Clowne Why they say he shall haue his wittes there,
Or if he haue not, t'is no great matter there,
It will not be seene there.

Ham. Why not there?

Clowne Why there they say the men are as mad as he.

Ham. Whose scull was this?

Clowne This,a plague on him,a madde rogues it was,
He powred once a whole flagon of Rhenish of my head,
Why do not you know him? this was one *Yorickes* scull.

Ham. Was this? I prethee let me see it,alas poore *Yoricke*
I knew him *Horatio,*
A fellow of infinite mirth, he hath caried mee twenty times
vpon his backe, here hung those lippes that I haue Kissed a
hundred times,and to see, now they abhorre me: Wheres
your iests now *Yoricke?* your flashes of meriment: now go
to my Ladies chamber, and bid her paint her selfe an inch
thicke, to this she must come *Yoricke. Horatio,* I prethee
tell me one thing, doost thou thinke that *Alexander* looked
thus?

Hor. Euen so my Lord.

Ham. And smelt thus?

**Hor.* I my lord, no otherwise.

Ham. No, why might not imagination worke, as thus of
Alexander, Alexander died, *Alexander* was buried, *Alexander*
became earth, of earth we make clay, and *Alexander* being
but clay, why might not time bring to passe, that he might
stoppe the boung hole of a beere barrell?
Imperious *Cæsar* dead and turned to clay,
Might stoppe a hole, to keepe the winde away.

Enter King and Queene, Leartes,and other lordes,
with a Priest after the coffin.

Ham. What funerall's this that all the Court laments?

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It shews to be some noble parentage: [Sc. XVI.]
Stand by a while.
Lear. What ceremony else? say,what ceremony else?
Priest My Lord, we haue done all that lies in vs,
And more than well the church can tolerate,
She hath had a Dirge sung for her maiden soule:
And but for fauour of the king,and you,
She had beene buried in the open fieldes,
Where now she is allowed christian buriall.
Lear. So, I tell thee churlish Priest, a ministring Angell shall my sister be, when thou liest howling.
Ham. The faire *Ofelia* dead!
Queene Sweetes to the sweete, farewell:
I had thought to adorne thy bridale bed,faire maide,
And not to follow thee vnto thy graue.
Lear. Forbeare the earth a while:sister farewell:
Leartes leapes into the graue.
Now powre your earth on,*Olympus* hie,
And make a hill to o're top olde *Pellon*: *Hamlet leapes*
Whats he that coniures so? *in after Leartes.*
Ham. Beholde tis I,*Hamlet* the Dane.
Lear. The diuell take thy soule.
Ham. O thou praiest not well,
I prethee take thy hand from off my throate,
For there is something in me dangerous,
*Which let thy wisedome feare, holde off thy hand:
I lou'de *Ofelia* as deere as twenty brothers could:
Shew me what thou wilt doe for her:
Wilt fight,wilt fast, wilt pray,
Wilt drinke vp vessels,eate a crocadile? Ile doot:
Com'st thou here to whine?
And where thou talk'st of burying thee a liue,
Here let vs stand: and let them throw on vs,
Whole hills of earth, till with the heighth therof,
Make Oosell as a Wart.
King. Forbeare *Leartes*, now is hee mad, as is the sea,
Anone as mild and gentle as a Doue:
Therfore a while giue his wilde humour scope.
Ham What is the reason sir that you wrong mee thus?
I neuer gave you cause: but stand away,
A Cat will meaw, a Dog will haue a day.
Exit Hamlet and Horatio. [Sc. XVII.]
Queene. Alas, it is his madnes makes him thus,
And not his heart, *Leartes.*
King. My lord, t'is so: but wee'le no longer trifle,

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This very day shall *Hamlet* drinke his last, [Sc. XVII.]
For presently we meane to send to him,
Therfore *Leartes* be in readynes.
Lear. My lord, till then my soule will not bee quiet.
King. Come *Gertred*, wee'l haue *Leartes*, and our sonne,
Made friends and Louers, as befittes them both,
Euen as they tender vs, and loue their countrie.
Queene God grant they may. *exeunt omnes.*
Enter Hamlet and Horatio [ACT V. Sc. II.]
Ham. beleeue mee, it greeues mee much *Horatio*, [Sc. XVIII.]
That to *Leartes* I forgot myselfe:
For by my selfe me thinkes I feele his griefe,
Though there's a difference in each others wrong.
Enter a Bragart Gentleman.
Horatio,but marke yon water-flie,
The Court knowes him,but hee knowes not the Court.
**Gent.* Now God saue thee,sweete prince *Hamlet.*
Ham. And you sir:foh, how the muske-cod smels!
Gen. I come with an embassage from his maiesty to you
Ham. I shall sir giue you attention:
By my troth me thinkes t'is very colde.
Gent. It is indeede very rawish colde.
Ham. T'is hot me thinkes.
Gent. Very swoltery hote:
The King, sweete Prince, hath layd a wager on your side,
Six Barbary horse,against six french rapiers,
With all their acoutrements too,a the carriages:
In good faith they are very curiously wrought.
Ham. The cariages sir,I do not know what you meane.
Gent: The girdles, and hangers sir, and such like.
Ham. The worde had beene more cosin german to the
phrase, if he could haue carried the canon by his side,
And howe's the wager? I vnderstand you now.
Gent. Mary sir, that yong Leartes in twelue venies
At Rapier and Dagger do not get three oddes of you,
And on your side the King hath laide,
And desires you to be in readinesse.
Ham. Very well, if the King dare venture his wager,
I dare venture my skull:when must this be?
Gent. My Lord, presently, the king, and her maiesty,
With the rest of the best iudgement in the Court,
Are comming downe into the outward pallace.
Ham. Goe tell his maiestie, I wil attend him.
Gent. I shall deliuer your most sweet answer. *exit.*
Ham. You may sir, none better, for y'are spiced,

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Else he had a bad nose could not smell a foole. [Sc. XVIII.]
Hor. He will disclose himselfe without inquirie.
Ham. Beleeue me *Horatio*, my hart is on the sodaine
Very sore, all here about.
Hor. My lord,forbeare the challenge then.
Ham. No *Horatio*, not I, if danger be now,
Why then it is not to come,theres a predestiuate prouidence
*in the fall of a sparrow: heere comes the King.
Enter King, Queene, Leartes, Lordes.
King Now sonne *Hamlet*, we haue laid vpon your head,
And make no question but to haue the best.
Ham. Your maiestie hath laide a the weaker side.
King We doubt it not,deliuer them the foiles.
Ham. First Leartes, heere's my hand and loue,
Protesting that I neuer wrongd *Leartes.*
If *Hamlet* in his madnesse did amisse,
That was not *Hamlet*, but his madnes did it,
And all the wrong I e're did to *Leartes*,
I here proclaime was madnes,therefore lets be at peace,
And thinke I haue shot mine arrow o're the house,
And hurt my brother.
Lear. Sir I am satisfied in nature,
But in termes of honor I'le stand aloofe,
And will no reconcilement,
Till by some elder maisters of our time
I may be satisfied.
King Giue them the foyles.
Ham. I'le be your foyle *Leartes*, these foyles,
Haue all a laught,come on sir: *a hit.*
Lear. No none. *Heere they play*
Ham. Iudgement.
Gent. A hit, a most palpable hit.
Lear. Well, come againe. *They play againe.*
Ham. Another. Iudgement.
Lear. I, I grant, a tuch, a tuch.
King Here *Hamlet*,the king doth drinke a health to thee
Queene Here *Hamlet*,take my napkin,wipe thy face.
King Giue him the wine.
Ham. Set it by, I'le haue another bowt first,
I'le drinke anone.
Queene Here *Hamlet*, thy mother drinkes to thee.
Shee drinkes.
King Do not drinke *Gertred*: O t'is the poysned cup!
**Ham.* *Leartes* come, you dally with me,
I pray you passe with your most cunningst play.

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Lear. I! say you so? haue at you, [Sc. XVIII.]
Ile hit you now my Lord:
And yet it goes almost against my conscience.
Ham. Come on sir.

They catch one anothers Rapiers, and both are wounded,
Learte falles downe, the Queene falles downe and dies.

King Looke to the Queene.
Queene O the drinke, the drinke, *Hamlet*, the drinke.
Ham. Treason, ho, keepe the gates.
Lords How ist my Lord *Learte*?
Lear. Euen as a coxcombe should,
Foolishly slaine with my owne weapon:
Hamlet, thou hast not in thee halfe an houre of life,
The fatall Instrument is in thy hand.
Vnbated and invenomed: thy mother's poysned
That drinke was made for thee.
Ham. The poysned Instrument within my hand?
Then venome to thy venome, die damn'd villaine:
Come drinke, here lies thy vnion here. *The king dies.*
Lear. O he is iustly serued:
Hamlet, before I die, here take my hand,
And withall, my loue: I doe forgiue thee. *Learte dies.*
Ham. And I thee, O I am dead *Horatio*, fare thee well.
Hor. No, I am more an antike Roman,
Then a Dane, here is some poison left.
Ham. Vpon my loue I charge thee let it goe,
O fie *Horatio*, and if thou shouldst die,
What a scandale wouldst thou leaue behinde?
What tongue should tell the story of our deaths,
If not from thee? O my heart sinckes *Horatio*,
Mine eyes haue lost their sight, my tongue his vse:
Farewel *Horatio*, heauen receiue my soule. *Ham. dies.*
**Enter Voltemar and the Ambassadors from England.*
enter Fortenbrasse with his traine.
Fort. Where is this bloudy sight?
Hor. If aught of woe or wonder you'ld behold,
Then looke vpon this tragicke spectacle.
Fort. O imperious death! how many Princes
Hast thou at one draft bloudily shot to death? (*land*,
Ambass. Our ambassie that we haue brought from *Eng-*
Where be these Princes that should heare vs speake?
O most most vnlooked for time! vnhappy country.
Hor. Content your selues, Ile shew to all, the ground,

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The first beginning of this Tragedy: [Sc. XVIII.]
Let there a scaffold be rearde vp in the market place,
And let the State of the world be there:
Where you shall heare such a sad story tolde,
That neuer mortall man could more vnfolde.
Fort. I haue some rights of memory to this kingdome,
Which now to claime my leisure doth inuite mee:
Let foure of our chiefest Captaines
Beare *Hamlet* like a souldier to his graue:
For he was likely,had he liued,
To a prou'd most royall.
Take vp the bodie, such a fight as this
Becomes the fieldes, but here doth much amisse.

Finis.

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ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS.

VOLUME I.

The Tempest.

I. 1. 5 *cheerly, cheerly*] *cheerly* F_4.
I. 1. 7 *For* Anon. apud Rann conj. *read* Upton conj.
I. 1. 19 *more love*] *love more* Hanmer.
I. 1. 21 note Omit *peace*] *prease* Warburton conj.
For *present*] *tempest* Crosby conj. read *present*] *prease* Warburton conj. (withdrawn). *tempest* Crosby conj.
I. 1. 39 *incharitable*] *uncharitable* Rowe.
I. 1. 59 *Farewell, brother!*] *Brother farewel*: Pope.
I. 2. 22 *time*] *true* F_4.
I. 2. 29 *soul,*] *soul*— Steevens.
I. 2. 33 *often*] *oft* Staunton conj.
I. 2. 67 *me,—that*] *me, that* Ff. *me that* Knight.
I. 2. 77 *rapt*] *wrapp'd* Steevens (1773, 1778).
I. 2. 95 note For *falsehood, in its contrary, as* read *falsehood, in its contrary as.*
I. 2. 100 note Add *has against the truth, by telling of it* Orger conj.
I. 2. 100 note *For* Kinnear conj. *read* Hoadly MS. (in Halliwell).
I. 2. 101 *memory*] *memory as* Anon. conj. (in Furness).
I. 2. 106 *hear?*] *hear, girl?* Capell.
I. 2. 121 *This*] *On which this* Wheler MS. (in Halliwell).
I. 2. 127 *whereon*] *whereupon* Wheler MS. (in Halliwell).
I. 2. 133 note *For* Capell *read* Theobald (ed. 2).
I. 2. 134 *hint*] *hent* Collier conj.
I. 2. 156 *Under*] *And at* Orger conj.
I. 2. 165 *gentleness*] *gentlesse* Anon. conj.
I. 2. 167 *mine*] *my* Rowe (ed. 2).
I. 2. 186 [Aside. Johnson.
I. 2. 190 *best pleasure*] *behest or pleasure* Jourdain conj., ending the lines *be't...fire.*
I. 2. 191 *dive*] *drive* Warburton MS.

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I. 2. 202 note *For* Johnson *read* Capell.
I. 2. 210 note *For* Hunter conj. *read* Keightley (Hunter conj.).
I. 2. 213 *up-staring*] *up-starting* Warburton MS.
I. 2. 252, 253 *Thou...deep,*] Two lines, the first ending *think'st*, in Steevens (1793).
I. 2. 254 *upon*] *against* Davenant's Version.
I. 2. 264 *and sorceries*] *and sorceries too* Rowe (ed. 1).
I. 2. 269 *blue-eyed*] *blue dry'd* Sprenger conj. (in Furness).
I. 2. 270, 271 *slave...servant*] *servant...slave* Upton conj.
I. 2. 271 note *For* Rowe *read* Rowe (ed. 1).
I. 2. 298 *days*] *days, Ariel* Anon. conj. (in Grey).
I. 2. 309, 310 *'Tis...on.*] As in Pope. One line in Ff.
I. 2. 316 *Come*] om. Anon. conj. (in Grey), or read *when? I say, come forth.*
I. 2. 317, 318 Marked as 'Aside' by Capell.
I. 2. 327 *for that vast*] *for that, fast* quoted by Staunton.
vast] *waste* Rowe (ed. 1).
I. 2. 327, 328 note *For* T. White *read* Delius, 1876 (T. White conj.).
I. 2. 332 note *For* Hudson *read* Dyce (ed. 2).
I. 2. 386 *Cry,*] Printed by Craig in italic as a stage direction.
I. 2. 403, 404 Transposed by Pope.
I. 2. 409 note Read *What is 't? a spirit*] Capell. *What is 't a spirit?* Ff. *What! ist 't a spirit?* Daniel conj.
I. 2. 437 *faith,*] *Fair!* Warburton MS.
I. 2. 445 *e'er I saw*] *I e'er saw* Theobald. *I saw e'er* Malone.
I. 2. 450 *powers*] *pow'r* F_4 (some copies) and Rowe.
I. 2. 450 note *For* Capell *read* Johnson.
I. 2. 452 note Read *One word more*] *Sir, one word more* Pope. *One word more, sir* Keightley.
I. 2. 460 *not you*] *you not* Rowe (ed. 2).
I. 2. 467 note *Add* and Heath conj.
I. 2. 471 *Come from*] *Come, from* F_1.
I. 2. 474 *garments*] *garment* Rowe (ed. 2).
I. 2. 489 note *For* Warburton *read* Theobald (ed. 2).
II. 1. 11 *visitor*] *adversary* Quincy MS. (in Furness).
II. 1. 23 *is he*] *he is* Hanmer (ed. 2).
II. 1. 125 note *For* Pope *read* Rowe (ed. 2), and *for* Malone *read* Malone (Capell conj.).
II. 1. 146 *tilth, vineyard*] *tilth, meadow, vineyard* Halliwell conj.
II. 1. 150 *Yet*] *And yet* Pope.
II. 1. 172 *An*] Pope. *And* Ff.
II. 1. 173 *brave*] *a brave* F_3F_4.
II. 1. 208, 216 *Whiles*] *Whilst* Rowe.
II. 1. 212 *Trebles thee o'er*] *Troubles thee sore* Quincy MS. (in Furness).
II. 1. 220 note *For* Keightley conj. *read* Keightley.

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II. 1. 234 *But doubt discovery*] *What Doubt discovers* Orger conj.
II. 1. 242 note *For* Keightley conj. *read* Steevens.
II. 1. 243 note *For* Musgrave conj. *read* Holt conj. and Musgrave conj. note *For* Staunton *read* Johnson.
II. 1. 258 *were*] *was* Theobald (ed. 2).
II. 1. 263 *well*] *feat* Capell.
II. 1. 267 *where*] *but where* Capell.
II. 1. 289 *you, his friend,*] *you, his friends,* Grant White (ed. 2). *his yon friends* Heath conj. *yon his friends* Wagner conj.
II. 1. 297 Gon.] Ariel. Halliwell conj.
II. 1. 301 *Whiles*] *Whilst* Rowe (ed. 1). *While* Rowe (ed. 2).
II. 1. 317, 318 Marked as 'Aside' by Capell.
II. 2. 9 *Sometime*] *Sometimes* Theobald.
II. 2. 34 *hold it no longer:*] Marked as a gloss in Warburton MS.
II. 2. 70 *his fit*] *a fit* Rowe (ed. 2).
II. 2. 73 *too much*] 100 Quincy MS. (in Furness).
II. 2. 75, 76 note *For* The Philadelphia...end the lines &c. *read* Johnson ends the lines &c.
II. 2. 76 Substitute for note *thy...thee*] *my...me* Hanmer.
II. 2. 85 *utter*] *sputter* Anon. conj. (in Furness).
II. 2. 87 *Amen*] *againe* Anon. MS. (in Halliwell).
II. 2. 94 *afeard*] *afraid* Rowe.
II. 2. 108 *an if*] Pope. *and if* Ff.
II. 2. 119 note *For* Steevens (1793) *read* Malone.
II. 2. 131 *and thy dog, and thy bush*] *and thy dog, and bush* Knight.
II. 2. 139 *I will*] om. Steevens, 1793 (Ritson conj.). *I 'll* Dyce.
II. 2. 162 *scamels*] *scalions* or *sarcels* Jourdain conj. *stamels* Hunter conj. *sea-owls* Meissner conj.
III. 1. 13—15 *I forget...do it.*] *I forget But these sweet thoughts; do even refresh my labours, Most busiest, when I do it.* Spence conj. (N. & Q., 1889).
III. 1. 15 *Most busy lest, when I do it*] *Most busily then I do it* or *Most lustily then I'll to it* Orger conj. *Most besolaced* (or *Most solaced*), *when I do it* Buchanan conj.
III. 1. 15 note, For *Most busiliest* Bulloch conj. read *Most busilyest* Halliwell conj.
III. 1. 50 *mine*] *my* Capell.
III. 1. 53 *by*] om. F_3F_4.
III. 1. 62 *suffer*] *suffer tamely* Dyce (ed. 2).
III. 1. 80 note, For *seekd* read *seekt*.
III. 2. 27 *tell*] *tell me* $F_2F_3F_4$.
III. 2. 37 *to hearken over again*] *over again to hearken* F_3F_4.
III. 2. 40, 41 note *For* Nicholson conj. *read* Keightley.
III. 2. 49, 50 note *For* Pope *read* Theobald.
III. 2. 52 note *For* Hanmer *read* Theobald (ed. 2).

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III. 2. 72 *thou*] *you* F_3F_4.
III. 2. 111 note *Read* Marked as 'Aside' by Capell.
III. 2. 137 *that*] *then* Theobald (ed. 2).
III. 2. 146 *this*] *his* F_3F_4.
III. 2. 147 note *For* Capell (Anon. ap. Grey conj.) *read* Capell. *For* Ritson conj. *read* Anon. ap. Grey conj.
III. 3. 19 note *For* XIV *read* XV.
III. 3. 32 *more gentle-kind*] *of a more gentle kind*, Singer, ed. 2 (Singer MS.), ending the line here.
III. 3. 37 *sound*] *signs* Warburton MS.
III. 3. 42 *Will't*] Pope. *Wilt* Ff.
III. 3. 48 note *For* Daniel *read* Grant White.
For XV *read* XVI.
III. 3. 60 *You*] *Ye* Johnson.
III. 3. 91 *while*] *whilst* Rowe.
III. 3. 99 *my*] *thy* F_4.
III. 3. 102 *with him*] om. Steevens conj.
But one fiend] *One fiend* Steevens conj.
IV. 1. 3 *For* Tollett conj. *read* Warburton MS. and Tollett conj
IV. 1. 3 note *For* Wright, Clar. Press ed. *read* Globe ed.
IV. 1. 5 *tender*] *render* Rowe (ed. 1).
IV. 1. 18 note Read *aspersions* F_4.
IV. 1. 33—50 Marked as 'Aside' by Capell.
IV. 1. 50 *Well, I*] *Well: I* Ff. *Well I* Steevens (1793).
IV. 1. 64 note *For* Warburton *read* Theobald (ed. 2).
IV. 1. 143 note *For* Hanmer *read* Theobald (ed. 2).
IV. 1. 145 note *For* Warburton *read* Theobald (ed. 2).
IV. 1. 146 *You*] *Nay you* Nicholson conj.
IV. 1. 146 note *For* XVI *read* XVII.
IV. 1. 156 note *For* Dyce *read* Halliwell.
note *For* Keightley *read* Singer (ed. 2).
IV. 1. 180 *goss*] *gorse* Collier.
IV. 1. 182 *beyond*] *behind* Warburton MS.
IV. 1. 183 *chins*] *shins* Gould conj.
IV. 1. 184 *feet*] *sweat* Gould conj.
IV. 1. 187 *stale*] *bait* Gould conj.
IV. 1. 230 note *For* XVII *read* XVIII.
IV. 1. 238 *an 't*] Capell. *and 't* Ff.
IV. 1. 260 *For* Then *read* Than.
V. 1. 7 *and 's followers*] *and his* Steevens (1793).
V. 1. 15 *that*] om. Steevens (1793).
V. 1. 29 note *For* Anon. apud Rann conj. *read* Capell.
V. 1. 55 *fathoms*] Johnson. *fadomes* $F_1F_2F_3$. *fadoms* F_4.
V. 1. 60 note *For* Pope *read* Rowe (ed. 2).
boil'd within] *boiling in* Singer (ed. 2).

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v. 1. 77 *most*] *more* Warburton MS.
v. 1. 92 *summer merrily.*] *Summer: Merrily*, Holt conj.
v. 1. 117 *An if this be*] *If this be true* Wheler MS. (in Halliwell).
v. 1. 148 *A daughter?*] *You have lost a daughter?* Wagner conj. (in Furness).
v. 1. 172 *dear'st*] *dear* Pope.
v. 1. 174 *kingdoms you*] *kingdoms. You* Johnson.
v. 1. 188 *thus*] om. F_4.
v. 1. 213 note *For* Capell *read* Hanmer.
v. 1. 219 note *For* Allen conj. *read* Hanmer.
v. 1. 227 *events*] *euents* F_1 (some copies).
v. 1. 230 note *For* Malone *read* Boswell (Malone conj.).
v. 1. 246 *infest*] *infect* F_4.
v. 1. 248 *single*] *singly* Orger conj.
v. 1. 309 note *For* XVIII *read* XIX.
In Note v. p. 97 *for* The music &c. *read* This music &c.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona.

I. 1. 28 *No, I...What?*] *I will...not.* Pro. *No?—what?* Marshall conj.
I. 1. 107, 108 Speed. *She did nod.* Pro. *What did she not?* Speed. *Ay.* Pro. *Not—Ay—why, that's nothing* Janssen conj.
I. 2. 116 *search*] *salve* Gould conj.
II. 3. 25 *a wood woman*] *as would woman* Spence conj. (N. & Q., 1894).
II. 5. 44 note *For* Knight *read* Knight (Malone conj.), *and for* Collier (Malone conj.) *read* Collier.
III. 2. 77 *such*] *sooth* Warburton MS.
IV. 1. 5 *Sir*] *Sir, sir* Marshall.
IV. 2. 6 *gifts*] *shifts* Janssen conj.
IV. 2. 125 *your...well*] *it shall become your falsehood well* Marshall conj.
IV. 3. note on Scene III. *Dele* See note (VIII).
IV. 3. 13 *Valiant, wise*] *One valiant, wise* Marshall.
IV. 4. 41 *days*] *hours* Gould conj.
IV. 4. 70 *her, to leave her token.*] *her. Not keep her token?* Gould conj.
IV. 4. 117 *please you peruse*] *if 't please you to peruse* Marshall.
IV. 4. 161 *agood*] *a flood* Gould conj.

The Merry Wives of Windsor.

I. 1. 81, 85 Page.] Slen. Daniel conj.
I. 1. 82 Slen.] Page. Daniel conj.
I. 3. 98 *mine*] *Nym* Joicey conj. (N. & Q., 1894).
I. 4. 24 *his head*] *Cotsall* or *his home* Gould conj.
I. 4. 40 *un boitier vert*] *une boitine verde* Daniel.
I. 4. 48 *mette le au*] *mets la dans* Daniel.
I. 4. 114 note *For* Daniel conj. *read* Daniel.

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II. 1. 44 *What? thou liest!*] *What? thou styled* Stanford conj. *What? thou, Alce!* Staunton MS.

II. 1. 189, 190 *guest-cavaleire?*] *guest, cavalier?* Gould conj.

II. 2. 26 After this line Daniel adds, from (Q), 'Fal. *Well, go to; away; no more.*'

II. 3. 81 *Cried I aim?*] *Que je t'aime!* Wray conj.

III. 4. 71 Mrs Page.] Page. Daniel conj.

III. 4. 72 Page.] om. Daniel conj.

III. 4. 97 *once to-night*] *soon at night* Daniel conj.

III. 5. 4, 5 *like...Thames?*] *and thrown into the Thames like a barrow of butcher's offal?* Wheatley, from (Q). *and to be thrown in the Thames like a barrow of Butcher's offal?* Daniel.

IV. 4. 87 note *For* Anon. conj. *read* Anon. conj. and Daniel conj.

IV. 5. 100 *inconstancy*] *constancy* Warburton MS.

IV. 6. 16 *fat Falstaff*] *fat Falstaff in't* Daniel.

V. 2. 3 *my daughter*] *my daughter's attire* or *my daughter is in white* Daniel conj.

V. 2. 12 *No man*] *No one* Warburton.

V. 5. 101—107 Page. *Nay,...turn?* Mrs Page. *I pray...higher. Now ...wives? See...town?* Ford. *Now,*] Ford. *Nay...turn?* Page. *I pray...higher.* Mrs Page. *Now...wives?* Mrs Ford. (Showing the horns to her husband) *See...town?* Ford. (Taking the horns and holding them up to Falstaff) *Now,* Watkiss Lloyd conj. (N. & Q., 1891).

V. 5. 105, 106 *do...town?*] *do these pair of horns Become their foreheads better than thine own?* Orger conj. (reading *these husbands*).

V. 5. 145 147 Ford. *What...flax?...* Page. *Old,*] Mrs Ford. *What...flax?* Mrs Page. *A puffed man?* Mrs Ford. *Old,* or Mrs Ford. *What...flax? A puffed man?* Mrs Page. *Old,* Watkiss Lloyd conj. (N. & Q., 1891).

V. 5. 156 *flannel*] *flamen* Warburton conj.
a plummet] *a-plummet* Daniel.

V. 5. 168 *by this*] *by this time* Daniel conj., reading as verse.

V. 5. 214 note *For* Cartwright conj. *read* Daniel (Cartwright conj.).

Measure for Measure.

I. 1. 8, 9 *But your sufficiency, as your worth is able* Moore conj. (N. & Q., 1888). *But: add, to yours, sufficiency and worth as able* Tiessen conj.

I. 1. 11, 12 *terms For*] *terms Of* Orger conj.

I. 1. 18 *soul*] *zeal* H. T. conj. *rule* Orger conj.

I. 1. 20 *love*] *lore* H. T. conj.

I. 1. 52 note *For* Warburton *read* Warburton (withdrawn in MS.).

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I. 1. 67 *soul*] *zeal* H. T. conj.

I. 2. 115, 116 *by weight The words*] *by right The words* H. T. conj. *by weight, The award* Orger conj.

I. 2. 127 *foppery*] *frippery* H. T. conj.

I. 2. 128 *morality*] *reality* H. T. conj.

I. 2. 151 *fault*] *guilt* Gould conj.

I. 3. 20 *weeds*] *evils* Orger conj.

I. 3. 22 *cave*] *case* Orger conj. (reading *sleep* in line 21).

I. 3. 26, 27 *not...mock'd*] *not for use, in time thus make The rod more mock'd* Joicey conj. (N. & Q., 1891).

I. 3. 42, 43 *never...slander*] *ne'er be in the fight To do it slander* Moore conj. (N. & Q., 1888).

I. 4. 30 *make me not your story*] *make me not your stale* Orger conj.

I. 4. 41 *as blossoming time*] *at blossoming time* Johnson conj.

II. 1. 19 *passing*] *pannel'd* H. T. conj.

II. 1. 21, 22 *made...seizes*] *made To justice justice seizes* Steevens conj. (ending l. 21 at *made*). *made To justice, justice eyes* Spence conj. (N. & Q., 1888).

II. 1. 39 *run from brakes of ice*] *ransom breaks of vice* Joicey conj. (N. & Q., 1891). *range in brakes of vice* Id. conj. (N. & Q., 1892).

II. 1. 148 *supposed*] *subpœned* H. T. conj.

II. 2. 153 *preserved*] *professed* Orger conj.

II. 2. 180 *saint*] *soul* Gould conj.

II. 3. 30, 31 *but lest...As that the sin*] *that lust...In that this sin* H. T. conj.

II. 3. 32 *Which sorrow*] *World-sorrow* H. T. conj.

II. 4. 7 *studied*] *steadied* H. T. conj.

II. 4. 9 note *For* Hanmer *read* Hanmer (Warburton).

II. 4. 12 *beats for vain*] *beats, for vain* Orger conj.

II. 4. 90 *loss*] *toss* H. T. conj.

II. 4. 122 *feodary*] *federary* H. T. conj.

II. 4. 138 *putting on*] *putting off* H. T. conj.

III. 1. 31 *serpigo*] *vertigo* Wray conj.

III. 1. 95 *prenzie*] *frippery* H. T. conj.

III. 1. 98 *prenzie guards*] *frippery gauds* H. T. conj. *pharisee garbs* Joicey conj. (N. & Q., 1891).

III. 1. 101 *give 't thee, from*] *quit thee from* Orger conj., inserting after this line *And give thee licence from thy sister's shame.*

III. 2. 45 note Read *It 's not down i' th' last reign* Warburton.

III. 2. 255 *How...made*] *How many likewise wade* Joicey conj. (N. & Q., 1894).

IV. 1. 74 *Our...sow*] *Nor, corn to reap, forget our time to sow* Orger conj.

IV. 3. 85 *To the under generation*] *To yon degenerate one* Joicey conj. (N. & Q., 1891).

IV. 3. 92 *that...I am*] *that by great injunction, as I am* Orger conj.

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IV. 3. 141 *combined*] *commanded* Orger conj.
IV. 4. 23 *reason dares her no*] *reason, dare she not* Orger conj.
IV. 4. 24 *bears*] *boasts* Orger conj.
IV. 4. 29 *receiving*] *reviving* H. T. conj.
V. 1. 422 *widow*] *endow* H. T. conj.
V. 1. 490, 491 *Give...that.*] *He is...that;—Give...mine.* Joicey conj. (N. & Q., 1891).

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

I. 1. 53 *distinguish'd but by*] *distinguished by* Orger conj.
I. 1. 132 *whom*] *him* Marshall conj.
I. 1. 134 *Asia*] *Italy* Upton conj.
II. 1. 112 *Wear...man*] *Wear gold away: so man* Joicey conj. (N. & Q., 1894). *Where gold: and no man is* Spence conj. (N. & Q., 1894).
and no man] *and so any man* Marshall conj.
II. 2. 28 *upon my love*] *without my leave* Orger conj.
III. 1. 89 *Once this*] *Weigh this* Marshall conj.
III. 2. 49 *a bed I'll take them*] *a God I'll take thee* Orger conj.
IV. 1. 21 *I buy...I buy*] *Ay, buy...ay, buy* Joicey conj. (N. & Q., 1894).
IV. 3. 12, 13 *What, have*] *Where have* Joicey conj. (N. & Q., 1894).
IV. 3. 22 *sob*] *form* Joicey conj. (N. & Q., 1894).
V. 1. 121 *death and*] *wretches'* Orger conj.

VOLUME II.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

I. 3. 45 *And who, and who? which*] *and who—and who—which* Marshall.
II. 1. 221 *as...terminations*] *as contagious as terrible* Orger conj.
II. 1. 229 *here*] *there* Marshall conj.
III. 1. 45 *full*] *fully* Wray conj.
III. 3. 19 note *For* Warburton *read* Warburton (withdrawn in MS.).
III. 3. 138 *encounter.*] *encounter—* Marshall conj. (reading *thy* in l. 139 as Ff).
IV. 1. 44 *Dear my lord, if*] *Dear my lord*—[He pauses from emotion] *If* Marshall, arranging as Steevens.
IV. 1. 156 note *For* Grant White *read* Grant White (Warburton MS.).
IV. 2. 63 Verg. *Let them be in the hands—* Con. *Off, coxcomb!*] Verg. *Let them be in the hands—* Con. *Of a coxcomb.* Marshall conj.
V. 1. 16 *Bid sorrow wag, cry hem!*] *Hem sorrow away, and sigh* Orger conj.
V. 1. 16 note *For* Steevens conj. *read* Marshall (Steevens conj.).

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v. 1. 17 *drunk*] *meek* Orger conj.
v. 1. 113 *almost come*] *come* Marshall conj.
v. 1. 223 *incensed*] *insensed* Wray conj.

Love's Labour's Lost.

I. 2. 173 *turn sonnet*] *tune sonnets* Marshall conj.
II. 1. 25 *to 's seemeth*] *to us it seems* Marshall conj.
II. 1. 45 *fitted*] *profited* Orger conj.
II. 1. 121 Biron. *What*] Biron. (Turning to Maria) *What* Doubleday conj.
II. 1. 122, 124, 126 Ros.] Mar. Doubleday conj.
III. 1. 3 *Concolinel*] *Quand Colinelle* Marshall conj.
III. 1. 21 *them men of note—do you note me?—that*] *them men of note—do you note?—men that* Marshall conj.
III. 1. 24 *penny*] *sum* Joicey conj. (N. & Q., 1893).
III. 1. 67 *in the mail*] *in these all* Marshall.
IV. 1. 137 *Armado o' th' one*] *Armador at th' one* Marshall.
IV. 2. 3 *sanguis, in blood*] *sanguigno, in blood* Marshall.
IV. 2. 49 *call...pricket*] *call't, the deer the princess killed, a pricket* Marshall conj.
IV. 2. 83 *Piercing*] *O—piercing* Marshall.
IV. 2. 113 *That sings*] *That singeth* Marshall.
IV. 3. 113 note *For* Collier MS. *read* Marshall (Collier MS.).
IV. 3. 138 *hairs were*] *hair's* Marshall.
IV. 3. 176 *men like you, men of inconstancy*] *men, like men—of strange inconstancy* Marshall.
IV. 3. 251 *school*] *shades* Orger conj.
IV. 3. 252 *beauty's...well.*] *devil's crest,—becoming Heaven well!* Orger conj.
V. 1. 24, 25 *Laus...Priscian*] *Laus Deo, bone, intelligo.* Hol. *Bone? Bon, fort bon, precisian. Priscian* Chaplyn conj.
V. 1. 110 *myself and*] *myself—and* Marshall.
V. 2. 67 *perttaunt-like*] *pertaunt-like* or *pertaunt-lye* or *pur-Tant like* Marshall conj. *planet-like* Orger conj.
V. 2. 155 *stay, mocking intended*] *stay, mocking, intended* Marshall.
V. 2. 209 *do but vouchsafe*] *but vouchsafe* Marshall.
V. 2. 338 *madman*] *maid-man* Marshall conj.
V. 2. 346 *God, nor I, delights*] *God delights, nor I,* Marshall conj.
V. 2. 515 *the contents*] *the intents* Orger conj.
V. 2. 728 *parts of time*] *pace of time* Marshall conj.
V. 2. 742 *these badges*] *these, ladies,* Orger conj.

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A Midsummer Night's Dream.

II. 1. 42 *Thou*] *Indeed, thou* Schmidt conj.
II. 2. 52 *For lying so, Hermia,*] *For, Hermia, lying so* Schmidt conj.
II. 2. 118 *ripe not*] *riped not* Schmidt conj.
III. 1. 73 *savours sweet*] *savour's vile* Schmidt conj.
III. 1. 76 *So hath*] *So not* Schmidt conj.
III. 1. 93 *If I were fair, Thisby*] *If I were fairer, Thisby* Schmidt conj.
III. 2. 36 *latch'd*] *wash'd* Orger conj.
III. 2. 49 Schmidt conjectured that something is lost here.
III. 2. 257, 258 Dem. *No, no; he'll...Seem*] Dem. *No, no, sir, no: Seem* Schmidt conj. Her. *No, no; he'll*— Dem. *Seem* Joicey conj. Dem. *No, no, sir; still Seem* Orson conj. (Lit. World, 1891).
III. 2. 279 *of question, of doubt*] *of doubt, of question* Schmidt conj.
III. 2. 406 *Speak!...head?*] *Speak: in some bush where dost thou hide thy head?* Warburton MS.
III. 2. 421 *why*] *wherefore* Schmidt conj.
IV. 1. 39 *woodbine*] *bindweed* Wray conj.
IV. 1. 163 *Melted as*] *So melted as* or *Being melted as* Schmidt conj.
V. 1. 59 *and wondrous strange snow*] *and wondrous fiery snow* Orger conj. *and wondrous flaming snow* Orson conj. (Lit. World, 1891). *and wondrous hasty-slow* or *and wondrous fast and slow* or *run post-haste and slow* Tovey conj. (Guardian, 1891). *and wond'rous strange snow* Wood conj. (Guardian, 1891). *and wondrous warm snow* Chaplyn conj.
V. 1. 71, 72 *play it?* Phil. *Hard-handed men,*] *play't?* Phil. *Hard-handed men, My noble Lord* (or *My gracious Duke*), Schmidt conj., ending l. 71 at *men.*
V. 1. 91 note *For* quoted by Halliwell *read* Marshall (quoted by Halliwell).
V. 1. 91, 92 *noble...merit*] *respect As noble, taken not in might but merit* Richards conj.
V. 1. 380, 381 *give glimmering light, By*] *gives glimmering light But* Orson conj. (Lit. World, 1891).
V. 1. 380 *give*] *giv'n* Orger conj.

The Merchant of Venice.

I. 1. 143 *and by adventuring*] *adventuring* Marshall.
I. 2. 52 *hath*] *hales* Warburton MS.
II. 8. 37 *some*] *soon* Orger conj.
III. 2. 99 *Indian beauty*] *Indian's body* Orger conj.

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III. 2. 162 *happier than this*] *still happier than this* Marshall conj.
III. 2. 163 *but*] *but that* Marshall conj.
III. 5. 68 *do not mean it, then*] *doe not, marrie, then* Orson conj. (Lit. World, 1891). *do not win it, then* Joicey conj. (N. & Q., 1892).
V. 1. 59 *patines*] *pavements* Orger conj.

As You Like It.

II. 3. 8 *bonny*] *brawny* Orger conj.
II. 7. 73 *the weary very means*] *the wearers' several means* or *the wearers' every means* Orger conj.
III. 2. 115 *a desert be?*] *desert be* Orger conj.
III. 5. 7 *dies and lives*] *drains out lives* Orger conj.
IV. 3. 86 *a ripe sister*] *a ripe courtier* Orger conj.
V. 3. 17 *ring time*] *wooing time* Orger conj.
V. 4. 4 *that fear*] *that say* Orson conj. (Lit. World, 1891).
V. 4. 62 *diseases*] *disgraces* Orger conj.

VOLUME III.

The Taming of the Shrew.

I. 1. 14 *son*] *son, myself,* Ellis conj.
I. 1. 48 *Gentlemen*] *Gentlemen, pray* Marshall.
I. 1. 206 *it your pleasure is*] *it thus your pleasure is* Marshall.
I. 2. 186 *friend*] *my friend* Ellis conj.
I. 2. 247 *as ask you*] *as ask of you* Ellis conj.
I. 2. 274 *adversaries do*] *advocates use do* Warburton MS.
I. 2. 278 *ben venuto*] *ben v'nutò* Marshall conj.
II. 1. 73 *marvellous*] *marvellously* Ellis conj.
II. 1. 137 *Well mayst*] *Well, mayst* Marshall.
II. 1. 200 note *For* S. Walker conj. *read* Marshall (S. Walker conj.).
II. 1. 258 *Yes;*] *Not wise? yes;* Ellis conj.
III. 1. 4 *this is*] *this, her sister, is* Marshall.
III. 2. 84, 85 Pet. *And...halt not.*] Tra. *And yet you come not well.* Pet. *And yet I halt not.* Orger conj.
III. 2. 87 *rush in*] *wish it* Orger conj.
III. 2. 179 *play*] *play. They come.* Ellis conj.
III. 2. 227 *my barn*] *my corn, my barn* Ellis conj.
IV. 2. 35 *Would...forsworn!*] *Though all the world but her I had quite forsworn.* Orger conj., transferring it to follow l. 33 as part of Tranio's speech.
IV. 3. 30 *mustard without*] *mustard, but without* Marshall (Ellis conj.).

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IV. 4. 7 *'longeth to a*] *'longs to a* Marshall.
IV. 4. 10 *Sirrah Biondello,*] In a separate line, Marshall (reading with Hanmer in l. 9).
IV. 4. 33 *I, upon*] *I do, upon* Ellis conj.
IV. 4. 34 *willing*] *willing too* Ellis conj.
IV. 4. 46 *done*] *said and done* Ellis conj.
IV. 5. 63 *she is*] *she's* Marshall.
IV. 5. 76 *Well, Petruchio*] *Well, well, Petruchio* Marshall.
IV. 5. 77 *Have to*] *Here 's to* Wray conj.
IV. 5. 78 *untoward*] *toward* Marshall conj.
V. 2. 66 *send*] *here now send* Ellis conj. *send word* Marshall (reading *Let us*).
V. 2. 75, 76 *That will I...to me.*] *That will I.—Biondello, Go, bid...to me.* Marshall, ending the lines *Biondello,...I go.*

All's Well that ends Well.

I. 1. 5 *evermore*] *moreover* H. T. conj.
I. 1. 53 [To Helen. Orger conj.
I. 1. 56 *thy*] *his* Orger conj.
I. 1. 62 *That thee may*] *For thee to* Wray conj.
I. 2. 42 *of another place*] *of a higher place* H. T. conj.
I. 2. 44 *of*] *by* H. T. conj.
I. 2. 62 *fathers*] *fringes* Wray conj.
I. 3. 123 *show*] *sign* H. T. conj.
I. 3. 124 *in youth*] *on youth* H. T. conj.
I. 3. 182 *appeach'd*] *impeach'd* H. T. conj.
I. 3. 214 note *Add* Warburton MS.
II. 1. 3 *both gain, all*] *both deign all,* Orger conj.
II. 1. 13 *but the fall*] *by the fall* H. T. conj.
II. 1. 118 *inaidible*] *inalienable* Wray conj.
II. 1. 176 *slay*] *say* Wray conj.
II. 1. 203 *still*] *will* Warburton conj.
II. 3. 50 *parcel*] *panel* H. T. conj.
II. 3. 126, 127 *Good...so:*] *Good...not so:* Wray conj.
II. 3. 141, 142 *virtue and she Is*] *virtue has she As* H. T. conj.
II. 3. 176, 177 *whose...seem...brief*] *such like ceremony As seems...love* H. T. conj.
II. 3. 179 *more...space*] *soon...state* H. T. conj.
II. 3. 181 *to me*] *to be* H. T. conj.
II. 3. 209, 210 *thee for a hen!*] *thee, for then—* Warburton MS.
II. 3. 247, 248 *beat*] *abate* H. T. conj.
II. 5. 4 *warranted*] *warranting* H. T. conj.
III. 1. 13 *self-unable*] *self-enabled* Wray conj.

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III. 2. 109 *move the still-peering*] *wound the shrill-parting* Orger conj. *move the shrill-piercing* Wray conj.
III. 4. 29 *greatest*] *strictest* H. T. conj.
IV. 2. 20 *bareness*] *baseness* H. T. conj. (reading *basely* in l. 19).
IV. 2. 28, 29 *to love, That I will work*] *to serve The whiles I work* Orson conj. (Lit. World, 1891).
IV. 2. 38 *make rope's...scarre*] *lay traps, and set such snares* Orger conj. *make hopes for such a lure* Watkiss Lloyd conj. (N. & Q., 1891).
IV. 3. 18 *rebellion*] *retribution* H. T. conj.
IV. 3. 59 *arming*] *arraying* H. T. conj.
IV. 3. 177 *know...are*] *knew... were* Warburton conj.
V. 2. 18 *purr...cat*] *cur of fortune's cry* or *one of fortune's cats* Orger conj.
V. 3. 96, 97 *subscribed To mine own fortune*] *described To her my fortune* H. T. conj.
V. 3. 100 *In heavy*] *On having* H. T. conj.
V. 3. 146, 147 *toll for this: I'll*] *pay toll: for this,—I'll* H. T. conj.
V. 3. 214 *Her infinite cunning*] *Her onset, coming* Evans conj.

Twelfth Night.

I. 3. 127 *flame-coloured*] *claret-coloured* Joicey conj. (N. & Q., 1894).
I. 5. 165 *very comptible*] *easy cowed, liable* Orger conj.
I. 5. 239 *adorations, fertile*] *faithful adoration's fertile* Joicey conj. (N. & Q., 1894).
II. 5. 59 *with cars*] *by crows* Orger conj. *with cues* Joicey conj. (N. & Q., 1894).
II. 5. 114 *rank*] *crank* Nicholson conj. (N. & Q., 1891).
III. 1. 98 *his*] *he* Warburton. *I* Warburton MS.
III. 3. 15 *And thanks...turns*] *And thanks, and evermore thanks. Oft good turns* Orger conj.
III. 4. 212 note *For* Warburton (?a misprint) *read* Warburton (corrected in MS.).
IV. 1. 55 *botch'd*] *hatch'd* Warburton MS.
V. 1. 29 *obey*] *sway* Warburton MS.

The Winter's Tale.

I. 2. 448 note *For* Malone conj. *read* Warburton MS. and Malone conj.
I. 2. 458, 459 *friend, and comfort The...but nothing*] *friend and comfort! The...wot nothing* Adams conj. (N. & Q., 1892).
I. 2. 459 *part...nothing*] *and pardon his crime, but offspring* Watkiss Lloyd conj. (N. & Q., 1892), reading *God comfort* in l. 458.

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I. 2. 459 *but nothing*] *by his noting* Orger conj.
II. 2. 49 *hammer'd of*] *murmur'd of* Wray conj.
II. 3. 67 *mankind*] *vampire* Wray conj.
II. 3. 74 *woman-tired*] *woman-rid* Wray conj.
III. 2. 93 *give*] *hold* Wray conj.
III. 2. 120 *flatness*] *blackness* Wray conj.
III. 3. 63 *boiled brains*] *broil'd brains* Warburton MS.
IV. 1. 6 note *For* Warburton *read* Warburton (withdrawn in MS.).
IV. 4. 116 *growing*] *blowing* Warburton MS.
IV. 4. 243 *clamour*] *slacken* Wray conj.
IV. 4. 340 *handed*] *hended* Warburton MS.
IV. 4. 392 note *For* Collier MS. *read* Warburton MS. and Collier MS.
IV. 4. 559 *undream'd*] *undeem'd* Warburton MS.
V. 1. 58, 59 *stage...appear*] *stage, Where we offenders show, appear* Orger conj.
V. 1. 60 *And begin, 'Why to me?'*] *Demanding, Why to me?* Orger conj.
V. 1. 160 note *For* Heath conj. *read* Heath conj. and Warburton MS.
V. 3. 58 *for the stone is mine,*] Transpose to follow *image,* l. 57, Warburton MS.

VOLUME IV.

King John.

I. 1. 159 *wife's*] om. Warburton MS.
II. 1. 114 note *For* Warburton *read* Warburton (corrected in MS.).
II. 1. 185—188 *sin...sin...injury*] *son...son* (*his injury Her injury*), Spence conj. (N. & Q., 1894), reading *sins* in 184, 188, and *And punish'd* in 189.
II. 1. 190 *And all for her;*] *And all for her—for her;* Marshall.
III. 1. 110 note *For* Anon. conj. *read* Fleay (Anon. conj.).
III. 1. 283 *Against...unsure*] *Against an oath, the truth then most unsure.* Orson conj. (Lit. World, 1891).
III. 4. 21 *now see*] *you see* Marshall conj.
IV. 1. 7 note *For* Grey conj. *read* Marshall (Grey conj.).
IV. 2. 42 *then lesser is my fear,*] *than less—so is my fear*— Marshall.
IV. 3. 71 note *For* Farmer conj. *read* Farmer conj. and Warburton MS.
V. 6. 12 *eyeless*] *aidless* Joicey conj.

King Richard II.

I. 1. 168 *Despite...lives*] (*Despite of death*) *that lives* Warburton MS.
I. 2. 73 *Desolate, desolate*] *Desolate, ah! desolate* Marshall conj.

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I. 3. 83 note *For* S. Walker conj. *read* Marshall (S. Walker conj.).
II. 1. 17 *other flattering sounds,*] *other, flattering sounds,* Turner conj.
II. 1. 18 *praises, of whose...fond*] *praises of those wastes that rife are found* Joicey conj.
II. 1. 277 *le Port Blanc*] *Morbihan* Clark and Wright conj. (withdrawn).
II. 1. 284 *Quoint*] *Coint* Marshall.
II. 2. 51 *Now*] *No!* Elze conj.
II. 2. 90 *Sirrah,*] In a separate line, Steevens.
II. 2. 94 *To-day...there*] *I came by to-day, and call'd there* Marshall, arranging as FfQ_6.
II. 2. 108—120 *Gentlemen...too;*] Printed as prose by Marshall.
II. 3. 22 *my brother Worcester,*] *Worcester, my brother,* Marshall conj., reading *It is...Sent* as one line.
II. 3. 69 *is to you.*] *is To you—* Marshall.
II. 3. 70 *My lord, my answer*] [Interrupting angrily] *My answer* Marshall, ending l. 69 at *is.*
III. 1. 42, 43 *Come...complices:*] *To fight with Glendower And his accomplices, Come, lads, away:* Elze conj.
III. 2. 175, 176 *feel want, Taste grief*] *like you feel want, Like you taste grief* Marshall.
III. 2. 212 *grow*] *sow* Warburton MS.
III. 3. 18, 19 *oppose not myself Against*] *dare not oppose Myself against* Marshall.
III. 3. 20 *Welcome, Harry: what,*] *What, Harry! welcome:* Marshall.
III. 4. 73 *Thou, old*] *Thou,—* [She pauses, as if half-choked by her emotion] *Old* Marshall.
III. 4. 74 *How dares*] Put in a separate line by Marshall.
IV. 1. 155 *in common view*] *in th' commons' view* Warburton MS.
V. 3. 115 *a word*] *the Word* Warburton MS.

1 Henry IV.

I. 3. 54 *brisk*] *bright* Warburton MS.
I. 3. 194 *If...night!*] Continued to 'Wor.', Spence conj. (N. & Q., 1891). *If he fall in? Good knight!*—Smith conj. (N. & Q., 1891).
II. 4. 237 note *For* Taylor conj. MS. *read* Warburton MS. and Taylor conj. MS.
III. 1. 252 *oaths*] *truth* Warburton MS.
III. 2. 51 *such*] *much* Warburton (corrected in MS.).
III. 2. 165 *met*] *meet* Warburton MS.
IV. 1. 98 *that with*] *that cut* Joicey conj. (N. & Q., 1894). *that wait* Spence conj. (N. & Q., 1895).
V. 2. 8 *all our lives shall be*] *shall be still* Warburton MS.
V. 2. 35 *seeming*] *seemly* Warburton MS.

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2 Henry IV.

I. 2. 234 *I will*] *It will* Warburton MS.

I. 3. 37 *Indeed...foot*] *Indeed, the infant action, scarce on foot* Orson conj. (Lit. World, 1891), reading *in* with Johnson in l. 36.

II. 2. 52 Prince. *It...thought; and thou*] *It would be every man's thought.* P. Hen. *Thou* Warburton MS.

II. 3. 26 note *For* Seymour conj. *read* Warburton MS. and Seymour conj.

II. 4. 176 *For* neif *read* neaf.

II. 4. 315 note *For* Grant White *read* Grant White (Warburton MS.).

IV. 1. 94—96 *My brother...particular.*]

My brother general, the commonwealth,
Is brother born: an household cruelty
I make my quarrel in particular.

Orson conj. (Lit. World, 1891).

My brother general the commonwealth
[*I make my general quarrel: and, to that*]
To brother born an household cruelty
I make my quarrel in particular.

Tovey conj. (Guardian, 1892).

IV. 1. 94 *My brother...commonwealth*] *Misorder general in the commonwealth* Joicey conj.

IV. 3. 41 *Rome, 'I came,*] *Rome, their captain,—'I came* Joicey conj.

IV. 4. 79 *leave*] *weave* Warburton conj.

Henry V.

I. prol. 16 note *For* Lettsom conj. *read* Warburton MS. and Lettsom conj.

I. 1. 86 *unhidden*] *unwritten* Orson conj. (Lit. World, 1891).

I. 2. 57 *Until...years*] *Until four hundred years, less twenty one,* Lindon conj.

I. 2. 228 *Or*] *Ere* Warburton MS.

II. prol. 18 *thee do*] *thee dare* Warburton MS.

II. prol. 32 *distance; force a play*] *distance. Foresee the* (or *our*) *play* Mull conj. (1888).

II. 1. 59 *doting*] *glouting* Warburton MS.

IV. prol. 25 *vesture*] *gesture* Smith conj. (N. & Q., 1892).

IV. prol. 26 *Investing...coats*] *In resting lank-lean cheeks on war-worn coats* C. W. C. conj. (N. & Q., 1893).

IV. 4. 14 *rim*] *reins* Marshall conj.

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IV. 6. 34 note *For* Theobald (Warburton) *read* Theobald (Warburton, withdrawn in MS.).

IV. 6. 36, 37 note *For* Upton conj. *read* Upton conj. and Warburton MS.

V. 2. 132 *verses*] *verse it* Warburton MS.

V. 2. 148 *thy cook*] *my Book* Warburton MS.

V. 2. 154 *woo*] *do* Warburton MS.

VOLUME V.

Preface, p. xiii. note Mr Curzon's copy of Richard III. (1597) mentioned by Malone is probably that which had belonged to Mr Jennens, and is perhaps still in Earl Howe's library at Gopsall.

1 HENRY VI.

I. 1. 95 note *For* om. S. Walker conj. *read* om. Marshall (S. Walker conj.).

I. 1. 96 *all*] *and all* Marshall (reading *crown'd*).

I. 1. 128 *A Talbot!...amain,*] *Cried out amain, A Talbot! ho! a Talbot!* Marshall.

I. 1. 159 *craveth supply*] *craves a supply* Marshall.

I. 1. 174 *nothing*] *no thing* Marshall.

I. 2. 7 *Otherwhiles*] *O' the whiles* Marshall.

I. 2. 25 *Salisbury is*] *That Salisbury's* Marshall.

I. 2. 148 *and*] om. Marshall.

I. 3. 87 *have it*] *have at it* Orson conj. (Lit. World, 1891).

I. 4. 16 *even these*] *even for these* Marshall.

II. 2. 54 *truly; it is*] *truly, no; 'tis* Marshall.

II. 5. 76 *To King Edward the Third*] *Unto the third King Edward* Marshall.

II. 5. 83 *father*] *sire* Marshall.

III. 1. 29 *If I...perverse*] *Were I ambitious, covetous, or worse* Marshall.

III. 3. 47 *lowly*] *lonely* Marshall conj.

III. 4. 7 *and*] om. Marshall.

III. 4. 13 *the Lord*] *Lord* Marshall.

IV. 1. 175 *Prettily, methought,*] *Right prettily* Marshall.

IV. 7. 3 *death,...captivity,*] *death,...festivity,* Orson conj. (Lit. World, 1891).

V. 1. 59 *neither in birth or for*] *nor in birth nor in* Marshall conj.

V. 3. 71 *makes*] *mates* Joicey conj. (N. & Q., 1894).

V. 4. 172 *nobles, to the crown of England.*] *nobles.* Marshall conj.

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2 Henry VI.

I. 2. 66 *And, being*] *Being but* Marshall.
I. 4. 49—52 Buck. *True...thee.* Exeunt...guarded.] Buck. [Examining the written papers] *True...this?* [Holding up a paper. York. *Away...these.* [Exeunt above, William Stafford with Duchess and Hume, guarded. Marshall.
II. 1. 26 *With...it?*] *With so much holiness can you not do it?* Marshall.
II. 1. 33 *I prithee*] *Prithee* Marshall, ending the lines *peace...peers.*
II. 1. 62 *and*] om. Marshall.
II. 1. 68 *Here comes*] *See where* Marshall, reading with Capell in l. 69.
II. 1. 159 *in a day, my lord,*] *my lord, in a day* Marshall.
II. 1. 181, 182 *O God...thereby?*] *O God! what mischiefs work the wicked ones, thereby Heaping on their own heads confusion!* Marshall conj.
II. 2. 6 *at full*] *told at full* Marshall.
II. 2. 28 *duke*] *Duke of York* Marshall.
II. 3. 98 *Go, take hence*] *Go, take ye hence* Marshall.
II. 4. 102 *and,*] om. Marshall.
III. 1. 248 *were set*] *set* Marshall.
III. 1. 348 *nourish*] *nurse* Marshall.
III. 2. 26 *thee, Nell;*] *thee, love;* Marshall.
IV. 1. 21, 22 *The lives of those...sum?*] *The lives of those we have lost in fight, shall they Be...sum?* Marshall.
IV. 1. 70, 71 Cap. *Yes, Pole.* Suf. *Pole!* Cap. *Pool!...lord! Ay,*] Cap. *Yes, Poole.* Suf. *Poole!* Cap. *Ay,* Marshall.
IV. 1. 70 Cap. *Yes,...lord!*] Cap. *Yes, Poole!* Suf. *Poole? Poole! Sir—* Cap. *Aye, Lord Poole!* Marshall conj.
IV. 3. 6 note *For* om. Warburton *read* om. Warburton (restored in MS.).
IV. 4. 43 *the traitors hate*] *Jack Cade, the traitor, hateth* Marshall.
IV. 9. 30 *a traitor*] *traitor* Marshall.
IV. 10. 20 *waning*] *winning* So quoted by Grey.
V. 1. 72 *I was*] *I was that man* Marshall conj.
V. 2. 211 note *For* Anon. conj. *read* Marshall (Anon. conj.).

3 Henry VI.

I. 1. 55 *and you both*] *you both* Marshall.
I. 1. 62 *such*] *for such* Marshall.
I. 1. 84 *And shall I stand,*] *What! shall I stand?* Marshall conj.

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I. 1. 193 *unnaturally*] *unnatural* Marshall conj.
I. 1. 196 *Conditionally,*] *Conditional* Marshall conj.
I. 2. 13 *By*] om. Marshall conj.
I. 4. 16 note *For* Lettsom conj. *read* Marshall (Lettsom conj.).
III. 2. 131 *unlook'd for*] *look'd-for* Marshall.
III. 3. 140 *but not*] *yes; not* Marshall.
IV. 1. 22 *and*] om. Marshall.
IV. 1. 125 *matter*] *mark* Marshall conj., reading *My...Stay* as one line.
IV. 1. 125, 126 *I Stay...crown*] *Not for the love of Edward, but the crown I stay* Marshall, dividing the lines as Pope.
IV. 2. 12 note *For* om. Vaughan conj. *read* om. Marshall (Vaughan conj.).
IV. 3. 41 *Yea, brother...too?*] *Brother of Clarence, what, art thou here too?* Marshall.
IV. 4. 19 *This is it*] *'Tis this* Marshall.
IV. 7. 76 note *For* om. Lettsom conj. *read* om. Marshall (Lettsom conj.).
IV. 8. 31 *more a*] *more,* Marshall.
V. 1. 4, 5 Transposed by Marshall.
V. 1. 38 *And Henry is*] *Henry is now* Marshall conj.
V. 6. 47 note *For* Warburton *read* Warburton (withdrawn in MS.).

Richard III.

I. 1. 11 note *For* Warburton conj. *read* Warburton conj. (withdrawn in MS.).
I. 1. 15 note Read *amorous looking-glass*] *amorous-looking lass* Vaughan conj.
I. 1. 16 *majesty*] *mein* (i.e. *mien*) Warburton MS.
I. 1. 95 *kindred*] *kin* Marshall.
I. 1. 98 *Naught to do*] *Naught do* Vaughan conj.
I. 2. 59 note *For* Warburton conj. *read* Warburton conj. (withdrawn in MS.).
I. 2. 101 *I grant*] *I did, I grant* Marshall.
I. 2. 251 note *For* Warburton conj. *read* Warburton conj. (withdrawn in MS.).
I. 4. 89 *O sir...tedious*] *'Tis better to be brief than tedious* Marshall conj.
I. 4. 110 *Not...a warrant*] *No, not...warrant* Marshall conj., reading 110—112 as verse.
I. 4. 145 *in thy mind*] *in the wind* Joicey conj. (N. & Q., 1894).
II. 2. 27 *steal...shapes*] *deal...speech* Warburton MS.
III. 3. 17, 18 *Hastings...Richard*] *Richard too...Hastings* Marshall.
III. 4. 48 *sent*] *sent some one* Marshall conj.

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IV. 3. 43 *wooer*] *widower* Warburton MS.
IV. 4. 1 *prosperity*] *Asperity* Warburton MS.
V. 3. 130 *Doth...sleep:*] *Thee in thy sleep doth comfort:* Marshall.
V. 3. 148 *despair*] *despair, despair* Marshall conj.
V. 4. 344 *son George's*] *son's* Marshall.
V. 5. 9 *young*] *the young* Marshall.
V. 5. 28 *Divided*] *Devised* Warburton MS.
Note XXII. Marshall, following the Folio arrangement, reads 'Say that the queen hath heartily consented &c.'

HENRY VIII.

Prologue, 8 *believe*] *receive* Warburton MS.
Prologue, 21 *true...intend*] *truth...attempt* Warburton MS.
I. 2. 74 *chronicles*] *chroniclers* Warburton MS.
I. 2. 82 *once*] *hence* Orson conj.
I. 2. 203, 204 Surv. *After,...'knife,' He*] *After...knife,*—Surv. *He* Warburton MS.
I. 4. 108 *knock it*] *rock it* (i.e. compose us) Warburton MS.
II. 1. 57 *lose*] *love* Warburton MS.

VOLUME VI.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

I. 3. 133 *envious*] *endless* Warburton MS.
I. 3. 161 *fusty*] *rusty* Warburton MS.
I. 3. 238 note *For* Mason conj. *read* Warburton MS. and Mason conj.
I. 3. 326 *make no strain*] *make't not strange* Tovey conj. (Guardian, 1892).
III. 3. 4, 5 *That, through...love, I have...possession*] *That through the sight I bear: in...love I have—abandon'd Troy—left my possession* Spence conj. (N. & Q. 1894).

CORIOLANUS.

I. 9. 44—47 *Made...say!*] Three lines, ending *grows...made...say!* H. Ingleby conj. (N. & Q., 1892), reading *An overture* with Ff.
I. 9. 44 *all*] *well* Joicey conj. (N. & Q., 1891).
I. 9. 46 *Let...wars!*] *Let it be made a coverture for his wear!* Joicey conj. (N. & Q., 1891). *Let him be made a creature for the wars!* Id. conj. (N. & Q., 1892).

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II. 1. 176 *begin*] *begnaw* Craig.
II. 3. 240, 241 *And...censor,*] *And nobly nam'd, as twice being censor, Censor* Spence conj. (N. & Q., 1894).
IV. 5. 185 *him directly, to say*] *him,—directly to say* Craig.
IV. 7. 52 *not*] *but* Joicey conj. (N. & Q., 1891).
as a chair] *as a hair* Adams conj. (N. & Q., 1893).

Romeo and Juliet.

I. 1. 35 *How!*] *How?* Ff. *How,* Qq.
I. 1. 185 *propagate*] *propogate* Q_2.
I. 1. 213 *rich in beauty, only*] *rich, in bewtie onely* Q_2.
I. 2. 15 *earth*] *ee* Marshall conj.
I. 2. 32 *Which...one*] *Which, on more view, of many mine, being one,* Marshall.
I. 4. 41 Add *mire:* Q_5.
I. 5. 140 *this?...this?*] *tis?...tis.* Q_2.
II. 2. 130 *it!*] $Q_5F_3F_4$. *it,* The rest.
II. 3. 45 *father? no:*] *father no,* $Q_2Q_3Q_4$. *father, no,* Q_5.
II. 3. 73 *taste!*] Q_5. *taste?* F_4. *taste.* Q_2Q_4. *tast.* The rest.
II. 3. 79 *changed?*] *chang'd,* Q_2.
II. 4. 64 *solely*] F_4. *solie* Q_2. *soly* The rest.
II. 4. 85 *Why, is*] *Why? is* Q_4. *Why is* The rest.
II. 4. 86 *love?*] Q_5F_4. *loue,* The rest.
II. 4. 181 Add *Nurse behind...wall:* Q_5.
III. 1. 89 *nothing?*] *nothing.* Q_2.
III. 1. 142 note *For* 142, 173 *read* 142, 145, 173.
III. 3. 43 *say'st*] *sayest* Q_2.
III. 4. 17 note, For *next,* QqFf read *next.* Q_2. *next,* The rest.
III. 5. 43 *so?*] *so* $Q_2Q_4Q_5$. *so,* Q_3.
III. 5. 45 *a minute*] *an hower* Daniel, from (Q_1). After this line Mr Daniel adds, from (Q_1), *Minutes are dayes; so will I number them.*
III. 5. 70 *What,*] *What* Q_2Ff. *What?* Q_5.
III. 5. 83 note *For* Collier MS. *read* Warburton MS. and Collier MS.
III. 5. 129 *How now!*] *How now,* Q_5. *How now* $Q_2Q_3Q_4$.
tears?] *tears* Q_2. *teares* Q_3. *teares.* Q_4.
III. 5. 151 *minion, you,*] *minion you?* $Q_2Q_3Q_4$.
III. 5. 177 *hour, tide, time,*] om. Adams conj. (N. & Q., 1893), reading *God's...play* as one line.
IV. 1. 16 *slow'd*] *slowed* Qq.
IV. 1. 88 *an unstain'd*] *unstained* Marshall.
V. 1. 1 *truth*] *troth* Marshall conj.

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v. 3. 185 Substitute for note, *churchyard's*] *Church-yards* Q_2. *Churchyard* Q_4. *Church-yard* The rest.

v. 3. 291 *hate,*] *hate?* $Q_2Q_3Q_4$.

VOLUME VII.

Timon of Athens.

II. 1. 35 *dates in compt.*] *dates in. Come!* Evans conj.

II. 2. 6 *Was to be*] *Was ever* Evans conj.

II. 2. 163 *For* Jervis conj. *read* Hudson (Jervis conj.).

III. 6. 79 *your fees*] *my friends* Evans conj.

Julius Cæsar.

II. 1. 285 *talk to you sometimes*] *sometimes talk to you* Elze conj.

Macbeth.

I. 2. 26 *thunders break*] *thunders spring* Litchfield conj. (N. & Q., 1892).

III. 2. 32, 33 *Unsafe...honours*] *Unsafe we are the while that we must lave Our new-born honours* Joicey conj. (N. & Q., 1895).

Hamlet.

I. 1. 117, 118 [*The night was wild with tempest, and the heav'ns*] *Aflare* (or *Astir*) *with trains of fire and dews of blood Did after stain* (or *dim*) *the sun;* Tovey conj. (Guardian, 1892).

I. 4. 37 *Doth...doubt*] *Doth all the noble substance savour of a doubt* Joicey conj. (N. & Q., 1894). *Doth o' the noble substance fall a doubt* Spence conj. (N. & Q., 1894).

III. 1. 13, 14 *Niggard...free*] *Niggard of question, and, of our demands, Not free* Orson conj.

IV. 1. 43 *may*] *may't* Furnivall conj.

V. 1. 60 *Go...fetch*] *Go to, y' are gone: get thee gone, fetch* Tovey conj. (Guardian, 1892).

V. 2. 223 *exception*] *acception* Pollock conj.

VOLUME VIII.

King Lear.

IV. 2. 68 *manhood! mew!*] *manhood.—Mew!* Craig.

Othello.

I. 3. 33 *gracious*] *gracious signiors* Elze conj.

II. 3. 181 *pardon me;*] *pardon me:*—Marshall.

V. 2. 291 *I...kill'd*] *I'm bleeding, but not kill'd* or *Ay, bleeding, sir; not kill'd* Elze conj.

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Antony and Cleopatra.

II. 2. 211 *tended her i' the eyes*] *tended in her eyes* Joicey conj. (N. & Q., 1891). *'tended in her eyes* Anon. conj. (N. & Q., 1891).
III. 1. 27 *Ventidius*] om. Elze conj.
IV. 6. 7 *Antony*] *Sir, Mark Antony* Elze conj.
IV. 9. 31 *Demurely*] *Do yarely* Elze conj.

Cymbeline.

II. 4. 23, 24 *discipline, Now...will*] *discipline,—Now winged,—with their courage will* Craig.
II. 5. 16 *a German one*] *a germinant* Leighton conj.

VOLUME IX.

Pericles.

I. 1. 33 *whole*] *bold* Elze conj.
IV. 6. 104 *here 's*] *here is* Elze conj.
V. 3. 3 *did*] *once did* Elze conj.

Sonnets.

CXXVI. 2 *his sickle, hour*] *his tickle hour* or *his sickle lower* Brownlow conj. (N. & Q., 1893).

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